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Shakespeare

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OF

SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

VOL. IX

THE TEMPEST

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IN MEMORIAM

PREFACE

OF all SHAKESPEARE'S plays, *The Tempest* is almost the very best in the way of Text that has come down to us; and yet, notwithstanding this general excellence, there is scarcely one of its five Acts which does not contain a word or a phrase that has given rise to eager discussion; in one instance, the controversy assumes such extended proportions that in its presence even Juliet's 'runawayes eyes may wink' and veil their lids in abashed inferiority.

Few plays have afforded in general the material for as voluminous an amount of comment. Whether this material really exist in the Play itself, or whether it be not in a measure due to the position of the Play as the first in the Folio, and hence an example of the proverbial thoroughness of new undertakings, it is impossible to say, but certain it is that with the exception of *Hamlet* and *Julius Cæsar* no play has been more liberally annotated than *The Tempest*.

Unquestionably, a large portion of this attention from editors and critics must be owing to the enduring charm of the Play itself, dominated as it is by two such characters as Prospero and Ariel, whose names have become almost the symbols of an overruling, forgiving wisdom, and of an 'embodied joy whose race has just begun.' There is yet a third character that shares with these two my profound wonder, and, as a work of art, my admiration. It is not Miranda, who, lovely as she is, is but a girl, and has taken no single step in that brave new world just dawning on the fringèd curtains of her eyes. 'To me,' says LADY MARTIN, in a letter which I am kindly permitted to quote, 'Miranda's *life* is all to come.' We know, indeed, that to her latest hour she will be the top of admiration, but, as a present object, the present eye sees in her only the exquisite possibilities of her exquisite nature. In Caliban it is that SHAKESPEARE has risen, I think, to the very height of creative power, and, by making what is absolutely unnatural thoroughly natural and consistent, has accomplished the impossible. Merely as a work of art, Caliban takes precedence, I think, even of Ariel.

It is interesting to note the uniformity of the estimate of Caliban's character by the critics. While all acknowledge his power and his attractiveness, scornings, loathings, and revilings are nevertheless heaped on him; indeed, I can recall but one solitary voice really raised in his favour: 'in some respects,' says COLERIDGE, 'Caliban 'is a noble being.' It has become one of the commonplaces in criticisms on the Play to say that Caliban is the contrast to Ariel (sometimes varied by substituting Miranda for Ariel), and that as the tricksy sprite is the type of the air and of unfettered fancy, so is the abhorred slave typical of the earth and of all brutish appetites; the detested hag-seed is then dismissed blistered all o'er with expressions of abhorrence and with denunciations of his vileness, which any print of goodness will not take. Is there, then, nothing to be said in favour of Caliban? is there really and truly no print of goodness in him? Kindly Nature never wholly deserts her offspring, nor does SHAKESPEARE. We may be very sure that he, who knew so well that there is always some soul of goodness in things evil, would not have abandoned even Caliban without infusing into his nature some charm which might be observingly distilled out. Why is it that Caliban's speech is always rhythmical? There is no character in the play whose words fall at times into sweeter cadences; if the Æolian melodies of the air are sweet, the deep bass of the earth is no less rhythmically resonant. We who see Caliban only in his prime and, a victim of heredity, full grown, are apt to forget the years of his childhood and of his innocency, when Prospero fondled him, stroked him, and made much of him, and Miranda taught him to speak, and with the sympathetic instinct of young girlhood interpreted his thoughts and endowed his purposes with words. When Caliban says that it was his mistress who showed him the man in the moon with his dog and his bush, what a picture is unfolded to us of summer nights on the Enchanted Island, where, however quiet lies the landscape in the broad moonlight, every hill and brook and standing lake and grove is peopled with elves, and on the shore, overlooking the yellow sands where fairies foot it featly, sits the young instructress deciphering for the misshapen slave at her feet the features of the full-orbed moon. With such a teacher, in such hours, would it be possible for Caliban, even were he twice the monster that he is, to resist, at the most impressible age, the subtle influence of the atmosphere of poetry which breathed in every nook and corner of the Enchanted Island? The wonder is not that he ever after speaks in rhythm; the wonder would be if he did not.

Let our surprise at Caliban's language cease when it is remembered that he learned it from Prospero and Miranda, and had never heard it from other mortal lips.

It was by Miranda's pure loveliness and rare refinement that the soul of poetry was distilled out of that evil thing. Without this poetic feeling in Caliban, and its expression, whence would come our knowledge of the pervading life of enchantment which, by Prospero's wand, has converted that 'vninhabited Island' into the one magic isle of our imaginations, forever floating in unknown summer seas? It is from Caliban we learn that—

> The Isle is full of noyses,
> Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.'

Is there no gratitude due for such a glimpse of the isle as that? or for this?—

> 'Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
> Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,
> That if I then had waked after long sleep
> Will make me sleep again, and then in dreaming,
> The clouds methought would open, and shew riches
> Ready to drop upon me, that when I waked
> I cried to dream again.'

Moreover, had there lurked for Caliban no gentle feeling whatsoever in Shakespeare's heart, never would he have given us, I think, such a picture as this of the deformed slave's childlike simplicity. It is this human and poetical side of Caliban's character, to which, as I venture to think, we have paid hardly sufficient attention, and which the general and abhorrent repulsiveness of his nature causes us to overlook.

It is a hackneyed cry against Caliban that he is utterly sensual, caring for nothing but what he can eat or drink. When in his eagerness to show Stephano all the fairest treasures of the isle, he says, 'I'll show thee a jay's nest,' did he, may I ask, contemplate this object as an article of diet? or did not the sight of a nest with its 'twin duplicate eggs' send through Caliban's soul the same thrill that, to this hour, 'gars a boy's heart loup richt up intil heaven,' and make of that hum-

bler nest of a jay quite as much a theme for exultation and a resource of pure joy as a 'swan's nest among the reeds'? Surely it is not claiming too much in urging that the same doubt, which may be cast over the 'jay's nest' as an article of food, may be extended to the 'nimble marmoset'; but when, in the same speech; Caliban says that 'some-

'times I'll get thee young scamels from the rock,' there I yield, and acknowledge that his baser appetite controls his higher. What 'scamels' are, or are not, may be learned from the portentous mass of notes on the word, extending to two of the following pages, wherein there has been proposed as a substitute every article of food known to man which begins and ends with *s*, from 'shamois' to 'sea-owls.' For my part, I unblushingly confess that I do not know what 'scamels' are, and that I prefer to retain the word in the text and to remain in utter, invincible ignorance. From the very beginning of the Play we know that the scene lies in an enchanted island. Is this to be forgotten? Since the air is full of sweet sounds, why may not the rocks be inhabited by unknown birds of gay plumage or by vague animals of a grateful and appetising plumpness? Let the picture remain, of the dashing rocks, the stealthy, freckled whelp, and, in the clutch of his long nails, a young and tender scamel.

If the depth of the impression made by an imaginary character may be gauged by the literature which that character calls forth, then must Hamlet and Falstaff admit Caliban to a place between them. An eminent Professor has devoted a stout octavo volume to the proof that in Caliban we find the exact 'link' which, in any scheme of Evolution, is 'missing' between Man and the Anthropoids; the late and honoured Mr ROBERT BROWNING has given utterance to the theological speculations which he imagined might have visited Caliban's darkened and lonely soul; and a brilliant Member of The French Institute, of world-wide fame, has written a philosophical drama bearing the name of 'Caliban.' No other unreal character, except the two I have mentioned, Hamlet and Falstaff, has called forth such noteworthy or such voluminous tributes.

As an object-lesson of prime importance, I have reprinted in the Appendix, DRYDEN'S *Version*. Unless it be made thus accessible, few, I am afraid, would take the trouble of looking it up in DRYDEN'S *Works*, or in DAVENANT'S, and of reading it; unless we read it, no imagination, derived from a mere description, can adequately depict its monstrosity,—to be fully hated it must be fully seen. Than this *Version*, there is, I think, in the realm of literature no more flagrant instance to be found of *lese-majesty*. It is hard to decide whether or not DRYDEN'S reputation be additionally damaged by the revelation lately made by an eminent German scholar, that the mutilations, or rather the additions, for which DRYDEN took to himself

credit as the author, are wholesale 'conveyances' from a play of CALDERON. After all, it is doubtful if any tinct be hereby added to the grainèd spots in DRYDEN'S conduct.

One thing, however, we should bear in mind: DRYDEN'S *Version* is the fruitage of DRYDEN'S times. 'The drama's laws the drama's 'patrons give,' and PEPYS is witness that the house was 'mighty 'full' when this *Version* was presented.

To one minor detail I beg to call attention. SHAKESPEARE'S seamanship during the tempest in the First Scene is beyond criticism. No order of the Boatswain is superfluous,—no order is omitted that skill can suggest to save the craft. Turn to DRYDEN, where, amidst a wild and incoherent mass of nautical nonsense, orders are issued which, if obeyed, would drive the ship straight to destruction on the rocks.

A hundred years after DRYDEN'S day, in speaking of adaptations and versions of SHAKESPEARE, LESSING, Germany's greatest and truest Shakespearian scholar, exclaimed: 'Upon the most insignificant of 'his beauties there is an impress stamped, which to all the world pro-'claims: "I am SHAKESPEARE'S!" Woe to the alien beauty who pre-'sumes to place herself beside it!'

No story, legend, drama, or novel has been yet discovered which was used by SHAKESPEARE as the foundation for *The Tempest*. Speculation has been wide and wild in regard to fragmentary sources, here and there, whence, it is maintained, SHAKESPEARE drew various details of his Play. The one source, however, which, it has been assumed, points, more than all others, to a common origin is an old German Comedy, unearthed eighty years ago by TIECK, called *The Fair Sidea*. The joy of a discoverer filled TIECK, and the joy of possession in a comedy, which would bring them so near to Shakespeare, filled German scholars; and from the temperate suggestion by the former that in *The Fair Sidea* we had a version merely of the old play which was re-made into *The Tempest*, the enthusiasm waxed higher and higher, unchecked as it should have been by English scholars, until we now hear the positive assertion that, in writing *The Tempest*, SHAKESPEARE went 'direct' to the Nuremberg Notary.

Under these circumstances I have not considered the time or space as misapplied which has been devoted to this play of *The Fair Sidea;* an examination of it, I am convinced, will serve to correct the wild and whirling words of the present day and restore TIECK'S earliest, mode-

rate judgement, or at least a modification of that judgement. It cannot be said that there is really any ground common to *The Tempest* and to *The Fair Sidea*. One or two mere points of contact there are, but they are points of altogether minor, nay, of minimum, importance.

German scholars have asserted, that in the two comedies there is the same fundamental idea of the reconciliation of hostile fathers by the marriage of their children. There is no such reconciliation in *The Tempest*. Of a righteous Duke, deposed and exiled by treachery; of the rotten carcase of a butt, with the father and little child; of a desert island full of enchantment; of a tempest raised by magic; of a shipwreck; of conspiracies, and of distracted senses; of love at first sight and the game at chess,—in *The Tempest*, there is never a hint in *Die schöne Sidea*, which, on the other hand, sets forth a bloody battle wherein the lawless, wanton aggressor is defeated and justly exiled; an incantation which raises a devil spitting fire; a treacherous seizure of a young prince and his brutal treatment by the heroine; a reconciliation and elopement of the young couple; a telltale devil stricken dumb by enchantment; pursuit of the young pair by the enraged father; the bride's detection by means of the reflection of her face in a well (an incident which could not but survive in every version of the story); a rival in the affections of her betrothed; his oblivion of the past, and the restoration of his memory by a love philtre,—of all these essential points in *The Fair Sidea*, where is there a trace in *The Tempest?* In the course of the former story the captive prince is forced under blows and ill treatment (and at the hands of the heroine, forsooth!) to split and pile up some wood, and, at the time of his capture, when he attempts to draw his sword, he finds it fast in its scabbard by the spell of the wicked magician. These are the two incidents which are supposed to be identical with Ferdinand's log-bearing, and with his disarming by Prospero; and these it is, which have been urged as an all-sufficient justification of the belief in a close kinship between *The Tempest* and *The Fair Sidea*. May not as much, or more, be said in favour of GREENE'S *Friar Bacon*, where the weapons of no less than four men are spellbound, and where dumbness is brought on by a stroke of magic. If once we adopt such fragmentary, insignificant incidents as the source of *The Tempest*, we might as well extend the scope and admit as one of the originals of Ferdinand's log-bearing task the nursery-rhyme behest of 'Five, six, pick up sticks; seven, eight, lay them straight!'

And yet, to be perfectly just to *The Fair Sidea*, we may concede somewhat in the direction of TIECK'S demands; and if even two trivial matters of detail be found common not only to the German Comedy, but to others, and to *The Tempest*, our belief may be strengthened that somewhere, perhaps, in the limbo of lost Plays, the ghost is flitting which SHAKESPEARE recalled to life and light, and clad with ethereal beauty.

To my father, the Rev. Dr FURNESS, I am indebted for the translation of the extracts from HERMAN GRIMM, from FRANZ HORN, and from FRANÇOIS-VICTOR HUGO. The debt of gratitude which I spring to pay, it seldom falls to the happy lot of mortal to incur. The aid afforded by the hand, whose cunning more than ninety years have not abated, is hereby gratefully and reverently acknowledged by the white-haired son.

H. H. F.

February, 1892.

THE TEMPEST

The Scene, an vn-inhabited Iſland 1

Names of the Actors.

1. The Scene, an] The Scene an, an F_3. Scene, the sea with a ship, afterwards an Johns. Scene, at sea; and on different Parts of an Cap.

2. This list of the 'Names of the Actors' in the Folio, follows the Epilogue at the end of the play. It is here transposed merely out of deference to the time-honoured custom of beginning a play with the Dramatis Personæ.

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1. In discussing the 'Date of the Composition' (see Appendix) great emphasis is laid by MALONE and others on the influence which the early accounts of the Bermudas had on Shakespeare's construction of the present play, and many agreements are there detected between those islands and Prospero's island. Hence a vague notion seems to have floated abroad that one of the 'still-vex'd Bermoothes' was the actual scene of *The Tempest*.—CHALMERS, indeed, with his headlong vehemence, explicitly refers to the Bermudas as the scene of Prospero's magic and of Stephano's drunken kingdom. Even THOMAS MOORE, the Poet, shared this error. In a footnote to an Epistle, written in 1804, from the Bermudas, 'to the Marchioness Dowager of D——ll,' Moore says: 'Among the many charms which Bermuda has for a poetic eye, we cannot for an instant forget that it is the scene of Shakespeare's *Tempest*, and that he here conjured up the "delicate Ariel," who alone is worth the whole heaven of ancient mythology.' Stranger still, Mrs JAMESON (i, 292) says: 'The Bermuda Isles, in which Shakespeare has placed the scene of *The Tempest*, were discovered in his time,' &c. It was to fetch dew *from* the Bermoothes that Prospero called up Ariel.

HUNTER was the first to attempt to give not only a geographical location to this 'vn-inhabited Island,' but also to show, with any degree of minuteness, that there was an island, which, by meeting all requirements, must have been the identical island on which Prospero and Miranda lived so many years. In his *Disquisition*, Hunter says that the suggestion that this island is Lampedusa was made to him by Rodd, the bookseller; in his *Illustrations* which came out in 1845, six years after the Disquisition, he says that he was told that the suggestion had been already made by Douce. By whomsoever the first discovery was made, or from whomsoever the first suggestion was derived, Hunter was the earliest to recount the arguments in favour of Lampedusa, and these arguments are, in the main, as follows: Lampedusa's geographical position would meet all the exigencies of the story; sailors from Algiers would conveniently and naturally land Sycorax on its shores; Prospero, if committed to the sea off an Italian coast, and tossed by winds and waves, would most likely drift to Lampedusa; Alonzo, sailing from Tunis and steering for Naples, could be caught in the storm raised by Prospero, and landed on Lampedusa, whose dimensions, about thirteen miles in circuit, are what Prospero's island may be imagined to have had. When noticed by Shakespeare's contemporaries, Lampedusa is generally connected with storms, and the Fires of St Elmo are often seen there. It was, and still is, a deserted island or nearly so, and is known

The Scene, an vn-inhabited island.

among the mariners of the Mediterranean familiarly as the Enchanted Island. 'It was never inhabited,' says Captain Smyth, a modern writer, in 1824, 'on account, it 'is gravely said, of the horrible spectres that haunted it,' and 'on account of the 'phantasms, spectres, and horrible visions that appear in the night.' 'Crusius, in '1584,' adds Hunter, 'has these few words relating to the supernatural appearances: '"Noctes ibi spectris tumultuosæ."' The 'troglodytic caves' of the rocky coast of Lampedusa supply 'the hard rock' in which Prospero 'stied' Caliban, and furnish 'the cellar' for Stephano's 'whole butt of wine.' In Lampedusa there was a hermit's cell—the prototype of Prospero's 'full poor cell.' There is another point of resemblance between the real and the ideal island which Hunter pronounces 'too 'remarkable to be passed over and too peculiar to have existed at all' were there no connection between them; it is, that 'Malta is supplied with fire-wood from Lampedusa.' Hence the task which Prospero sets Ferdinand of piling logs, and hence Caliban's continual grumbling over 'the collecting of fire-wood.' 'And here we may 'remark, as illustrating that realization of every scene, and that consistency which 'runs through all the works of Shakespeare, that they were logs of pine which Fer-'dinand was employed in piling. This does not appear directly in anything which is 'said, but may be inferred from what Miranda says: "When this burns 'Twill weep '"for having wearied you." Nor is it distinctly affirmed in terms that pine trees 'were of the natural growth of the island, but we collect it from the fact that it was 'in a cloven pine that Ariel was imprisoned.' Wherefore, in view of all these correspondences, Hunter concludes that it would be 'by no means improper in any 'future editor of Shakespeare were he to place at the foot of the *Dramatis Personæ* 'the words,—SCENE, LAMPEDUSA,—just as Verona is put down as the Scene of '*Romeo and Juliet*.'

It is almost superfluous to remark that no single editor, and of critics but one, has been found who has been willing to exchange Shakespeare's magic island for the troglodytic caves of Hunter's Lampedusa, although we must acknowledge, I think, the ingenuity with which Hunter converts to his advantage the local allusions in the play.

KNIGHT, whose edition followed hard upon Hunter's *Disquisition*, says: 'We 'believe that the poet had no locality whatever in his mind, just as he had no notion 'of any particular storm. Tempests and enchanted islands are of the oldest materials 'of poetry. . . . . *We* believe the island sunk into the sea, and was no more seen, 'after Prospero broke his staff and drowned his book.'

In COLLIER'S *Further Particulars*, p. 56, there is a ballad called *The Enchanted Island;* as it was written evidently later than *The Tempest*, it gives us no help in questions of Date or Plot. But as it is alluded to by several editors, I have reprinted it in full in the Appendix. One of the concluding stanzas is charming:

'From that daie forth the Isle has beene
By wandering sailors never seene.
Some say 'tis buryed deepe
Beneath the sea, which breakes and rores
Above its savage rockie shores,
Nor ere is knowne to sleepe.'

HALLIWELL considers it worthy of remark 'that according to Mr Thoms, there 'exists amongst the Jews a tradition that the tempest which dispersed the fleet of

The Scene, an vn-inhabited island.

'Charles V off the coast of Lampedusa, was raised by the magical skill of an Alge-'rine Jew; a slight corroborative evidence that this island was the locality in which 'the tale was at first laid. . . . . It is clear [from the instances collected by Hunter] 'that Lampedusa was exactly the island that would have been selected by a romance-'writer of the sixteenth century for the situation of a tale involving the agency of 'magic and enchantment. When Shakespeare came to adopt some of the circum-'stances from this ancient source, he heightened the romantic interest of his ideal 'drama by placing the scene in "an vn-inhabited island," and studiously avoiding all 'reference to it as having a geographical existence. The few allusions which deter-'mine the outline of the narrative to belong to the Mediterranean are not sufficiently 'historical to demand that the mysterious island of Prospero should be identified, in 'the play, with any real locality.' Halliwell has, I think, here intimated the true source of whatever correspondences there are to be found between Shakespeare's unreal island and a real island; the oversight, if it be one, in the reference in I, ii, to a son of the Duke of Milan, may be likewise due to the original drama or romance which Shakespeare has here rewritten, or adapted to the stage.

LOWELL (*Among my Books*, 1870, p. 199): 'Shakespeare is wont to take some familiar story, to lay his scene in some place the name of which is, at least, familiar, —well knowing the reserve of power that lies in the familiar as a background when things are set in front of it under a new and unexpected light. But in *The Tempest* the scene is laid nowhere, or certainly in no country laid down in any map. Nowhere, then? At once nowhere and anywhere,—for it is in the soul of man, that still-vexed island, hung between the upper and the nether world, and liable to incursions from both.'

The critic, who is referred to above, as the only one willing to follow Hunter in fixing on a real island for Prospero, is THEODOR ELZE; but he repudiates Hunter's navigation. When Prospero was expelled from Milan, argues Elze (*Sh. Jahrbuch*, xv, p. 251), he must have been taken to the nearest seaport, which is Genoa, thence he was drifted southwards in the direction of some island off the African coast. When Alonzo sailed from Tunis to Naples he must have steered north-north-east. Now the point where these two courses intersect will be found to be pretty near a group of islands, and, supposing that shortly after leaving Tunis Alonzo's fleet was struck by a westerly storm and driven farther to the east, we shall see that he must have been wrecked on the island Pantalaria. Hunter's Lampedusa, urges Elze, is too far to the east to permit of the assumption that when Sycorax was banished from Argier she was carried past the nearer island to the further one. Just as Hunter found that Lampedusa answered to every need of the drama, so Elze finds Pantalaria equally responsive with its fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile; and if Lampedusa has the advantage in its being deserted, Pantalaria surpasses it in the name of the town, 'Seiaxghihir, which, at all events, suggests by assonance the name of Sycorax.' Furthermore, on the opposite coast of Africa, between Tunis and Hammamet, stands the town of Calibia, known as such from the days of Diego Ribeyro's chart in 1529. 'Whence we have the simplest and most natural expla-'nation of the name of Caliban, that is, an inhabitant of Calibia, instead of the far-'fetched and wonderful metathesis of Cannibal. . . . . And when all this lay so near 'to the scene of his drama why should Shakespeare, who, forsooth, connected Tunis 'with Carthage and Widow Dido, have to devise, out of an American word, a name 'that all the while lay ready to his hand?'

Alonſo, K. of Naples: 3
Sebaſtian his Brother.
Proſpero, the right Duke of Millaine. 5
Anthonio his brother, the vſurping Duke of Millaine.
Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples.
Gonzalo, an honeſt old Councellor. 8

3. K.] King Ff.
4. Sebaſtian] Sebaſtain F_3.
5. right] rigat F_3. rightfull Theob.
5, 6. Millaine] Millan Rowe. Milan Pope.
6. the...Millaine] usurper of his Dominion. Cap.
8. honeſt] honoſt F_4.
Councellor] Counsellor of Naples. Theob.

Perhaps BELL should be mentioned as one who gives a locality to Prospero's island. In his *Shakespeare's Puck* (ii, 308) he gives his opinion, without any reasons for it, that 'it could only have been Corcyra which was intended.'

SIR EDWARD STRACHEY (*Quarterly Rev.* July, 1890, p. 117): What a charming place the island must have been if we take it as it was seen by those in whom the eye of poetry, romance, and love was open; by old Gonzalo as well as by young Ferdinand; nay, even by the monster Caliban, who has always a touch of poetry in him! . . . . Think of the land in which, as in their proper home, Prospero addresses the spirits of earth, air, and sea. Think of Ariel, the very genius of the isle, with the cowslip's bell for a home, its honey for food, and the bee and the bat for his fellows in work or in play. Let us think of all this, and then see if this island, lying in the blue Mediterranean, somewhere between Naples and Tunis, under that deep Italian sky, must not have been (as the Neapolitan says of his own lovely shore) 'a piece of heaven fallen upon earth,' a true Atlantis of Poesy!

5, 12. **Prospero, Stephano**] *Every Man in his Humour* was acted at The Rose in 1595 or 1596, and, in a list of the actors, Jonson gives merely the name 'Will Shakespeare,' without specifying the character assumed; two of these characters, in the 4to edition of the play, are Prospero and Stephano.—FARMER uses this latter fact as an argument that *The Tempest* was certainly of a later date than *The Mer. of Ven.*, in which 'the pronunciation of Stephano' is 'always wrong,' but in *The Tempest*, after having been taught by Jonson in *Every Man in his Humour*, Shakespeare uses Stephano 'always right.'—HALLIWELL thinks that this statement is too strong, seeing that the indications of the accent, Stephăno, in the *Tempest* are 'exceedingly indistinct'; which is true, the indications are indistinct, and yet in one instance (which is quite enough for Farmer) the accent is as decided as could be wished:—'Is nòt | this Stèph | anò | my drùnk | en Bùtler?'—V, i, 329.—MALONE thinks it not improbable that 'our poet' had in his thoughts Dent's trans. of the *History of Philip de Comines*, 1526, p. 293, where an account is given of Alphonso or Alonzo of Naples, and his son Ferdinand, when they were assailed by Charles VIII of France. On p. 294 reference is made to 'Cardinall Ascoigne, brother to the Duke of Milan and Prospero Calonne'; and a little lower down on the same page there is mention of 'Lord Galcot of Mirandala.' 'Did not,' asks Malone, 'these personages suggest the names 'of Prospero and (by contraction) Miranda? Prospero, however, had before been 'introduced into *Every Man in his Humour*, and was, indeed, the name of a riding-'master in London in Shakespeare's time, who was probably a Neapolitan.'

3, 4, 6, 7, 8. **Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo**] MALONE

Adrian, & *Franciſco*, *Lords.*
Caliban, *a ſaluage and deformed ſlaue.*
Trinculo, *a Iester.*

9. Francisco] Francisco, son to the usurping Duke of Milan. Sta. conj.

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suggests Eden's *History of Travaille*, 1577 (wherein Shakespeare found the name of the god Setebos), as the probable source of all these names.

8. **Gonzalo**] In five places, in F_1, this is spelled Gonzallo; viz.: II, i, 290; III, iii, 2; V, i, 74; V, i, 80; V, i, 242.—Ed.

9. **Francisco**] See Staunton's hypothesis, I, ii, 509.

4, 10. **Anthonio, Trinculo**] W. A. Wright refers to the use of these two names by Tomkis in his play of *Albumazar*, 1614–15, as incidentally favouring the supposition that *The Tempest* was a comparatively recent play at that time.—The. Elze (*Jahrb.* xv, 253): Trinculo from *trincare*, *trincone*, clearly points to the preference for bottles and beakers.

10. **Caliban**] Dr Farmer's derivation of this name as merely a metathesis of Cannibal has been generally accepted. To me it is unsatisfactory. There should be, I think, something in the descriptions of cannibals, either of their features or of their natures, to indicate some sort of fellowship with a monster like Caliban. No such description has been pointed out. None of the manifold accounts of early voyages to the Caribbean Sea, as far as I have been able to discover, attributes to cannibals any other characteristic than that of eating human flesh; it is their one constant quality. Moreover, Shakespeare needed none of this help in vivifying his characters, which the mere extrinsic associations of a name could supply. What name soever he gave to Caliban, the deformed slave would have made it typical for all time. Is it likely, moreover, that, when *The Tempest* was acted before the motley audience of the Globe Theatre, there was a single auditor who, on hearing Prospero speak of Caliban, bethought him of the Caribbean Sea, and instantly surmised that the name was a metathesis of Cannibal? Under this impression, the appearance of the monster without a trace of his bloodthirsty characteristic must have been disappointing. Other derivations of the name have been proposed, but none of them, I think, with better success. In *N. & Qu.* 3d S. vi, p. 202, H. C. thinks that 'it is possible that 'Shakespeare was acquainted with parts of the story of the Ramayana,' and in that case Caliban would be '*Kalee-ban*, meaning the satyr of Kalee, the Hindoo Proser-'pine.'—Dr Nicholson (*N. & Qu.* 4th S. i, p. 291) thinks that 'Perhaps, too, the 'origin of the name is to be found in the Caribs of the isles and the Spanish main 'rather than in the transposition of the syllables of the word cannibal.'—In *N. & Qu.* 4th S. vii, p. 56, T. E. Winnington asks 'if *κελέβη*, a drinking-cup, can have 'suggested the name.'—Phillpotts (p. xviii) remarks that Caliban's name can hardly have any more connection with the word *Cannibal* than 'his nature has. The 'mention of his mother's country points to a Moorish origin for his name, which may 'possibly be the Kalebôn, or "vile dog," of Arabic slang.'—Finally, The. Elze (*Jahrb.* xv, 252), in a passage which is quoted above in the discussion of the location of the 'vn-inhabited Island' suggests, with, what I must confess seems to be, more plausibility than any other suggestion, that the name comes from the region called Calibia on the Moorish coast. In this case, I think, Shakespeare possibly inherited the name from the old story or drama which is the foundation of this play. —Ed.

Stephano, a drunken Butler. 12
Maſter of a Ship.
Boate-Swaine.
Marriners. 15
Miranda, daughter to Proſpero.
Ariell, an ayrie ſpirit. 17

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16. **Miranda**] MALONE, in a foregoing note, queries whether Miranda be not a contraction of Mirandala. Such a contraction is neither likely nor needed. An 'Earl of Miranda,' apparently a prominent courtier at the Court of Spain, is mentioned (Winwood's *Memorials*, ii, 312) by James's ambassador at Madrid, Sir George Cornwallis, in a letter to the Earl of Salisbury, in 1607. This fact shows merely that the name is not an invention of Shakespeare.—ED.

17. **Ariell**] MALONE: A name taken from the sacred writings: 'Woe to Ariel, to Ariel, the city where David dwelt!'—*Isaiah* xxix, 1. See also the fourth and sixth verses, which may have particularly struck our author, and induced him thus to denominate Prospero's principal ministering spirit: 'And thou [Ariel] shalt be brought down, and shalt *speak out of the ground*, and thy speech shall be low out of the dust, and thy voice shall be as of *one that hath a familiar spirit, out of the ground*,'—'Thou shalt be visited of the Lord of Hosts with *thunder*, and with earthquake, and with great noise, with *storm* and *tempest*, and the *flame of devouring fire*.' [After reading this note, one almost doubts if Malone, when he wrote it, had read the play.—ED.]—HUNTER (i, 181): 'An airy spirit' says the old *personæ*, whence perhaps the choice of the name, which literally signifies the Lion of God, or the Strong Lion, and is used by the prophet Isaiah as a personation of the city of Jerusalem.—THOMS (*Three Notelets*, p. 21): That Shakespeare learned the name of Ariel from his Bible, and selected it from the resemblance its sound bore to the character of his quaint spirit, and that some of the feats and attributes of that spirit were suggested by the words of Isaiah, is extremely probable; but, at the same time, it is important to know, as confirmatory of the Hebraistic character of this glorious play, that *Ariel* not only answers to the description of the Jewish spirits, Schedim, but that *Ariel* is the name of one of the seven princes of angels or spirits who preside over waters under Micael the arch-prince. Heywood [Notes on Bk iv, *Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels*] furnishes us with the following illustration of the belief upon which the character and agency of *Ariel* in *The Tempest* is founded: 'Saint Augustine, in his booke *De Cognitione Veræ Vitæ*, is persuaded that spirits by God's permission can raise Stormes and Tempests, and command raine, hail, snow, thunder, and lightening at their pleasures.'—STAUNTON: According to the system of witchcraft or magic which formed an article of popular creed in Shakespeare's day, the elementary spirits were divided into six classes by some demonologists, and into four,—those of the *Air*, of the *Water*, of the *Fire*, and of the *Earth*,—by others. . . . . Ariel is here called 'an ayrie spirit.' The particular functions of this order of beings, Burton tells us, are to cause 'many tempests, thunder, and lightnings, tear oaks, fire steeples, houses, strike men and beasts, make it rain stones, &c., cause whirlwinds on a sudden, and *tempestuous storms*.' But at the behest of the all-powerful magician Prospero, or by his own influence and potency, the airy spirit in a twink becomes not only a spirit of fire,—one of those, according to the same authority, which 'commonly work by blazing stars, fire drakes, or *ignes fatui*; . . . . counterfeit suns and moons, stars

Iris	*Spirits.*	18
Ceres		
Iuno		20
Nymphes		
Reapers.		22

20. Spirits] Spirits, employ'd in the Masque. Theob. presented by Spirits. Cam.

22. Other spirits, attending on Prospero. added by Theob.

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oftentimes, and sit upon ship-masts,'—but a *naiad* or spirit of the water also; in fact, assumes any shape, and is visible or unseen at will.—W. A. WRIGHT: The word occurs as the name of a man in *Ezra* viii, 16.

THE TEMPEST.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

A tempeſtuous noiſe of Thunder and Lightning heard: Enter a Ship-maſter, and a Boteſwaine.

Maſter.

BOte-ſwaine.

Boteſ. Heere Maſter: What cheere?

Maſt. Good: Speake to th'Mariners: fall too't, yarely, or we run our ſelues a ground, beſtirre, beſtirre. *Exit.*

1. Scena] Scœna F_2.

2, 3. A tempeſtuous, &c.] On a Ship at Sea. A tempestuous, &c. Pope. A Ship at Sea. A great Storm with Thunder and Lightning. Cap.

Enter a] Enter F_3F_4. Enter, upon Deck, a Cap. Enter...severally. Dyce.

3. Boteſwaine] Boteſwaine, as on shipboard shaking off wet. Coll. MS.

4. Maſter.] Maſter, F_4.

5. *Bote-ſwaine*] *Boteſwain* F_4.

7. *Good*:] *Good*, Rowe+, Wh. et seq. *Good.* Coll.

too't,] *to't*, Pope, Han. *to't* Theob.+ Steev. Var. Knt, Coll. Dyce.

8. *a ground*] *a-ground* F_3F_4.

1. **Actus,** &c.] COLERIDGE (*Notes*, p. 85): *The Tempest* is a specimen of the purely romantic drama, in which the interest is not historical, or dependent upon fidelity of portraiture, or the natural connection of events, but is a birth of the imagination and rests only on the co-aptation and union of the elements granted to, or assumed by, the poet. It is a species of drama which owes no allegiance to time or space, and in which, therefore, errors of chronology and geography,—no mortal sins in any species,—are venial faults and count for nothing. It addresses itself entirely to the imaginative faculty; and although the illusion may be assisted by the effect on the senses of the complicated scenery and decorations of modern times, yet this sort of assistance is dangerous. For the principal and only genuine excitement ought to come from within,—from the moved and sympathetic imagination; whereas, where so much is addressed to the mere external senses of seeing and hearing, the spiritual vision is apt to languish, and the attraction from without will withdraw the mind from

[Actus Primus.]

the proper and only legitimate interest, which is intended to spring from within. The romance opens with a busy scene admirably appropriate to the kind of drama, and giving, as it were, the key-note of the whole harmony. It prepares and initiates the excitement required for the entire piece, and yet does not demand anything from the spectators, which their previous habits had not fitted them to understand. It is the bustle of a tempest from which the real horrors are abstracted; therefore it is poetical, though not in strictness natural, and is purposely restrained from concentrating the interest in itself, but used merely as an induction or tuning for what is to follow.—IBID. (*Seven Lectures*, &c. p. 109): In this play, Shakespeare has especially appealed to the imagination, and he has constructed a plot well adapted to the purpose. According to his scheme, he did not appeal to any sensuous impression (the word 'sensuous' is authorised by Milton) of time and place, but to the imagination, and it is to be borne in mind that of old and as regards mere scenery, his works may be said to have been recited rather than acted,—that is to say, description and narration supplied the place of visual exhibition: the audience were told to fancy that they saw what they only heard described; the painting was not in colours, but in words. This is particularly to be noticed in the first scene,—a storm and its confusion on board the king's ship. The highest and the lowest characters are brought together, and with what excellence! Much of the genius of Shakespeare is displayed in these happy combinations,—the highest and the lowest, the gayest and the saddest; he is not droll in one scene and melancholy in another, but often both the one and the other in the same scene. Laughter is made to swell the tear of sorrow, and to throw, as it were, a poetic light upon it, while the tear mingles tenderness with the laughter. Shakespeare has evinced the power, which above all other men he possessed, of introducing the profoundest sentiments of wisdom where they would be least expected, yet where they are most truly natural. One admirable secret of his art is, that separate speeches frequently do not appear to have been occasioned by those which preceded, and which are consequent upon each other, but to have arisen out of the peculiar character of the speaker.—SIR EDWARD STRACHEY (*Quarterly Rev.* July, 1890, p. 116): Although *The Tempest* was neither the earliest nor the last of Shakespeare's Plays, it was by a happy, if perhaps unconscious, intuition that the editors of the First Folio put it at the head of their volume. It is a mimic, magic tempest which we are to see: a tempest raised by Art, to work moral ends with actual men and women, and then to sink into a calm. And in such a storm and calm we have the very idea of a Play or Drama, the fitting specimen and frontispiece of the whole volume of Plays before us.

4, 5. **Master. Bote-swaine**] Capt. John Smith in his *Accidence for Young Seamen*, 1626 (p. 789, ed. Arber), says that 'The Maister and his Mate is to direct the course, command all the Saylors, for steering, trimming, and sayling the Ship.' On p. 790, 'The Boteswaine is to haue the charge of all the Cordage, tackling, sailes, fids, and marling spikes, needles, twine and saile-cloth, and rigging of the shippe.'—ED.

5–18. In the *New Sh. Soc. Trans.* 1874, Pt ii, p. 277, SIMPSON cites these lines, which he divides into trochaic and dactylic measures, as an instance of Shakespeare's rhythmical prose.

7. **Good:**] DYCE: Compare what presently follows,—'Nay, *good*, be patient' and '*Good*, yet remember whom thou hast aboard' ('*Good*' meaning 'Good friend,' or 'Good fellow'). Here those who follow F_1 forget that this is one of the passages in

[7. Good:]

the Folio where the colon is equivalent to a comma,—and make the Master reply that *the cheer* is 'good,' while in the same breath he says that they are in danger of running aground.—HUDSON: 'Good' here carries something of an evasive force; as, 'Let that go,' or 'No matter for that.'—PHILLPOTTS: This is equivalent to 'I am glad you are at hand'; not referring to 'friend' or 'fellow' understood. [It is very certain that Dyce is right and that 'Good' does not refer to 'cheer'; its full meaning, both here and where it occurs afterwards, may then be safely left to private judgement. I incline, in the present case, to the interpretation of Phillpotts.—ED.]

7, 8. **fall . . . ground**] 'In this naval dialogue,' said Dr JOHNSON, 'perhaps the first example of sailor's language exhibited on the stage, there are, as I have been told by a skilful navigator, some inaccuracies and contradictory orders.' MALONE, according to BOSWELL, received, through Sir George Beaumont, the following 'most satisfactory refutation' of Dr Johnson's criticism, from the second Lord Mulgrave: The first scene of *The Tempest* is a very striking instance of the great accuracy of Shakespeare's knowledge in a professional science, the most difficult to attain without the help of experience. He must have acquired it by conversation with some of the most skilful seamen of that time. [Mention here follows of Smith's *Accidence*, 1626, and Manwaring's *Seaman's Dictionary*, the earliest on the subject, to show how difficult it was, at that time, to acquire from books any knowledge of seamanship.] It is a curious circumstance that Shakespeare should have been so fortunate in his instructor, and so correct in the application of his knowledge.—The succession of events is strictly observed in the natural progress of the distress described; the expedients adopted are the most proper that could have been devised for a chance of safety: and it is neither to the want of skill of the seamen or the bad qualities of the ship, but solely to the power of Prospero, that the shipwreck is to be attributed.—The words of command are not only strictly proper, but are only such as point to the object to be attained, and no superfluous ones of detail. Shakespeare's ship was too well manned to make it necessary to tell the seamen how they were to do it, as well as what they were to do.—He has shown a knowledge of the new improvements, as well as the doubtful points of seamanship; one of the latter he has introduced, under the only circumstances in which it was indisputable.—The events certainly follow too near one another for the strict time of representation; but perhaps, if the whole length of the play was divided by the time allowed by the critics, the portion allotted to this scene might not be too little for the whole. But he has taken care to mark intervals between the different operations by exits.—[The different operations are successively explained and will be found in their due place in the commentary. On the present passage is the following comment:] Land discovered under the lee: the wind blowing too fresh to haul upon a wind with the topsail set. This first command is therefore a notice to be ready to execute any orders quickly.

8. **yarely**] STEEVENS: That is, readily, nimbly. Our author is frequent in his use of this word.—MALONE: 'Yare' is used as an adjective in V, i, 267.—SKEAT: Anglosaxon, *gearu*, *gearo*, ready, quick, prompt.—W. A. WRIGHT: Ray gives it as a Suffolk word, and in the speech of the Lowestoft boatman at this day, 'hear, hear' is probably only a disguised form of 'yare, yare.'—BR. NICHOLSON (in *New Sh. Soc. Trans.* 1880–2, Pt i, p. 56) notes, that 'yare' is used 'four times by Shakespeare as a nautical term, and four times as a land one'; and gives an instance from Harsnet's *Popish Impostures*, 1603, p. 143, where the two terms in the phrase 'yare and ready' seem equivalent.

Enter Mariners.

Boteſ. Heigh my hearts, cheerely, cheerely my harts: yare, yare: Take in the toppe-ſale: Tend to th'Maſters whiſtle: Blow till thou burſt thy winde, if roome enough.

11. *Heigh*] *Hey* F_3F_4. *my hearts, cheerely,*] *my hearts,* F_4, Rowe+. *my hearts; cheerly,* Cap. 14. [Exeunt mariners, aloft. Cap.

11. **hearts**] DEIGHTON: 'My hearties' is still a term in use among sailors.

12, 13. **toppe-sale . . . roome enough**] MULGRAVE: The topsail is taken in. 'Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.' The danger in a good sea-boat is only from being too near the land: this is introduced here to account for the next order [in line 43].—W. A. WRIGHT gives us some observations to the same effect, made to him by his friend, Captain E. K. CALVER, R. N., a name well known, in naval circles, to both hemispheres: 'The craft is in a storm, and the Boatswain's anxiety is evidently not about the strength of the wind, but the room at disposal,—"Blow till thou burst thy wind, *if room enough.*"'

13. **whistle**] ANON. (*Shakespeare, a Seaman, St. James's Maga.* July, 1862): A silver whistle, suspended from the neck by a lanyard, is the modern boatswain's badge of office, and it is familiarly termed his *call.* But in Shakespeare's days, and long before, a great whistle (not of silver, but of virgin gold) was the honourable ensign of a naval commander, even of the highest rank. The celebrated Sir Edward Howard, Lord High Admiral in the reign of Bluff King Hal, died a glorious death whilst in the act of boarding an enemy's ship, and 'when he saw the danger to which he was exposed, he took his chain of gold nobles, which hung about his neck, and his great gold whistle, the ensign of his office, and threw them into the sea, to prevent the enemy from possessing the spoils of an English Admiral.'

13. **Blow . . . winde**] SYMPSON (according to HEATH, p. 1), conceiving that this phrase lacked dignity, believed that it should read 'Blow, till thou burst thee, wind!' an emendation which apparently struck STEEVENS so favourably that in advocating it, he forgot to mention Sympson's name, and so has received the credit of it ever since. —Dr JOHNSON proposed 'Blow, till thou burst, wind,' &c., and RANN, 'Blow, till thou burst, thou wind.' In Rann's edition conjectural readings are printed simply in Italics, without naming the author. The conjecture just cited, therefore, should in strict correctness be given as ANONYMOUS, but to save space both here and hereafter all these conjectures of unknown origin I shall incontinently attribute to Rann. Whatsoever obscurity befalls Englishmen in this phrase envelops with manifold blackness our German brothers, so profoundly, indeed, in the case of Dr SCHUMANN (*Prog. d. Thomasschule in Leipzig*, 1876, p. 28, n.) that for him light is to be found only in interpreting the phrase as addressed by the Boatswain not to the Wind, but, with a stroke of 'gallows-humour' (*galgenhumoristiche*), to the Master, whose whistle is not quite up to the emergency. 'Naturally,' adds the author, 'the words are to be supposed as spoken aside.' When will our German brothers, for whose æsthetic criticisms we hope to be always duly grateful, learn that as regards the text of Shakespeare it is 'Hands off!'? Where the best of Englishmen fail, it is worse than useless for Germans to attempt. 'Wind' has survived in the Prize Ring to this hour, in the sense of *lungs*, and if this word had been used by Shakespeare here, we should have lost the grim humour of the passage and perhaps have been spared this superfluous note.—ED.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Ferdinando, Gonzalo, and others.

Alon. Good Boteſwaine haue care : where's the Maſter ? Play the men.

Boteſ. I pray now keepe below.

Anth. Where is the Maſter, Boſon ?

Boteſ. Do you not heare him ? you marre our labour, Keepe your Cabines : you do aſsiſt the ſtorme.

Gonz. Nay, good be patient.

Boteſ. When the Sea is : hence, what cares theſe roa-

15. Ferdinando] Ferdinand Rowe et seq.

17. *haue care*] *have a care* Dryden, Coll. ii (MS).

18. *Play*] *Ply* Upton, Quincy MS.

20. *Boſon*] Ff, Rowe i, Knt, Wh. Sta. *boatswain* Rowe ii et cet.

20–27. As verse, lines ending *heare him ?...you do...hence...King ?...vs not ...aboord.* Walker (*Crit.* i, 15).

22. *you do aſsiſt*] *you assist* Pope, Han.

24. *hence,*] *hence.* Rowe. *Hence*— Theob. *Hence !* Johns.

cares] Ff, Cam. Glo. Wr. Wh. ii, Dtn. *care* Rowe et cet.

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15. **Enter,** &c.] COLLIER (ed. ii) : 'From the cabin,' says the MS : the characters most likely ascended through a trap-door.

18. **Play the men**] STEEVENS : That is, act with spirit. So in Chapman's *Iliad*, Bk ii '—thou shalt know what souldiers play the men, And what the cowards.'— MALONE : So in *2 Samuel* x, 12 : 'let us play the men for our people.'

20. **Boson**] KNIGHT thinks that this variation from the usual 'Boteſwaine' can be scarcely accidental. It is used by the usurping Duke, whose language is, for the most part, flippant and familiar, while that of the King is throughout the play grave and dignified. But DYCE (*Remarks*, p. 1) says that this 'variation' arose merely from the unsettled state of our early orthography, and gives, as proof, a prose tract of Taylor, *The Dolphin's Danger*, &c., where within a page or two the word is spelled *Boatswaine*, *Boatson*, and *Boson*.—GRANT WHITE (ed. i), however, is not satisfied, and asks : Is it not very strange that throughout this scene the abbreviated prefix is invariably '*Botes*,' and that although the word occurs eight times in the text and stage-directions of the Folio, it is in every case spelled at full length, except where it is used by this coarse and flippant man, who, even to secure the attention of his fellow-conspirator about their plot, is obliged to say to him, 'I am more serious than is my wont'? So fortunate an accident should not be amended. [It certainly should not be amended, but whether or not the use of it betokens 'coarseness' and 'flippancy' is doubtful.—ED.]

22. **the storm**] STEEVENS : So, *Pericles*, III, i, 19, 'do not assist the storm.'—W. A. WRIGHT : The coincidence between the two plays is remarkable. [Few readers of Shakespeare will forego the pleasure of comparing this scene with the first fifty lines of *Pericles*, III, i.—ED.]

24. **cares**] For similar instances, in this play, where a singular verb precedes a plural subject, see I, ii, 562 ; IV, i, 292 ; V, i, 258. For instances in other plays, see ABBOTT, § 335. This class might, perhaps, be differentiated from that wherein a plural nominative is followed by a singular verb, a class too large to be set down as

rers for the name of King ? to Cabine; ſilence : trouble vs not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou haſt aboord.

Boteſ. None that I more loue then my ſelfe. You are a Counſellor, if you can command theſe Elements to ſilence, and worke the peace of the preſent, wee will not hand a rope more, vſe your authoritie: If you cannot, giue thankes you haue liu'd ſo long, and make your ſelfe readie in your Cabine for the miſchance of the houre, if it ſo hap. Cheerely good hearts : out of our way I ſay. *Exit.*

Gon. I haue great comfort from this fellow : methinks

27. *Good,*] *Good:* Pope.
28. *None*] *None,* Theob. Warb. Johns.
more loue] *love more* Han.
30. *peace*] *prease* or *press* Warb. conj. (withdrawn).
30. *of the*] *o'the* Cap. (Errata).
31. *hand*] *handle* Johns. Var.'73, Var. '78.

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misprints, and, perhaps, not large enough to substantiate Abbott's theory that we have here a relic of the old Northern plural in *s*. Both classes combined show, I think, that Elizabethan ears simply were not as sensitive as ours to the distinction between the singular and plural. It is not a hundred years ago that excellent writers used 'you was.' Miss Berry must have heard it frequently from Horace Walpole, who constantly uses it in his Letters. To our ears now it is abhorrent. Grant White occasionally attributes this discordant use of the singular and plural to mere carelessness on Shakespeare's part; which is doubtful. First, it is quite as likely, except where it is necessitated by the rhyme, to be the language of the compositor as of Shakespeare, and, secondly, for the reason I have just given. See 'My old bones akes,' III, iii, 5, and 'His teares runs downe,' V, i, 20.—ED.

24. **roarers**] W. A. WRIGHT: A blustering bully, in Shakespeare's time. 'A lady to turn roarer, and break glasses.'—Massinger, *The Renegado*, I, iii.

25. **To Cabine**] See ABBOTT, § 90, for other instances for the omission of *the* after prepositions.

30. **peace of the present**] THEOBALD: That is, peace on the present, at this instant.—ABBOTT, § 176: 'Of' signifying *coming from, belonging to,* when used with time, signifies *during*.—STEEVENS: 'That is, of the present *instant*.' In *Notes & Qu.* 6th S. viii, 464, INGLEBY gives a conjecture by BRAE, viz.: that 'present' is a misprint for *tempest*. 'Save *t—m* for *r—n* it is an anagram,' says the former, 'and it is the title of the play. . . . . This I deem one of the finest and most unquestionable of all emendations of the text that the learning and sagacity of the critics have given us.' [The triumph might be great if the contest were severe; but the text as it stands is perfectly intelligible, and any change whatsoever is quite needless. In construction the phrase is exactly parallel to 'the mischance of the hour' three lines further on, and that no one would think of changing.—ED.]

36. **Gon.**] JOHNSON: It may be observed of Gonzalo, that, being the only good man that appears with the King, he is the only man that preserves his cheerfulness in the wreck and his hope on the island.—COLERIDGE (*Seven Lectures*, &c. p. 111):

he hath no drowning marke vpon him, his complexion is perfect Gallowes : ſtand faſt good Fate to his hanging, make the rope of his deſtiny our cable, for our owne doth little aduantage : If he be not borne to bee hang'd, our caſe is miſerable. *Exit.*

Enter Boteſwaine.

Boteſ. Downe with the top-Maſt : yare, lower, lower,

41. Exit.] Exeunt. Theob. 42. Enter...] Re-enter... Pope et seq.

An ordinary dramatist would, after this speech, have represented Gonzalo as moralising, or saying something connected with the Boatswain's language; for ordinary dramatists are not men of genius; they combine their ideas by association, or by logical affinity; but the vital writer, who makes men on the stage what they are in nature, in a moment transports himself into the very being of each personage, and, instead of cutting out artificial puppets, he brings before us the men themselves. . . . . In this part of the scene we see the true sailor with his contempt of danger, and the old counsellor with his high feeling, who, instead of condescending to notice the words just addressed to him, turns off, meditating with himself, and drawing some comfort to his own mind by trifling with the ill expression of the boatswain's face, founding upon it a hope of safety.—HALLIWELL (p. 12) : This speech is extracted by Cotgrave in his *English Treasury*, 1655, with several unauthorised alterations, e. g. : 'I have great comfort from this fellow *in this danger* . . . . mark *about* him . . . . doth little *help us*.'

38. **Gallowes**] Cotgrave (s. v. Noyer) : 'Hee that's borne to be hanged needs feare no drowning.'

39. **cable**] HOLT extols the excellence of the sea-terms and sea-phrases used throughout this scene, 'for, unless where Gonzalo mentions the "cable" (which is of no use but when the ship is at anchor, and here it is plain that they are under sail), there is not one improperly used.' There is no exception here; 'cable' is used strictly in its technical sense. Gonzalo's hopes were anchored on the Boatswain's gallows complexion, and the cable of that anchor was the hangman's rope.—ED.

43, &c. MAGINN, in an admirable Review of Farmer's *Essay* (a Review which appeared in Sept., Oct., Dec., 1839, in *Fraser*, and is far too little known), expresses his conviction, founded on the present passage, and, in fact, on this whole scene, that Shakespeare had read Rabelais, and read him, too, in the original; in Shakespeare's time, Rabelais had not been translated. Maginn contends that Shakespeare was familiar with French, and adduces in proof what he asserts to be the similarity between this scene and the tempest in Liv. IV, chap. xviii–xxii, of Rabelais. (Attention was called to this similarity in 1754 by GREY, i, 7.) The brawling boatswain in the present play, says Maginn, 'is evidently taken from Friar John. There is the same emergency, the same riotous courage, bristling energy, and contempt for the apprehensions of others.' Like Gonzalo, Friar John, also, takes comfort in the thought that Panurge is born to be hanged. Gonzalo's wish for 'an acre of barren ground,' &c. is taken, so thinks Maginn, from Panurge's 'Pleust a Dieu . . . . ie feusse en terre ferme bien a mon ayse! O que troys et quatre foys heureux sont ceulx qui plantent choulx,' &c. The drift of opinion in these later days is certainly towards Maginn's position, and opposed to Farmer with his proofs of

bring her to Try with Maine-courſe. A plague——— 44

44. *her to Try*] F_2F_3, Sing. *her to; try* Wh. *her too. Try* Wilson. *her to try* F_4 et cet.

with] *with the* Heath. *wi' th'* Wh.

44–48. As verse, lines ending *plague... than...again!...drown?...sink?* Walker (*Crit.* i, 15).

Shakespeare's ignorance. But I cannot think that Maginn is strengthened by his present claim. In the five chapters devoted to the storm, Rabelais runs riot, with his wildest humour, in every phrase or word connected with a ship, a storm, or the sea; every conceivable command in the management of a ship, no matter how contradictory, is there shrieked forth with all the lawlessness of the wind. If Maginn had asserted that Dryden in his Version of the *Tempest* had imitated Rabelais, there could be no contradiction,—both Dryden and Rabelais are equally absurd. The mere fact that Shakespeare's sea-craft is perfect forbids the belief that he obtained it from Rabelais. Unquestionably there are many parallelisms to be found in Shakespeare and Rabelais. KOENIG (*Sh. Jahrb.* ix, 195) has collected a number of them, and more are yet to be found. The final list, however, cannot, I am afraid, contain the present scene.—ED.

43, 44. **Downe . . . course**] MULGRAVE: The gale increasing, the topmast is struck to take the weight from aloft, make the ship drift less to leeward, and bear the mainsail under which the ship is laid to. The striking of topmasts was a new invention in Shakespeare's time, which he here very properly introduces. Sir Henry Manwaring says, 'It is not yet agreed amongst all seamen, whether it is better for a ship to hull with her topmast up or down.' In the Postscript to the *Dictionary*, he afterwards gives his own opinion: 'If you have sea room, it is never good to strike the topmast.' Shakespeare has placed his ship in the situation in which it was indisputably right to strike the topmast, when he had not sea room. [See line 57.]—CALVER: The special danger was that of being cast upon, or pressed upon, a lee shore, and like a good sailor the Boatswain did that which any good sailor would do in the present day, he struck those masts which would be a hindrance to his getting off a lee shore (from their producing resistance and not propulsion), and set that canvas which would help to safety. 'Down with the topmast!' that is, strike or lower the topmast down to the cap, as it holds wind and retards the ship; and evidently the main topmast, as only one is mentioned. It is to be noted that the illustrations of ships of the period generally represent them without a fore topmast. 'Yare, yare!' carefully and quickly; 'lower, lower!' the topmast. Rigged as vessels now are—with long topmasts and short slings and trusses—a course, or square mainsail or foresail, could not be set with the topmast struck or lowered; but with the carracks or rudimentary ships of Elizabeth's age (and it is probable Shakespeare's ship was one of them), with their short or pole-like topmasts, and lower yards slung a third of the mast down, such an operation would be comparatively easy. 'Bring her to try with main-course.' The main-course and mainsail are one and the same, and the reason the Boatswain wanted this set was because it is a sail of great size in the body of the ship; and propelled by it the ship quickens her rate, keeps closer to (or in the direction of) the wind, and makes less lee-way (or drift). 'Bring her to try with main-course;" that is, see if she will bear the main-course and whether it will be sufficient; but in a little time, as the occasion seemed to be more urgent and the effect of the single sail unsatisfactory, the Boatswain cries, 'Lay her a-hold, a-hold!' &c. [See line 57.]

A cry within. Enter Sebaſtian, Anthonio & Gonzalo.
vpon this howling: they are lowder then the weather, or our office : yet againe? What do you heere? Shal we giue ore and drowne, haue you a minde to ſinke?

Sebaſ. A poxe o'your throat, you bawling, blaſphemous incharitable Dog.

45. A cry, &c.] After *howling*, line 46, Pope et seq.

Enter...] Re-enter... Theob. After *office*, line 47, Cap. et seq.

47. *office : yet*] *office. Yet* Rowe et seq.

50. *incharitable*] *uncharitable* Rowe +, Sing.

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43. **lower, lower**] In a communication to the *Phila. Sh. Soc.* Admiral DUPONT said that 'lower' would be interpreted, he thought, by a seaman, as an imperative—i. e. *lower away!*—ED.

44. **bring her to**] GRANT WHITE (ed. i): As this is here printed nothing could be more awkward, even if it were correct. But, as Mr W. W. Story suggested to me, the Boatswain's order is, plainly, that the vessel shall be brought to, and by the main course, or main sail. The Folio text is clear enough in this regard, although the point after 'to,' is omitted. [See Halliwell's quotation from Capt. Smyth at the end of the next note.]

44. **Try with Maine-course**] CAPELL (iii, 7): This phrase receives seemingly confirmation from Hakluyt's *Voyages*, 1598, i, 277: 'and when the barke had way, we cut the hawser, and so gate the sea to our friend, and tryed out al that day with our maine course.'—HALLIWELL adds another quotation from Hakluyt, iii, 848: 'we sometimes tried under our maine coarse.'—STEEVENS: This phrase occurs also in Smith's *Sea Grammar*, 1627, p. 40, under the article 'How to handle a Ship in a Storme: Let us lie at Trie with our maine course; that is, to hale the tacke aboord, the sheat close aft, the boling set up, and the helme tied close aboord.'—HALLIWELL: 'To *try*,' says Captain Smyth, 'is a sound phrase; it means to lay the ship with her side close to the wind, and lash the tiller to the lee-side.' The literal meaning would be, to work with the main-sail; but the nautical one implies something more.

44. **Maine-course**] Capt. John Smith, in his *Accidence for Young Sea-men*, 1626 (p. 795, ed. Arber), gives in his enumeration of sails: 'The maine saile, the fore sayle called sometimes the fore course; the main course or a paire of courses,' &c.

44. **A plague———**] BR. NICHOLSON (*N. & Qu.* 3d S. xi, 251): It has been generally supposed that this long dash has been misplaced, and is intended as a mark of interruption. But it is never so used throughout the play, and its intent has, I think, been misunderstood. Sebastian immediately afterwards replies, '—you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog.' Now it is remarkable that, contrary to this and contrary to the custom of boatswains and sailors, our boatswain has never yet brought out a single curse or oath. Hence, I believe that, as elsewhere, the ——— represents words omitted in the printing, or left by the author to the gagging of the actor; and that in our present instance it represents oaths or curses, the introduction of which, according to the statute, was illegal. There are no less than five omissions so marked in Middleton's *A Chaste Mind in Cheapside.*

49. **blasphemous**] HALLIWELL (p. 12): This term was not always used in its modern sense. According to a letter dated 1604, Stone, a fool, 'was well whipt in

Botef. Worke you then. 51

Anth. Hang cur, hang, you whoreſon inſolent Noyſe-maker, we are leſſe afraid to be drownde, then thou art.

Gonz. I'le warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no ſtronger then a Nutt-ſhell, and as leaky as 55 an vnſtanched wench.

Botef. Lay her a hold, a hold, ſet her two courſes off to Sea againe, lay her off. 58

53. *drownde*] *drown'd* F_3F_4.
54. *for*] *from* Theob. Warb. Johns. Steev. Mal.
57. *two courſes off*] *two courses; off* Holt et seq. (*two courses. Off* Wh.)
58. [Cry again. Cap.

Bridewell for a blasphemous speech that there went sixty fools into Spaine besides my lord Admiral and his two sons.'

54. **for**] ABBOTT, § 154: In this instance 'for' may either mean *against* or *for what concerns.*

57, 58. **Lay . . . her off**] MULGRAVE: The ship, having driven near the shore, the mainsail is hawled up; the ship wore, and the two courses set on the other tack, to endeavour to clear the land that way. [See line 73.]—CALVER: To understand this order, it is necessary to keep in mind the Boatswain's view of the circumstances in which he was placed. He did not care, he said, about the force of the wind, but he was afraid they had not sea-room. 'Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!' makes this clear, and that there was sufficient cause for alarm upon this point is also apparent from a passage in the second scene, where Prospero, questioning Ariel with reference to the ship and her perils, asks, 'But was not this nigh shore?' 'Close by, my master!' In short, the Boatswain, in the first instance, did what appeared to him to be needed; but now, after a short interval, whether owing to the sluggishness of the ship or to the lee-shore being closer than he had imagined, he, unceasingly alive to the danger, and oblivious of the taunts of the passengers, gave the above order: 'Lay her a-hold, a-hold!' Keep her to the wind or as close to the wind as possible. 'Set her two courses': foresail as well as mainsail, or twice the amount of canvas already spread; and 'off to sea again; lay her off': an indication of the object of the order, or of the necessity for gaining sea-room so as to avoid shipwreck.

57. **two courses**] HOLT (p. 19): The courses here meant are two of the three lowest and largest sails of a ship, which are so called because, as largest, they contribute most to give her way through the water, and consequently enable her to feel her helm, and steer her course better, than when they are not set or spread to the wind. Therefore this speech should be pointed thus: 'Lay her ahold, ahold; set her two courses; off to Sea again; lay her off.' It being a command to set these two larger sails in order to carry her off to sea again, she being too near in shore. 'To lay her ahold,' signifies to bring her to lie as near the wind as she can in order to get clear of any Point, or head of land. [This explanation and punctuation of Holt has been adopted by every subsequent editor except CAPELL, who says that this punctuation 'appears advisable no way; first, the order is not simply to *set her courses*, but so to set them that the ship might get "off to sea again," to "lay her off" by that setting; and next, the speech's flow is against it.'—ED.]

Enter Mariners wet.

Mari. All loſt, to prayers, to prayers, all loſt.
Boteſ. What muſt our mouths be cold?
Gonz. The King, and Prince, at prayers, let's aſſiſt them,
for our caſe is as theirs.
Sebaſ. I'am out of patience.
An. We are meerly cheated of our liues by drunkards,
This wide-chopt-raſcall, would thou mightſt lye drowning the waſhing of ten Tides.
Gonz. Hee'l be hang'd yet,
Though euery drop of water ſweare againſt it.

60. [Exeunt. Theob.
62. *Prince, at prayers*] *Prince at prayers,* F_4. *Prince are at prayers,* Rowe. *Prince at prayers!* Pope. *Prince at pray'rs?* Han.
let's...them] *let us...'em* Pope+. *let us...them* Steev. Var. Knt, Coll.
63. As a half verse, Pope et seq.
64. *I'am*] F_2. *I'm* F_3F_4, Rowe+, Wh. Dyce, Sta. *I am* Steev. et cet.
66. *wide-chopt-raſcall*] *wide-chopt raſcal* F_4.
67. *the...Tides*] One line, as a half verse, Pope et seq.
69. *ſweare*] *ſware* F_3F_4.

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61. **mouths be cold**] BIRCH (p. 523): The Boatswain thinks of the different liquid and results, when he should have to take in sea-water instead of engulphing fiery spirits.—ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.* p. 7): That is, 'must our mouths, so lately warm with brave oaths, now be cold with cowardly prayers?' Cf. 'thou rascal, thou fearful rogue, thou hast been *praying* . . . . is this a time To discourage our friends with your *cold orisons?*'—B. & Fl. *The Sea Voyage*, I, i. [This interpretation of Allen is ingenious, and probably touches the reason why this particular phrase was put in the mouth of the Boatswain, but the phrase itself means, I think, simply *to die;* we have it in this sense in B. & Fl.'s *Scornful Lady*, II, ii, where Savil, who is not at sea, but in the house of the Elder Loveless, says, 'Would I had been cold i' the mouth before this day, And ne'er haue liued to see this dissolution.'—ED.]

65. **meerly**] In its original Latin meaning.

66. **wide-chopt**] CROFT: It is held that men with wide chops are weak and doltish.

67. **washing of ten Tides**] ELZE: An allusion to the singular mode of execution to which pirates were condemned in England. 'Pirats and robbers by sea are condemned in the court of admiraltie, and hanged on the shore at lowe water marke, where they are left till three tides haue ouerwashed them.'—Harrison's *Description of England*, p. 229, ed. Furnivall.—HALES (*Essays*, 294) cites Murray's *Handbook for Kent* s. v. *Execution Dock*, Wapping, in corroboration of Elze's extract from Harrison, and adds another allusion to this form of punishment in *Green's Tu Quoque* (Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, vol. xi, p. 188), where, in a note, Stow is cited as pointing out 'the usual place of execution for hanging of Pirates and Sea-rovers at the low-water mark,' there to remain till three tides had overflowed them. 'Evidently,' says Hales, 'Antonio's phrase is a mere exaggeration of such a sentence. For such a "wide-chapped rascal" as the Boatswain, three tide-washings are not enough,—let him have ten.'

And gape at widſt to glut him. *A confuſed noyſe within.* 70
Mercy on vs.
We ſplit, we ſplit, Farewell my wife, and children,
Farewell brother: we ſplit, we ſplit, we ſplit.
Anth. Let's all ſinke with' King
Seb. Let's take leaue of him. *Exit.* 75
Gonz. Now would I giue a thouſand furlongs of Sea,
for an Acre of barren ground: Long heath, Browne firrs, any thing; the wills aboue be done, but I would faine dye a dry death. *Exit.* 79

70. *to glut*] *to 'glut* Cap. conj.
70, 73. A confuſed.../*plit*] In margin, as Stage direction Cap. et seq. (subs.).
71. *Mercy*] Seb. *Mercy* Han.
73. *Farewell brother*] *Brother, farewell* Pope+. Alon. *Brother, farewell* Johns. conj. (withdrawn). *Farewell, my brother* Ktly.
74. *with'*] F_2. *with* F_3F_4. *wi' the* Cap. *wi' th'* Wh. *with the* Rowe et cet.
[Exit. Theob. et seq. (subs.).
77, 78. *Long.../irrs*] *ling, heath, broom, furze* Han. Sing. Dyce ii, iii, Wr. Huds. Dtn. *brown heath, long furze* Ktly.
78. *firrs*] *firs* F_4. *Furze* Rowe.
79. Exit.] Om. Ff.

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70. **to glut**] JOHNSON: Shakespeare probably wrote *t' englut*, to swallow him. For which I know not that *glut* is ever used by him. To *englut* occurs frequently. Yet Milton writes 'glutted offal' for *swallowed*, and, therefore, perhaps, the present text may stand.

71. **Mercy**, &c.] JOHNSON: All these lines have been hitherto given to Gonzalo, who has no brother on the ship. It is probable that the lines succeeding the 'confused noise within' should be considered as spoken by no determinate characters.—THEOBALD, in a private letter to Warburton (Nichols, ii, 243), anticipated Johnson in suggesting that these lines represented the confused noise behind the scenes.—CAPELL, however, was the first to carry out the idea in his text, by putting them, as a stage direction, in the margin, and by separating the exclamations by dashes.

73. **we split**] MULGRAVE: The ship not being able to weather a point, is driven on shore.

74. **with' King**] A valuable example of the absorption of the definite article, thus emphatically indicated by the printer, and possibly so indicated in Shakespeare's MS. Another instance occurs, although printed without the apostrophe, in I, ii, 131. The present is one of several noteworthy instances of the unusual care with which this play is printed.—ED.

77, 78. **Long heath, Browne firrs**] For Hanmer's emendations see Text. Notes. Of the original text CAPELL says: 'There is a stiffness in giving epithets to ["heath" and "furze"] that suits neither the genius nor situation of the speaker, and [Hanmer's] alteration takes off that stiffness, bringing no new one in its room, for it is easy and natural. It has been objected that "ling" and "heath" are synonyma and mean the same plant: but this may be doubted; or, if true, a poem is not the better for such preciseness.'—FARMER: [Hanmer] has been charged with tautology. I find in Harrison's description of Britain, prefixed to our author's good friend Holinshed, p. 91: '*Brome, heth, firze*, brakes, whinnes, *ling*,' &c.—KNIGHT: 'Long heath' and 'brown furze' are quite intelligible, and are much more natural than an enumeration

[77, 78. **Long heath, Browne firrs**]

of many various wild plants.—HALLIWELL also thinks Hanmer's change unnecessary. 'The epithet "long" merely refers to the large expanse of heath. "I have consumed all, plaied away long acre." '—*A Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1619.—WALKER (*Crit.* iii, 1) feels assured, and he carries with him DYCE, W. A. WRIGHT, HUDSON, PHILLPOTTS, and DEIGHTON, that Hanmer's reading is the true one. 'The *balance*,' he says, 'requires it. Besides, what are *long heath* and *brown furze?*' [Lyte's *Herbal* would have told him what 'long heath' is.]—'Ling,' says KEIGHTLEY (*Exp.* 208), 'was probably a word unknown to Shakespeare.' [See Farmer's quotation from Harrison, *supra.*]—PHILLPOTTS pronounces 'the uselessness of these epithets ["long" and "brown"] to be manifest,' and as justifying 'Hanmer's excellent emendation.' 'The difference,' he adds, 'between the spikes of ling and the bell-like flowers of the heath must have been easily seen on the Warwickshire heaths.' [There can be no doubt, however, that they bore the same name in Shakespeare's day. 'Heath Hather, and Lyng is called in high and base Almaigne, Heyden: and is thought of the later writers to be that plant which,' &c.—Lyte's *Herbal*, 1576, p. 678.—ED.]—BEISLY (p. 12): I believe Shakespeare wrote 'long heath,' because *ling* and *heath* or *heth* are names for one and the same plant, and Shakespeare would not have called this plant by two different common names.—GRINDON (p. 238), on the other hand, says that 'Ling (*Calluna vulgaris*) is very different from the genuine Heaths, or *Ericas*, so there is no tautology in the introduction of the word.' [The insurmountable difficulty in accepting Hanmer's change is, to me, that 'Long Heath' is the real name of a plant, just as much as is 'Long Purples.' Lyte, in his *Herbal*, 1576, p. 677, says of Heath: 'There is in this Countrie two kindes of Heath, one whiche beareth his flowers alongst the stemmes, and is called long Heath. The other bearing his flowers in tutteys or tuftes at the toppes of the branches, the which is called smal Heath.' Further on, he says: 'Heath groweth vpon mountaynes that be drie, hungrie, and barren.' To similar localities he allots 'Furze or thorne Broome,' which 'groweth,' he says, p. 668, 'in vntoyled places, by the way sides.' Wherefore, the names of both plants were suggested, I think, by the word 'barren' in Gonzalo's wish for 'an acre of *barren* ground,' and in calling the furze 'brown' an additional hue of desolation is imparted by suggesting that the acre is so barren that even the weeds on it are dried up and discoloured. In Hanmer's emendation the four names really represent only two plants; for, however scientifically we may have subdivided genera nowadays, in Shakespeare's time, as witness Lyte, ling and heath were the same and furze and broom the same. Such a mere, bare iteration, without adding anything whatsoever to the picture, grates me as somewhat un-Shakespearian.—ED.]

79. ANON. (*Shakespeare, A Seaman, St James's Maga.* July, 1862): Take up your Shakespeare and read the opening scene of *The Tempest.* A ship is off an unknown lee-shore, labouring heavily; a storm is raging; lightning is flashing; thunder is bellowing; waves are madly roaring; 'men's hearts are failing them for fear'; confusion and terror are holding a carnival on board. We appeal to all intelligent readers,—and especially to seamen,—to answer whether they think it probable that Shakespeare could have intuitively penned that scene if he had spent his life *entirely* ashore? The thing is incredible. We know that Shakespeare was so marvellously gifted that he could conceive and accurately depict characters and scenes of nearly every age and kind; but even *his* transcendent imagination had its bounds; and it is rather too much to expect us to credit that he could have written the first scene of *The Tempest* unless he had previously had *some* practical acquaintance with the sea, and ships, and

Scena Secunda.

Enter Proſpero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your Art (my deereſt father) you haue 3

1. Scena] Scæna F_2.

[The Inchanted Island. Pope. A part of the Inchanted Island, near the cell of Prospero. Theob.

3. *If...you*] One line, Seymour, Sta. conj.

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seamen. Every epithet in the scene is exactly proper and in admirable keeping; every sea-phrase is correct; every order of the boatswain's is seamanlike and precisely adapted to the end in view. There is nothing lubberly about the whole affair, nothing to which a seaman of the nineteenth century would object in a professional point of view,—that is, taking into consideration the build and rig of ships in Shakespeare's days. The boatswain did all that was in his power, as a seaman, to enable the ship to 'claw off' shore. And what a grand old sea-dog is he! Neither Smollett, nor Marryatt, nor even Fenimore Cooper, ever drew a more graphic character. In the space of a single page we learn to know him as thoroughly as though he lived and moved in our presence. He is a matchless specimen of the old, old school of mariners,—much akin to the ancient seaman so minutely painted by Chaucer. A thorough seaman is he; a fine, hardened, blustering, dogmatic, domineering old fellow, whose shaggy beard has been outspread in a hundred tempests; one not apt to spare either himself or his subordinates in the way of duty. . . . . His voice outroars wind and sea; he *will* be heard and obeyed; he feels that the safety of the ship and all on board depends on the ready exercise of his skill and judgement; he knows his own value at this awful crisis. . . . . We love and venerate this tarry old mariner. Shakespeare drew him from the very life. [In a note on 'glasses,' V, i, 266, Br. Nicholson proves that it is almost impossible that Shakespeare could have been ever at sea.—Ed.]

2. Warburton: Nothing was ever better contrived to inform the audience of the story than this scene. It is a conversation that could not have happened before, and could not but happen now.—Coleridge (p. 86): Prospero's speeches, till the entrance of Ariel, contain the finest example, I remember, of retrospective narration for the purpose of putting the audience in possession of all the information necessary for the understanding of the plot. Observe, too, the perfect probability of the moment chosen by Prospero (the very Shakespeare himself, as it were, of the tempest) to open out the truth to his daughter, his own romantic bearing, and how completely anything that might have been disagreeable to us in the magician is reconciled and shaded in the humanity and natural feelings of the father. In the very first speech of Miranda the simplicity and tenderness of her character are at once laid open,—it would have been lost in direct contact with the agitation of the first scene. The opinion once prevailed, but is happily now abandoned, that Fletcher alone wrote for women,—the truth is, that with very few, and those partial exceptions, the female characters in the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher are, when of the light kind, not decent; when heroic, complete viragoes. But in Shakespeare all the elements of womanhood are holy, and there is the sweet yet dignified feeling of all that *continuates* society, as sense of ancestry and of sex, with a purity unassailable by sophistry, because it rests not in the analytic processes, but in that sane equipoise of the faculties, during which the feelings are representative of all past experience,—not of the individual only, but of all

Put the wild waters in this Rore; alay them:
The skye it ſeemes would powre down ſtinking pitch,
But that the Sea, mounting to th' welkins cheeke,

4. *Rore;*] *Rore*, F_4.
5. *ſtinking*] *flaming* Sing. conj. *kindling* Verges (N. & Qu. 3d, vii, 337).
6. *th'*] *the* F_4.
cheeke] *heat* Coll. MS. *cheeks* Verges.

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those by whom she has been educated, and their predecessors, even up to the first mother that lived. Shakespeare saw that the want of prominence, which Pope notices for sarcasm, was the blessed beauty of the woman's character, and knew that it arose not from any deficiency, but from the more exquisite harmony of all the parts of the moral being, constituting one living total of head and heart. He has drawn it, indeed, in all its distinctive energies of faith, patience, constancy, fortitude,—shown in all of them as following the heart, which gives its results by a nice tact and happy intuition, without the intervention of the discursive faculty, sees all things in and by the light of the affections, and errs, if it ever err, in the exaggerations of love alone. In all the Shakespearian women there is essentially the same foundation and principle; the distinct individuality and variety are merely the result of the modification of circumstances, whether in Miranda the maiden, in Imogen the wife, or in Katherine the queen.—IBID. (*Seven Lectures*, p. 112): Shakespeare had pre-determined to make the plot of this play such as to involve a certain number of low characters, and at the beginning he pitched the note of the whole. The first scene was meant as a lively commencement of the story; the reader is prepared for something that is to be developed, and in the next scene he brings forward Prospero and Miranda. How is this done? By giving to his favourite character, Miranda, a sentence which at once expresses the violence and fury of the storm, such as it might appear to a witness on the land, and at the same time displays the tenderness of her feelings,—the exquisite feelings of a female brought up in a desert, but with all the advantages of education, all that could be communicated by a wise and affectionate father. She possesses all the delicacy of innocence, yet with all the powers of her mind unweakened by the combats of life.

3. **your . . . you**] Note that throughout this dialogue Miranda invariably addresses her father in the second person plural of respect, and he as invariably speaks to her in the second person singular of tenderness, except in line 17.—ED.

6. **cheeke**] STAUNTON: Although we have in *Rich. II.:* III, ii, 'the cloudy cheeks of heaven,' and elsewhere, 'welkin's face' and 'heaven's face,' it may well be questioned whether 'cheek,' in this place, is not a misprint. A more appropriate and expressive word than *heat* of Collier's MS, one, too, sanctioned in some measure by its occurrence in Ariel's description of the same elemental conflict, is probably *crack* or *cracks:* 'the fire, and cracks of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune seem to besiege,' &c. In Miranda's picture of the tempest, the sea is seen to storm and overwhelm the tremendous artillery of heaven; in that of Ariel, the sky's ordnance, 'the fire and cracks,' assault the 'mighty Neptune.' *Crack*, in the emphatic sense it formerly bore of *crash*, *discharge*, or *explosion*, is very common in our old writers. [Very far from being one of Staunton's happiest emendations.—ED.]

6. See ABBOTT, § 456, for his scansion of many similar lines where unaccented syllables are slurred; as here, 'to the wel-,' forms one foot. See line 293 in this scene.

Daſhes the fire out. Oh! I haue ſuffered
With thoſe that I ſaw ſuffer: A braue veſſell
(Who had no doubt ſome noble creature in her)
Daſh'd all to peeces: O the cry did knocke
Againſt my very heart: poore ſoules, they periſh'd.
Had I byn any God of power, I would
Haue ſuncke the Sea within the Earth, or ere
It ſhould the good Ship ſo haue ſwallow'd, and
The fraughting Soules within her.
Proſ. Be collected,
No more amazement: Tell your pitteous heart
there's no harme done.
Mira. O woe, the day.
Proſ. No harme:
I haue done nothing, but in care of thee

7. *ſuffered*] *ſuffer'd* Pope.
9. *creature*] *creatures* Theob.+, Steev. Var. Hal. Sing. Coll. Dyce, Sta. Ktly, Clke, Dtn.
12. *byn*] *bin* F_2. *been* F_3F_4.
15. *fraughting*] *fraighted* Pope, Han. *fraighting* Theob. Warb. Johns. Cap. *freighting* Steev. Mal.

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9. **no doubt**] COLERIDGE (*Seven Lectures*, p. 112): The doubt here intimated could have occurred to no mind but to that of Miranda, who had been bred up in the island with her father and a monster only; she did not know, as others do, what sort of creatures were in a ship; others never would have introduced it as a conjecture. This shows, that while Shakespeare is displaying his vast excellence, he never fails to insert some touch or other, which is not merely characteristic of the particular person, but combines two things,—the person, and the circumstances acting upon the person.

9. **creature**] KNIGHT (who follows F_1): Miranda means to say that in addition to those she saw suffer,—the 'poor souls' that perished,—the common sailors,—there was no doubt some superior person on board,—some *noble creature*.—COLLIER is not as aristocratic as Knight, in restricting the 'poor souls' to the humble sailors, but believes that in this class are included all those on board; he therefore upholds his MS and Theobald in reading *creatures*. 'Creature' is undoubtedly collective here; and Coleridge, in the preceding note, has shown us that Miranda did not know what kind of persons were in a ship.—ED.

13. **or ere**] See ABBOTT, § 131, for the explanation of this idiom, where *ere* is added to *or* for emphasis. Abbott refers to Mätzner, iii, 451. Or see *Macb.* IV, iii, 173, or *Hamlet*, I, ii, 183, of this edition. It is repeated at V, i, 116, of this play.

14. **and**] For other instances in this play of 'weak endings,' see lines 66, 69, and 168 in this scene; III, i, 7; III, iii, 125; IV, i, 171. See also ABBOTT, § 457.

15. **fraughting Soules**] DYCE: The souls who compose the fraught or freight.—W. A. WRIGHT: Cotgrave has 'Freter. To hire a ship of burden; and to fraught or load her, hired.' 'Freture: A fraughting, loading, or furnishing of a (hired) ship.'

19–21. **O woe**, &c.] JOHNSON: I know not whether Shakespeare did not make

(Of thee my deere one; thee my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art . naught knowing
Of whence I am: nor that I am more better
Then *Proſpero*, Maſter of a full poore cell,
And thy no greater Father.
Mira. More to know
Did neuer medle with my thoughts.
Prof. 'Tis time
I ſhould informe thee farther: Lend thy hand
And plucke my Magick garment from me: So,

23. *art . naught*] *art, nought* Ff.
24. *I am more*] *I am more, or* Rowe ii. *I'm more, or* Pope, Han.
25. *full poore*] *full-poor* Theob. Warb. Cap.
29. *'Tis time*] *'Tis true*, F_4, Rowe i.
31. [Lays down his mantle. Pope et seq.

Miranda speak thus: 'O, woe the day! No harm?' To which Prospero properly answers: 'I have done nothing,' &c. Miranda, when she speaks the words, 'O, woe the day!' supposes, not that the crew had escaped, but that her father thought differently from her, and counted their destruction 'no harm.' [This excellent emendation, which almost carries conviction, occurred independently to WALKER, *Crit.* ii, 188.—ELZE (p. 128) emends the emendation by making Miranda interrupt her father when he has said 'Tell your piteous heart—' by ejaculating 'O, woe the day!' after Prospero has completed his sentence, then Miranda queries, 'No harm?' The gain, however, seems hardly sufficient to justify so large a change.—ED.]

24. **Of whence**] For other examples of this redundant *of*, see ABBOTT, § 179.—PHILLPOTTS, however, connects 'of' with 'knowing.' 'Nought knowing of [the answer to the question] whence I am.'

24. **more better**] For other examples of a double comparative, see Shakespeare *passim*, or ABBOTT, § 11.

25. **full**] DYCE: That is, complete. [See 'drops full salt,' line 183, also 'Full fadom fiue,' line 460.]

28. **medle**] It makes but little difference whether we accept Steevens's interpretation, to *mix*, Ritson's, to *interfere*, to *trouble*, or Collier's, to *mingle*. Barnaby Googe (*Whole Art of Husbandry*, 1596, p. 98) speaks of 'the lees of Wine medled with water.'—ED.

30. **Lend thy hand**] WARBURTON (*Nichols, Illust.* ii, 636) assumes that in order to make Miranda fall in love at first sight with Ferdinand, Prospero felt it to be necessary first to attune her mind by deeply exciting the emotion of pity, and then to weave a spell around her. 'This,' he says, 'is insinuated to the audience' by Prospero's request that Miranda should lend a hand in plucking off the magic garment. 'The touch communicated the charm, and its efficacy was to lay her asleep. This is the reason that Prospero so often questions, as he goes on in his story, whether she was attentive, being apprehensive the charm might operate too quick, before he had ended his relation.' ['The ever thought-swarming, but idea-less Warburton!' exclaims Coleridge in a note on *Othello*.—ED.]

31. **So,**] This, I think, is addressed to Miranda, and should have either a full stop,

Lye there my Art: wipe thou thine eyes, haue comfort,
The direfull ſpectacle of the wracke which touch'd
The very vertue of compaſſion in thee:
I haue with ſuch prouiſion in mine Art
So ſafely ordered, that there is no ſoule

34. *in thee :*] *in thee*, F_3F_4.
35. *prouiſion*] *compaſſion* Ff, Rowe, Pope. *prevision* Hunter, Coll. ii, iii (MS), Sing. Dyce ii, iii, Huds.
36. *ordered*] *order'd* Rowe et seq.
36. *there is no ſoule*] *there is no soul lost* Rowe. *there's no soul lost* Pope, Han. Warb. *there is no foyle* Theob. *there is no loss* Cap. *there is no evil* Bailey. *there is no hurte*, Gould. *there is no soul*— Steev. et seq. (subs.).

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or a dash, after it. Prospero uses the same word when Ariel is helping to discase him and to don his Hat and Rapier in the Fifth Act.—Ed.

32. **Lye there my Art**] Steevens: Sir William Cecil, lord Burleigh, lord high treasurer, &c. in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when he put off his gown at night, used to say, *Lie there, Lord Treasurer.*—Fuller's *Holy State*, p. 257.—Dyce (*Few Notes*, p. 10) to this instance of Steevens adds: So in *A Pleasant Commodie called Looke about you*, which was printed in 1600 (and therefore preceded *The Tempest*), Skinke puts off his hermit's robes with a similar expression: '*Lye there religion*'; and in Chettle's *Tragedy of Hoffman* (also an earlier play than *The Tempest*) Lorrique, throwing off the disguise of a French doctor, says, '*Doctor lie there.* Lorrique, like thyself appeare.' I may add, that in Shadwell's *Virtuoso*, Sir Samuel Harty lays aside his female dress, with the words, '*So, tyrewoman, lie thou there.*'—Voss (*Anmerkungen*, &c., p. 150): Shakespeare here very skilfully separates Prospero the man from Prospero the magician. A magician, devoted body and soul to his art, can claim but little of our sympathy; witness even the most loveable and charming of the magicians and genii in the *Arabian Nights;* they stand remote from us as superhuman and supernatural beings. But Prospero's magic resides only in his Mantle, Staff, and Book; Prospero himself remains akin to us.

33. **wracke**] Hunter (i, 186): A delicate ear will perceive that something is lost in point of melody by the uncalled-for change of 'wrack' to *wreck*.—White: This orthography of the Folio is uniform, legitimate, and characteristic, and should not be disturbed.

34. **vertue of compassion**] Johnson: The most efficacious part, the energetic quality; in a like sense we say, 'The virtue of a plant is in the extract.'

35. **prouision**] Hunter (i, 186) quotes a passage from '*Modern Policies*, a book attributed to Sancroft, of which a fifth edition was published in 1654, which seems to suggest and justify the change to *prevision*.'—Dyce, who adopts *prevision*, cites in confirmation II, i, 329, 'My master *through his art foresees* the danger,' &c. —White regards *prevision* as not improbable.—But Mrs Kemble (*Atlantic Monthly*, Sept. 1860) does not agree to the value of the change. 'It is very true,' she says, 'that *pre*vision means the foresight that his art gave him, but *pro*vision implies the exercise of that foresight or *pre*vision; it is therefore better, because more comprehensive.'

36. **no soule**] Theobald explains his conjecture of *foyle* as *damage, loss, detriment*, but Holt (p. 22) says that 'the traces of the letter might have been followed nearer in *soyl*, and with better authority of context.'—This emendation of *soil*, i e.

No not ſo much perdition as an hayre
Betid to any creature in the veſſell
Which thou heardſt cry, which thou ſaw'ſt ſinke : Sit
For thou muſt now know farther. [downe,
Mira. You haue often
Begun to tell me what I am, but ſtopt
And left me to a bootleſſe Inquiſition,
Concluding, ſtay : not yet.
Prof. The howr's now come

37. *an hayre*] *an hair's* Cap. conj. *a hair* Sing. Clke.
38. *Betid*] *Betide* Ff, Rowe.
39, 40. *Sit...farther*] One line, F_3F_4, Rowe.
41. *often*] *oft* Sta. conj.
43. *a bootleſſe*] *the bootleſſe* Ff, Rowe, Pope, Han.

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stain, spot, JOHNSON afterwards put forth, remarking at the time that Holt 'had a glimpse of it, but could not keep it.' The emendation which Holt himself advocated was that 'soul' was a term of endearment applied by Prospero to Miranda, and he suggested that the line be thus arranged : So safely order'd, soul, that there is no, No not so much,' &c. or 'So safely ordered that there is no,—soul, No not so much,' &c. It seems almost impossible to give the following note from CAPELL without appearing to hold him up to ridicule, than which nothing is further from my intention; but it is worth while to give it if only to reveal one of the difficulties of an editor who undertakes to paraphrase his authorities: 'The alter'd and the altering word of this sentence,' says CAPELL (ii, 55), 'approach'd nearer to one another than will be judg'd from the latter's orthography; but it's former was — *losse*, and under that form might most readily be corrupted to,—soule : that it was the reading intended, the line after is evidence; for that line is explanatory of the term that preceded, carrying it to an excess that is not convey'd by it nakedly, as is Shakespeare's manner elsewhere.' 'Had Capell come to me,' said Dr Johnson on one occasion, 'I would have endowed his purposes with words.'—STAUNTON believes that Capell's *loss* is the true reading.—KENRICK (*Review*, p. 2) : Shakespeare very probably wrote *ill*, there is no *ill*, No, not so much,' &c. To *betide* is to befall, to happen to, and would here be very improperly used with *soil ;* for even supposing there was no impropriety in saying a *soil* might *betide a suit of cloaths ;* no idiom will bear a *soil betiding to* a *creature*, when its cloathing only was meant.—HEATH rightly interprets and paraphrases the original text. 'The participle *lost* must be supplied from the word "perdition," in the next line. The import is exactly the same as if the poet had written, I have so safely ordered that there is no soul,—Why do I say soul? No there is not so much perdition as an hair betid to any creature in the vessel. The construction is of the kind called by grammarians *anacoluthon*.' STEEVENS followed the suggestion of Heath by putting a dash after 'soul,' and has herein been followed by every editor, I think, except the CAMBRIDGE EDITORS, who have a comma.—ED.

38. **Betid**] For other instances of the omission of *-ed* in the participles of verbs ending in *-te*, *-t*, or *-d*, see Shakespeare *passim*, or ABBOTT, § 342.

45. **The howr's now come**] In the course of an argument to prove that *The Tempest*, instead of being among Shakespeare's late plays, is one of his early plays, HUNTER brings forward, very modestly, certain indications, as he conceives them, of

The very minute byds thee ope thine eare,
Obey, and be attentiue. Canſt thou remember
A time before we came vnto this Cell?
I doe not thinke thou canſt, for then thou was't not
Out three yeeres old.
Mira. Certainely Sir, I can.
Prof. By what? by any other houſe, or perſon?
Of any thing the Image, tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.
Mira. 'Tis farre off:
And rather like a dreame, then an aſſurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Fowre, or fiue women once, that tended me?

47. *Canſt thou*] *Canst* Pope, Han.
48. [Sitting down. Coll. ii (MS).
50. *Out*] *Full* Pope. *Quite* Coll. MS.
54. *with*] *in* Pope, Theob. Han. Warb.

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immaturity in the art of dramatic composition. 'One practised in the dramatic art,' he observes (i, 124), 'would hardly have given us such a scene as the Second of the First Act, where we have a long dialogue between Prospero and Miranda, which is plainly intended for the audience, and not to carry on the business of the play.' The best reply that has been made to Hunter in this regard is to be found in a highly valuable *Essay* by Dr C. C. HENSE on *Die Antikes in Shakespeare's Drama* (*Shakespeare Untersuchungen*, &c., 1884), wherein (p. 481) it is maintained that this dialogue, so far from being, what Hunter pronounces it, an indication of immaturity, is an example of 'genuine dramatic art in the antique meaning of the term. It is Prospero himself who relates his own and Miranda's story; the decisive hour has come in which not only the audience, but more especially Miranda, must be instructed in the circumstances of her past in view of the important future. No other human being can tell this story but Prospero himself; at the approach of the great moment of rescue he lives over again, with vivid intensity, all that misery into which he was plunged by the treachery of his brother, and which was alleviated by the kindness of Gonzalo. Precisely thus it is that Philoctetes in Sophocles, just before the all-important hour of his release, narrates the depth and duration of the misery of his past life. The fate of himself and of his daughter was a secret of Prospero. A secret is one of the elements of a drama of fate; in the *Œdipus* of Sophocles the unfortunate hero guards a secret through many years, and not until the moment before the unhappy dénouement does he divulge it to Jocasta.'

45, 46. ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.*) proposes to punctuate 'The hour's now come—The very minute,—bids thee ope thine ear;' with the relative (as often elsewhere) understood before bids.

50. **Out**] STEEVENS: That is, quite three years old, three years old full-out, complete. See 'And be a boy right out,' IV, i, 112.

56–58. COLERIDGE (*Seven Lectures*, p. 114): Here I cannot help noticing a fine touch of Shakespeare's knowledge of human nature, and generally of the great laws of the human mind. [These lines cited.] This is exquisite! In general our remembrances of early life arise from vivid colours, especially if we have seen them

Proſ. Thou hadſt ; and more *Miranda:* But how is it
That this liues in thy minde? What ſeeſt thou els
In the dark-backward and Abiſme of Time?
Yf thou remembreſt ought ere thou cam'ſt here,
How thou cam'ſt here thou maiſt.
Mira. But that I doe not.
Proſ. Twelue yere ſince (*Miranda*) twelue yere ſince,
Thy father was the Duke of *Miltaine* and
A Prince of power:

61. *dark-backward*] *dark backward* F_3F_4.

65. *Twelue yere...yere*] *Tis twelve years ...years* Pope+.

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in motion; for instance, persons when grown up will remember a bright green door, seen when they were quite young; but Miranda, who was somewhat older, recollected four or five women who tended her. She might know men from her father, and her remembrance of the past might be worn out by the present object; but women she only knew by herself, by the contemplation of her own figure in the fountain, and she recalled to her mind what had been. It was not that she had seen such and such grandees, or such and such peeresses, but she remembered to have seen something like the reflection of herself; it was not herself, and it brought back to her mind what she had seen most like herself.

61. **backward**] For other examples of the adverbs *backward* and *inward* used as nouns, see ABBOTT, § 77.

65. **Twelue yere since**, &c.] CAPELL: In this line the first 'year' is a dissyllable, and both have the force of plurals.—WALKER (*Vers.* p. 136) in his article on such words as *fear, dear, fire, your*, &c., which suffer dissolution, cites, as an example, this line, and says, 'Coleridge observes on "the apparently defective metre [of this present line that] the actor should supply the time by emphasis, and pause on the first syllable." But the defect is merely apparent; the use of the same word as a monosyllable and as a dissyllable in the same line is, perhaps, more strange in appearance than in reality.'—ABBOTT, § 480, thus scans: 'Twelve *ye* | ar since | Miran | da, twelve | year since'; 'where the repeated "year" is less emphatic than the former.' See also line 424 of this scene, which also Abbott thus scans: 'Who hadst | deserv | ed *mo* | *re* than | a prison.'—CAMBRIDGE EDITORS (*Preface*, ed. iii, p. xix): We are rightly told that 'year' may be a dissyllable. Yet that one word should bear two pronunciations in one line is far more improbable than that the unaccented syllable before 'twelve' is purposely omitted by the poet; and few readers will not acknowledge the solemn effect of such a verse. [The consensus of opinion points to the dissyllabic pronunciation of 'year.' I beg emphatically to dissent, not only on rhythmical but on other grounds. By such a division and prolongation of 'year' an emphasis is imparted which does not befit the sense. It is the number of years that looms up before Prospero's memory, not the mere fact that years instead of months had passed. As to the rhythm, I am quite willing to stand within the shadow of so fine a master as GUEST, who (i, 240) by thus scanning brings the music and the meaning into accord: 'Twelve | years since | Miran | da: twelve | years since.' This, I presume, is the scansion of the Cambridge Editors, although their preference is not at once evident.—ED.]

66, 69. See I, ii, 14.

Mira. Sir, are not you my Father?
Prof. Thy Mother was a peece of vertue, and
She ſaid thou waſt my daughter ; and thy father
Was Duke of *Millaine*, and his onely heire,
And Princeſſe ; no worſe iſſued.
Mira. O the heauens,
What fowle play had we, that we came from thence?
Or bleſſed was't we did?
Prof. Both, both my Girle.
By fowle-play (as thou ſaiſt) were we heau'd thence,
But bleſſedly holpe hither.
Mira. O my heart bleedes
To thinke oth' teene that I haue turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance, pleaſe you, farther;
Prof. My brother and thy vncle, call'd *Anthonio*:

71. *and his*] *thou his* Han. Steev.'73, Sing. Dyce ii, iii, Huds. Dtn. *and thou his* Johns. conj. Glo. Jeph. Wh. ii. *and you his* Gould.
72. *And*] *A* Pope, Theob. Han. Warb. Mal. Steev.'93, Var. Dyce, Sta. Clke, Ktly, Wrt, Jeph. Huds. Dtn, Cam. iii.
77. *ſaiſt ... heau'd*] *ſayeſt ... heaved* Ff.
78. *holpe*] *help'd* Pope, Theob. Han. Warb.
79. *O my*] *My* Pope, Han.
81. *remembrance,*] *remembrance.* Rowe.

72. **And Princesse ;]** DYCE has the following note to vindicate Pope's change to '*A* Princess': 'In the *Two Gent.* IV, i, F_1 and F_2 have "For practising to steale away a Lady *And* heire," &c.; in *Henry VIII:* II, iv, all the Folios have "on the debating *And* marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleanes," &c.; in *Lear*, I, i, the Qq have "She is here selfe *and* dower"; and in our author's cxxixth *Sonnet* the Quarto has "*and* very wo,"—in all four places "and" being a mistake for "a."' After all, I think, KNIGHT'S text is to be preferred, which adheres to the Folio, and merely erases the semicolon after 'Princess'; 'thy father was Duke of Milan, and no worse issued was his only heir and princess.'—ED.

78. **holpe]** See ABBOTT, § 343, for forms of similar past participles.

80. **teene]** Grief, trouble.

81. **from]** For many other examples of this use of *from*, in the sense of *apart from*, *away from*, without verbs of motion, see ABBOTT, § 158.

82, &c. CAPELL: There is great perplexity in the construction of this speech, owing evidently to the number of circumstances parenthetically thrown into it; which mode of speaking is not used without design; but effected,—here, and in other places, particularly of this scene,—to mark a branch of Prospero's character, which is—garrulity. . . . . The speaker himself is lost in his own deviations; and reduced to the necessity of beginning his tale anew.—In the *Phila. Sh. Soc. Minutes*, 15 Nov. 1864, attention was called to the network of anacolutha in this and the following speech of Prospero. The subject, 'My brother,' is dropt, and taken up again as 'he, whom,' and, finally, in 'Thy falſe vncle,' before its verb (but only after another interruption) is reached in 'new created.' A parenthesis begins with 'as at that time'; but it ceases

I pray thee marke me, that a brother ſhould
Be ſo perfidious : he, whom next thy ſelfe
Of all the world I lou'd, and to him put
The mannage of my ſtate, as at that time
Through all the ſignories it was the firſt,

83, 84. *me...perfidious :*] *me*, (*that... perfidious !*) Pope et seq. (subs.).
86–90. *as at...ſtudie*] In parenthesis, Theob.+.
86–93. *as at...ſtudies*] In parenthesis, Cap.
86. *time*] *time.* F_3F_4.
87. *Through*] *Though* F_2.

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to be treated as a parenthesis, and eddies into the main current of expression at 'Theſe being all my ſtudy.'

82. **Anthonio**] HUNTER (*Disquisition*, p. 138) criticises, and justly, the needless changes made by modern editors, and asks, with reference to this name, always changed to *Antonio*, whether a nice ear will not be sensible that something is lost. Hunter is, I think, unquestionably right on general principles. Whether or not in the case of this particular name, with such names as *Thomas* and *Thames* before us, we should pronounce the *th* like the Greek theta, we really have not the means of knowing. In *Anthony and Cleopatra* Corson has ingeniously detected a pun which rests on this Greek pronunciation, in a line which is otherwise wellnigh inexplicable. If this pronunciation of the Greek theta in Anthony obtains in one of Shakespeare's plays, viz: in *Anth. and Cleop.*, it is not unreasonable, in lack of opposing proof, to suppose that it should prevail in all.—ED.

83. **I pray thee marke me,**] This phrase is almost universally printed by modern editors with a dash before and after it. KNIGHT thus disapproves: 'The reader will observe with what admirable skill such interjectional expressions as "Dost thou attend me ?"—"Thou attend'st not."—"I pray thee mark me,"—are subsequently introduced, to break the long continuity of Prospero's narrative. But here, in the very beginning of his story, for Prospero to use a similar interruption quite unnecessarily is not an evidence of the same dramatic skill. He simply means here to say, and the original punctuation warrants us in believing so,—I pray thee note how a brother could be so perfidious.' Knight makes his paraphrase, which is good, a faint degree stronger than the line in F_1 by omitting the comma after 'me.'—ED.

86, 87. **as at that time Through**] HUNTER (i, 187) adopts the *Though* of F_2, where, as he says, it is to be read as if followed by *of* ('such kind of elision being extremely common in the early editions of these plays'),—and the whole passage may be adjusted thus:

> 'As at that time,
> Though of all the seignories it was the first,
> And Prospero the prime duke; (being so reputed
> In dignity:) and for the liberal arts
> Without a parallel. These being all my study,' &c.

'Shakespeare meant to point to the pre-eminence which was claimed for the Duchy of Milan above all the other duchies of Europe, Botero saying expressly that "Milan claims to be the first duchy in Europe," and its University of Pavia was, at the period to which the action of this play is to be referred, in high reputation. The sense now becomes complete and consecutive, though the expression is dramatic and colloquial:

[86, 87. as at that time Through]

"Though Milan was accounted the first of the great seignories, and Prospero, as the Duke of Milan, was regarded the prime duke in Europe (having the general reputation and allowance of this precedence and dignity); and had also the higher reputation for the liberal arts; he neglected the affairs of State, threw the government on his brother, and devoted himself entirely to those studies." '—That which to Capell is 'garrulity' in this speech becomes in Knight's eyes an 'easy conversational flow,' and is amongst 'the finest things in the play. One idea grows out of another without any very strict logical arrangement, for Prospero speaks out of the fulness of his heart. We follow the punctuation of the original.'—MEIKLEJOHN: This hesitation and involution in Prospero's speech arise from the fact that he is bent on an impossibility,—that of making Miranda understand the crisis in his past history, which is comparable to nothing in her experience.—ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.* 1864): The vulgar text uniformly puts a comma after 'as,' and thus makes it equivalent to *because*. This makes Prospero guilty, *First*, of a *non sequitur* ('because his dukedom gave him a rank above all the other Italian Dukes, he *therefore* gave up the administration of it to his brother'), and, *Secondly*, of a falsehood; for his *real* reason (as he distinctly says below) was, that he was himself absorbed in secret studies. Seeking for some escape from this double difficulty, it suddenly occurred to me, that, by removing the comma, we get an expression precisely equivalent to the only one of the kind that had attracted my attention before, viz: the *as-at-this-time* in the Prayer-Book Collect for Christmas,* which (thirty odd years ago) I settled in my mind (against the commentators) must be a more or less precise and emphatic *now*. I considered, namely, that *at-this-time* was simply equal to *now;* that *as*-at-this-time was equal to *as-now* or *now-as;* and that *now-as* would be one of the correlatives of the recognised *whenas*. It was easy enough to go further and say, that *as-at*-that-*time* would be equal to *as-then* or *then-as*, and that *then-as* would be the other correlative of *whenas*. I did not, indeed, imagine, that either *now-as* and *then-as*, or *as-now* and *as-then*, could be found in any of our old *authors*, but Johnson taught me that *as how* was used by so late a writer as Addison, and I remembered that the exact equivalent of *as then* was current in German, under the form of *alsdann*. There was reason to believe, therefore, that more such adverbial forms, with *as* prefixed or suffixed—perhaps, even, systems of *correlatives* with *as* (analogous to *whereby* and *thereby*, &c.)—once existed in the old colloquial language of both England and Germany. Turning to the *Deutsches Wörterbuch* of the brothers Grimm, I not only found (vol. i, p. 258*a*) that *als* (=*as*) was used with such adverbs as *yesterday*, *to-day*, *to-morrow*, &c., in Opitz and other old authors, and to this day (vol. i, p. 247*a*) in the spoken language of the Rhine and Main lands, but also perceived that a similar use of *as* in English was known to these German philologists. Verifying this statement, I met in Chaucer's *Legende of Goode Women*, 'This thoghte hire was felicite *as here*' (2587), 'us nedeth trewely Nothing *as now*' (1491), '*As-in-that-poynt* . . . . Thou folwest him certayn' (2547), and '*as-in-love* trusteth no man but me' (2568). Professor Corson's MS *Select Glossary of La Mort d'Arthur* (kindly lent me) furnishes seventeen examples, including not only *as at this time* and *as at that time*, *as to-night* and *as to-morrow*, but also *as at bed and at board*. In the *Paston Letters* (Bohn's ed. vol. ii, p. 156), the Duke of Norfolk writes, that 'the King would have set forth *as upon Monday*';; and in the *Homily for Good Friday* (near the beginning) we have '*as* about this time.' *As then* occurs also

* The words of the Collect are: 'Almighty God, who hast given us thy only-begotten Son to take our nature upon him, and *as at this time* to be born of a pure Virgin,' &c.

And *Proſpero*, the prime Duke, being ſo reputed 88
In dignity ; and for the liberall Artes,
Without a paralell ; thoſe being all my ſtudie, 90
The Gouernment I caſt vpon my brother,
And to my State grew ſtranger, being tranſported
And rapt in ſecret ſtudies, thy falſe vncle
(Do'ſt thou attend me?)
Mira. Sir, moſt heedefully. 95
Proſ. Being once perfected how to graunt ſuites,
how to deny them : who t'aduance, and who
To traſh for ouer-topping ; new created 98

88, 89. *And...dignity*] In parenthesis, Coll. Wh.
90. *ſtudie,*] *study ;* Rowe.
92. *ſtranger*] *a stranger* Ktly conj.
93. *rapt*] *wrapp'd* Steev.'73, '78.
ſtudies,] *studies*. Rowe.
94. *Do'ſt*] *Doeſt* F_2F_3.
94. *me?*] Om. F_3F_4, Rowe i.
97. *who...who*] Cap. Hal. Wh. Dyce, Glo. Sta. Wr. Dtn, Cam. iii. *whom... whom* Ff et cet.
98. *To traſh*] *To plash* Han. *Too rash* Wilson. *To thrash* Marsh, ap. Cam.

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in Jeremy Taylor's *Sermon on the Marriage-Ring:* 'because *as then* it was, when they were to flie.' Nor is the passage in *The Tempest* absolutely the only one in which Shakespeare so uses *as:* in *Meas. for Meas.* V, i, 70, Isabella declares Lucio to have been '*as then* the meſſenger'; in *Sonn.* xlvi, 'The clear eye's moiety and the dear heart's part' is determined '*as thus*'; and the reading of F_1 in *Twelfth Night*, II, ii, 33, may stand, if we consider 'such as' to be a composite form equivalent to 'precisely such': 'Alas! our *frailty* is the cauſe, not we; For *ſuch-as* we are *made*, if ſuch we *be*.'——Since, therefore, the logic of the passage rejects 'as' in the sense of *because*, and since we have abundant authority for another use of 'as,' hitherto (apparently) forgotten by English philologists, we may safely read, with a mere return to the punctuation (in this phrase) of F_1:

> '*Pro.* My brother and thy uncle, called Antonio—
> ———— HE—whom next thyſelf
> Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
> The manage of my ſtate——(*as at that time*
> Through all the ſignories it was the first)
> ———— THY FALSE UNCLE,' &c.

88. **the**] For Abbott's scansion, see § 457; for his pronunciation 'Prosp'ro,' see § 469; and for 'being,' see next note.

90. **being**] ABBOTT, § 470: Words in which a light vowel is preceded by a heavy vowel or diphthong are frequently contracted. Thus, 'Without | a parall | el, these | *being* all | my study.' Cf. 'doing' in II, i, 312.

97. **who**] For instances, which might be many times multiplied, of 'who' for *whom*, see ABBOTT, § 274; again, in line 271 of this scene, and IV, i, 6.

98. **trash for ouer-topping**] There is here, undeniably, I think, a blending of two metaphors. 'Trash' refers to hunting, and 'over-top' to gardening, or, at least,

The creatures that were mine, I ſay, or chang'd 'em,
Or els new form'd 'em; hauing both the key,
Of Officer, and office, ſet all hearts i'th ſtate

99. *mine, I*] *mine; I* Theob.
99, 100. *'em*] *them* Cap. Steev. Mal. Var. Knt, Coll. Sing. Hal. Ktly, Clke.
101. *i'th*] *e'th* F_2. *o'th* F_3F_4, Rowe. *i'th ſtate*] Om. Pope, Han. Steev.

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if there is no proof that 'over-top' refers to gardening, it certainly cannot refer to hunting. A hundred years ago there was much controversy over 'trash' and its meaning, until Steevens decided the question by proving that the word was even then a hunter's phrase, signifying a weight or hindrance fastened on the neck of a dog when, by superior speed, he does not hunt even with his companions. The discussion arose over the line in *Othello*, II, i, 336: 'this poor trash of Venice whom I trace,' and is given at length in the notes thereon in this edition. Of the present line STEEVENS says, that he has met with *over-topping* 'in books containing directions for gardeners published in the time of Queen Elizabeth,' but he cites none, nor indeed is any really needed; the meaning of the word is manifest. He quotes, however, from Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, x, ch. 57: 'Who suffreth none by Might, by Wealth, or Blood, to ouer-top: Himselfe giues all Preferment, and whom listeth him doth lop.'—In a note on the line in *Othello*, MONCK MASON (p. 410) observes that Shakespeare had probably in view in this speech of Prospero 'the manner in which Tarquin conveyed to Sextus his advice to destroy the principal citizens of Gabii, by striking off, in the presence of his messengers, the heads of the tallest poppies, as he walked in his garden.'—'To *trash*,' says NARES (*Gloss.* s. v.), 'from being joined with *overtopping*, has been supposed to allude to lopping of trees, but if we examine the context, no such violent measure seems there suggested. . . . . It is opposed only to *advance*, and seems to mean no more than that those who were too forward, he *kept back*,—did not advance. To cut them off would have been a measure to create alarm.'—W. R. ARROWSMITH (*N. & Qu.* 1st S. vii, p. 566): *Overrun*, *overshoot*, *overslip* are terms in hunting; *overtop* never.—HALLIWELL calls attention to Dryden's *Version*, where the phrase is paraphrased, 'whom to advance, or *lop for overtopping*.'—STAUNTON: In the present day sportsmen check the speed of very fleet hounds by tying a rope, called a *dog-trash*, round their necks, and letting them trail it after them; formerly they effected the object by attaching to them a weight, sometimes called in jest a *clogdogdo*.

99. **'em**] Both JEPHSON and PHILLPOTTS say that this is a remnant of Anglo-saxon, and stands for *hem*, the accusative of *hi*. But it is to me doubtful if this be any more true of Shakespeare's language here, than it is of our own.—ED.

100. **the key**] Sir J. HAWKINS: This is meant of a key for tuning the harpsichord, spinnet, or virginal. [This is possibly true, but I think the first and obvious meaning is the same as when we speak of the 'keys of office,' then, secondly, by the association of ideas, this 'key' suggested the 'tune' which follows. I doubt if 'tune,' in anticipation, suggested the 'key.'—ED.]

101. **i' th state**] STEEVENS justifies his omission of these words by asking 'what hearts, except such as were "i' th state," could Alonzo incline to his purposes?' A question which KNIGHT brands as of 'a most knowing flippancy.' By the following scansion ABBOTT, § 497, would make this line an alexandrine only in appearance: 'Of offic | er, and off | ice set | all hearts | i' th' state.'

To what tune pleas'd his eare, that now he was
The Iuy which had hid my princely Trunck,
And ſuckt my verdure out on't: Thou attend'ſt not?
Mira. O good Sir, I doe.
Proſ. I pray thee marke me:
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To cloſenes, and the bettering of my mind
with that, which but by being ſo retir'd
Ore-priz'd all popular rate: in my falſe brother
Awak'd an euill nature, and my truſt
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falſehood in it's contrarie, as great
As my truſt was, which had indeede no limit,
A confidence ſans bound. He being thus Lorded,

105. *O good*] *Good* Pope, Theob. Han. Warb. *O, yes, good* Cap.
106. *me:*] *me then.* Pope, Theob. Han. Warb.
I...me] Transposed to follow line 104, Steev.
107. *dedicated*] *dedicate* Ritson, Steev. Sing. Ktly.
109. *that, which*] *that which,* Pope. *that, which,* Cap.
being ſo retir'd] *being retired* Ff, Rowe.
113. *it's*] F_2F_3, Cap. *its* F_4.
115. *Lorded*] *loaded* Coll. MS.

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102. **that**] That is, '*so* that.'

104. **my**] HUDSON reads *the* because '"my" has been probably repeated by mistake from the preceding line.'

105. **O**] This monosyllabic exclamation takes the place of a whole foot. See ABBOTT, § 482. Cf. V, i, 80.

112. **good parent**] JOHNSON: Alluding to the observation that a father above the common rate of men has commonly a son below it. *Heroum filii noxæ.*

113. **it's**] W. A. WRIGHT: There are ten instances in Shakespeare of this form of the neuter possessive pronoun. See line 457 of this scene, and *The Bible Word-book* (Eastwood and Wright), p. 274. The earliest example there given is from Florio's *Worlde of Wordes*, 1598. It does not occur in the Authorized Version of 1611, and the only passage in which it appears in modern Bibles is *Lev.* xxv, 5, where the original had 'That which groweth of it owne accord,' &c.; ['it own' retained its place as late as 1673, 'its own' being substituted for the first time in a London edition printed in that year.—*Note* on II, i, 170].—ABBOTT, § 228: It is, however, very common in Florio's *Montaigne.* . . . . Perhaps the dislike of *its*, even in the eighteenth century, aided the adoption of the French idiom *lever la tête:* 'Where London's column, pointing to the skies, Like a tall bully lifts *the* head and lies.'—Pope, *Moral Essays*, iii, 340.—MEIKLEJOHN: Milton, who died 1674, does not use the word. [See II, i, 170.]

115. **sans**] W. A. WRIGHT: This French preposition appears to have been brought into the language in the fourteenth century, and occurs in the forms 'saun,' 'sanz,' 'sauntz,' 'saunz,' and 'saunce.' It may, perhaps, have been employed at first in purely French phrases, such as 'sans question,' *Love's Lab. L.* V, i, 91; 'sans compliment,'

Not onely with what my reuenew yeelded,
But what my power might els exact. Like one
Who hauing into truth, by telling of it,
Made ſuch a ſynner of his memorie
To credite his owne lie, he did beleeue

117. *exact. Like*] *exact; like* Rowe.
118, 119. *Who...Made*] *Who loving an untruth, and telling 't oft Makes* Han.
118. *hauing into*] *hating an* Wilson. *into truth*] *unto truth* Warb. Cap. Steev. Mal. Var. Knt, Coll. Sing. Wh. Ktly, Sta. Clke, Jephson, Hunter, Rlfe, Wrt, Rugby, Morris. *to untruth* Coll. ii, iii (MS). *in untruth* Hoadly ap. Hal. *adding unto* Duffus Hardy ap. Cam. *come into trust* Herr. *has against the truth* Orger. *sinn'd to truth* Wetherell (Athen. 8 Sept. '66). *sin to truth*—H. D. (Ib. 15 Sept. '66).
118. *telling*] *quelling* Jervis. *of it*] *oft* Theob. conj. Warb. Jephson.
119. *memorie*] *memory as* Anon.

King John, V, vi, 16. But Shakespeare uses it with other words, as here and in *Hamlet*, III, iv, 79, 'sans all,' and other passages. Compare *As You Like It*, II, vii, 166. Nares quotes instances from Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, and others. So that it appears to have had an existence for a time as an English word. Cotgrave gives 'Sans. Sanse, without, besides'; and Florio has 'Senza, sans, without, besides.'

115. **Lorded**] That is, made a Lord, according to ABBOTT, § 294. Cf. 'the azur'd vault,' V, i. 50.

118–120. **Who hauing . . . owne lie**] Under date of 29 May, 1729, THEOBALD wrote to Warburton (Nichols, ii, 243) on this passage: 'Here you propose to substitute —*injured Truth*—as a cure for the sense. I will tell you how I have read and conceived it; and then submit it to you, whether there needs any recourse to that change: "Who having into Truth, by telling 't oft," &c.—i. e. says Prospero, My brother has behaved so like a common Liar that tells his false stories so often over, till he deceives even his own memory, and credits his own lie into a truth; that is, believes his own lie to be true; as Antonio acted the outward face and deputation of power so long, till he began to imagine himself the real duke.'—[I cannot find that Warburton anywhere repeated his conjecture of *injured truth*, but the text of his subsequent edition comes very near to the reading which Theobald suggested, and yet no allusion is made to Theobald]: 'Who having unto truth, by telling oft,' that is, WARBURTON feels obliged to paraphrase, by often repeating the same story, made his memory such a sinner *unto* truth as to give credit to his own lie.—HEATH (p. 6) believes not only that 'the passage is corrupted, but that a line, too, hath been dropped.'—STEEVENS: There is, perhaps, no correlative to which the word 'it' can with grammatical propriety belong. 'Lie,' however, seems to have been the correlative to which the poet meant to refer, however ungrammatically.—Steevens, 1778, records the following emendation by MUSGRAVE: 'Who having *sinn'd* to truth, by telling *oft Makes* such a sinner of his memory too To,' &c.—MALONE: There is a very singular coincidence between this passage and one in Bacon's *Hist. of Henry VII:* '[Perkin Warbeck] did in all things notably acquit himself; insomuch as it was generally believed that he was indeed Duke Richard. Nay, himself with long and continual counterfeiting, and with oft telling a lye, was turned by habit almost into the thing he seemed to be; and from a liar to be a believer.'—BOSWELL: The sentence is involved, but not, I think,

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ungrammatical: Who having made his memory such a sinner to truth as to credit his own lie by telling of it. [Quoted by Dyce in his first and second editions; in his third he quotes merely the following from] ARROWSMITH (p. 45): Perhaps the ensuing extracts will help to facilitate the apprehension of words so joined as in—'telling of it into truth.' [Arrowsmith had before said that the comma after 'truth' is superfluous, and that the phrase really should be as he has just quoted it]: 'Some feasible line of frontier which may also be *discussed into familiarity*.'—*The Times*, 10 Oct. 1862. 'Till he has *thought a distasteful apprehension into an action of murder*.'—South, *Serm.* 9, p. 281, vol. x, ed. 1744. 'Yet *vice can never be praised into virtue*.' —Ibid. *Serm.* 8, p. 190, vol. viii. '*Swears him into name*.'—Jonson's *Time Vindicated*. '*By thanking thus the courtesy to life*.'—Jonson's *Underwoods*. 'To tell a lie into truth,' the language here attributed to Shakespeare, is not a whit more forced or ungrammatical than 'to discuss a frontier into familiarity,' 'to think an apprehension into an action,' 'to praise vice into virtue,' 'to swear a youth into name,' or 'to thank a courtesy to life.'—COLLIER says of his MS emendation that it seems 'clearly right, requiring no sophisticated explanation.' But LETTSOM, in *Blackwood*, Aug. 1853, observes, in reference to it, that 'if one flaw is mended, another and a worse one is made. By reading *to untruth* we obtain, indeed, a proper antecedent to "it," which otherwise must be looked for, awkwardly enough, in the subsequent word "lie." But as a set-off against this improvement, we would ask, How can a man be said to make his memory a sinner *to untruth?* This would mean, if it meant anything, that the man's memory was true; and this is precisely what Prospero says Antonio's memory was not.' On the other hand, STAUNTON says that this emendation of Collier's MS is 'entitled to more respect than it has received.' Mrs KEMBLE goes even further, and asserts that it does 'immense service to the text' and 'carries its own authority in its manifest good sense.'—SINGER: Shadwell, in his Preface to *The Sullen Lovers*, has the following passage, which may serve to show that the idea was familiar at least to him: 'like men that Lye so long, till they believe themselves.'—JOHN HUNTER (*Longman's Series*): Through his manner of stating it, that is, his misrepresentation of it. The commonly received interpretation of the text here makes the pronoun 'it' refer to the noun 'lie,' and thus, as I think, imputes to Shakespeare a very gross impropriety of arrangement.—W. A. WRIGHT: For the construction 'by telling of it' compare *Ant. & Cleop.* II, i, 8: 'So find we profit by losing of our prayers'; where 'losing' is a verbal noun. See Abbott, § 178. . . . . Bacon had the same idea in his mind when he wrote (*Advancement of Learning*, i, 4, § 8, p. 34, ed. Wright) 'he that will easily believe rumours will as easily augment rumours, and add somewhat to them of his own; which Tacitus wisely noteth, when he saith, *Fingunt simul creduntque:* so great an affinity hath fiction and belief.'—PHILLPOTTS: With the original reading 'into truth' may it not be for 'who having by telling of it credited his own lie into truth, making thereby a sinner of his memory'? The full construction then will be 'Who made such a sinner of his memory that he credited his own lie into truth by telling of it.' The sentence would have run: 'Who having into truth, by telling of it, credited his own lie.' But the words 'made such a sinner of his memory,' which should have been parenthetical, attracted 'credited' into 'to credit' to suit themselves.—BULLOCH (*Studies*, &c. p. 17): The difficulty is in the word 'having,' which would appear to be a portion of the verb 'made,' but is only a nominative similar to the kindred word 'telling' in the same line. . . . . 'Having' is therefore a participial noun, and the preceding relative pronoun should be in the possessive

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case, as also another possessive should precede 'telling,' and the passage should run thus: '*Whose* having *in the* truth, by *his* telling of it.—FURNIVALL (*N. & Qu.* 5th S. vii, 143): The difficulty has arisen from not seeing that 'having into,' like *have at, have to*, so often in Shakespeare (see Schmidt's *Lex.* i, 519) means 'cutting, slashing into, attacking' truth, that is, inventing a lie. Compare our modern 'have into him'; 'slip into him.' The passage then reads, 'like one who, inventing a lie, by telling it repeatedly, made himself believe it,' as George IV at last persuaded himself that he had led a charge of cavalry at Waterloo.—R. M. SPENCE (*N. & Qu.* 5th S. vii, 184, 1877): I think I have at last managed to pick the lock of this difficult passage. The seemingly hopeless confusion has, I think, arisen from a wrong setting of the types by which the first and second halves of two lines have been wrongly joined together. The arrangement I suggest is: 'Who having unto truth his memory Made such a sinner of, by telling of it To credit his own lie,' &c. By thus transposing the second halves of lines 118 and 119 and with [Warburton's change of 'into' to *unto*] all confusion is removed.—R. & —— (*N. & Qu.* 5th S. vii, p. 324, 1877): I presume to suggest that [the difficulty] may be got over, perhaps, by changing the phrase to *loving an untruth*, i. e. loving the ideal for the real; the shadow for the substance. . . . . I would read and point: 'Who,—*loving an untruth*,—by telling of it.'—HUDSON (Robinson's *Epit. of Lit.* Dec. 1878, p. 195): The reading I propose is: 'Who having *unto* truth, by *falsing* it.' With this reading the pronoun 'it' may either refer to 'truth' or be used absolutely. The poet has many like instances of the latter usage, as, *to prince it*, for *to act the prince*, and *to monster it*, for *to be a monster*. . . . . As the verb *to false* was passing out of use before 1623, it seems to me nowise unlikely that *false* should have got misprinted *tell*. [Here follow many instances of the use of *false* in the sense of *treating falsely, to falsify, to forge, to lie*. Hudson adopted this conjecture in the text of his Harvard Edition.]—BRAE (Robinson's *Epit. of Lit.* Apr. 1879, p. 57): It seems to have escaped the attention of commenters on this passage that *to believe* is not a function of memory, but of the judgement; a propriety of distinction that would not fail to be recognised by Shakespeare. . . . . The function of memory is that of a witness; and if, from any cause, memory be deceptious, it may be said to bear false witness and so become *a sinner*. Hence the verb *to credit*, attributed to memory in this passage, cannot have its more usual meaning of *to believe*, for that would be to attribute to memory an improper function; but it must have another of its meanings, viz: to accredit, or give favourable character to.—Let the whole image be attentively considered, and it will be seen to completely harmonise with this meaning. A lie, pretending to the character of truth, being brought before the judgement for examination, cites the memory as witness to character; and memory, misled by a frequent repetition of the tale, is betrayed into the sin of bearing false witness, and credits the lie into truth.—This transition from lie to truth has its proper expression in the preposition 'into,' and is incompatible with Warburton's ill-judged alteration to *unto*. By *unto* the idea of transmutation of one character into another is lost; the meaning of *believe* is given to 'credit'; the action which belongs to 'credit' is transferred to 'sinner'; and the object of 'it' is rendered ambiguous. Thus a totally different interpretation is forced upon the several parts, and certain difficulties of construction are suggested that have no existence in the original. . . . . The true key to the passage is to treat 'credit' as an active verb, with 'lie' for its object; and with the meaning of *authorise* or *certify to character*. That such is the function that Shakespeare would attribute to memory is strengthened

He was indeed the Duke, out o'th' Subſtitution 121
And executing th'outward face of Roialtie

121. *out o'th'*] *from* Pope+, Cap.

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by another passage in the same scene, where Miranda is trying to recall some recollection of her infancy: ''Tis far off And rather like a dream than an assurance That my remembrance warrants.' Here 'warrants' is precisely the meaning that I am contending for in 'credit.' But in *Pericles* [V, i, 124] there is a passage with a still closer resemblance. . . . . Pericles cites his 'senses' (his sight and hearing) as witnesses 'to credit' Marina's 'relation,' but not *into truth*, for it is truth already.—D. MORRIS (*Collins' English Classics*): 'It' is interpreted by most to refer to 'lie,' but by understanding *the* before 'telling' (by the telling of it), then it may with propriety be taken to refer to 'truth,' so that the phrase would mean 'by his manner of telling or stating truth.' . . . . The meaning probably is: 'Who having made such a sinner of his memory against truth, by his way of telling it, as to credit his own lie.'—[Two conclusions will be forced, I think, upon any reader who has read carefully the foregoing comments: First, that, however loud the outcry by the critics against this involved sentence, Shakespeare has been, as usual, eminently successful and peculiarly happy in conveying his precise meaning to one and all. There is not the smallest variation in the universal apprehension of the essential meaning of Prospero's speech. Secondly, if we may judge by results, and by the absence of unanimity among the 'emenders,' Shakespeare's own words, which all understand, are vastly to be preferred to any modification, which, however acceptable to him who proposes it, appears to be incomprehensible to all others.—ED.]

121. **He . . . substitution**] There have been three attempts to cure this malignant Alexandrine. Steevens and Walker tried surgery; the former excised 'indeed' and the latter 'the.' If the knife must be used, Steevens's operation is the better. 'Omit "indeed,"' he tells us, 'and throw the emphasis on "was."' It is almost incomprehensible that Walker (*Crit.* iii, 1), with his sensitive ear, should have failed to perceive how false to due emphasis his prosaic line becomes by his treatment: 'He was | indeed | Duke, out | o' th' subs | titution.'—ABBOTT, § 501, gives the ailment another name, and considers the patient cured. He calls the line a Trimeter Couplet, and at once the Alexandrine is non-existent. I do not believe that the intrusion among heroic verses of an Alexandrine, even with its exact cæsura, ever jarred on Elizabethan ears. The elasticity and the flexibility of the heroic measure, whereby every word in the English language can be woven into the line, which cannot be said of any other metre, were chief among the elements which made it the great metre of the drama. As a part of that elasticity, an incorrigible, rhythmical Alexandrine was, I think, considered perfectly legitimate. It is, perhaps, necessary merely to call attention to certain words in the next line, one of which ABBOTT, § 462, would pronounce *th' outward*, and another, which both WALKER (*Vers.* 120) and ABBOTT, § 458, would pronounce *roy'lty*.—After all, this whole question of Alexandrines seems to resolve itself into a question of preference. Evidently there are some ears, and musical ears too, which, as long as a line can be recited with five accents in it, and only five, are tolerant of contractions and absorptions, of 'burrs' and 'slurs.' As the object of art is to give pleasure, all must be allowed to pronounce these lines as it pleases them best. In future, however, the reader will be referred merely to the paragraphs on scanning in Abbott and Walker.—ED.

With all prerogatiue: hence his Ambition growing: 123
Do'ſtthou heare?
Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafeneſſe. 125
Proſ. To haue no Schreene between this part he plaid,
And him he plaid it for, he needes will be
Abſolute *Millaine*, Me (poore man) my Librarie
Was Dukedome large enough: of temporall roalties
He thinks me now incapable. Confederates 130

123. *his*] *is* F_2.
123, 124. *growing...heare?*] One line, Steev. Var. Knt, Coll. Wh.
124. *Do'ſtthou*] *Dost* Steev. Var. *heare?*] *hear, child?* Han. *hear, girl?* Cap.
128. Millaine] Millanie in Capell's F_1 ap. Cam. Ed.
129. *enough:*] *enough for;* Ktly. *roalties*] *roialties* Ff. *realties* Wilson.

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123. ABBOTT, § 497.

124. ABBOTT, § 511.

126, 127. **To haue,** &c.] CAPELL: That is, that there might be no further call for his *appearing* an actor, and so continuing the imposition upon me whom he personated, which was open to all besides, 'he needs will,' &c.—DANIEL (p. 10): In line 127 read, 'And *them* he play'd it for.' Prospero was the screen behind which the traitorous Antonio governed the people of Milan; and to remove this screen from between himself and *them* he conspired his brother's overthrow.—HUDSON pronounced this emendation eminently judicious, and, remarking that he 'never could make any sense out of the old text,' adopted it in his own. I cannot agree with either Capell or Daniel or Hudson. The meaning is to me clear that Antonio would no longer have the outward face of royalty, no not so much as a screen between him and royalty itself, between the shadow and the substance, the rôle of duke and the duke himself.—DEIGHTON has anticipated me in paraphrasing it, 'that there might be nothing between the part assumed and the reality, he was determined to become Duke without any restrictions.'—ED.

128, 129. JEPHSON: These lines are utterly irregular; the rhythm appears to me to run thus: 'Absolute | Milan. | For me | poor man, | my li | brary | Was duke | dom large | enough | of tem | poral roy | alties.' But then there are two redundant syllables at the end of each line; the lines are too long by a foot.

128, 129. **Me . . . enough**] MALONE: That is, large enough *for*. [Under *Cymbeline*, V, v, 464: 'Whom heavens . . . . Have laid most heavy hand,' Malone collected five or six similar examples of the omission of prepositions, but this number can be increased tenfold by referring to ABBOTT, §§ 198–202. That there is, however, no need of resorting to any such explanation here, ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.* p. 11) shows by proposing the following punctuation: 'Me—"*poor man! my library Was dukedom large enough*"—of temporal royalties He thinks me now incapable.' 'Me' requires no *as for* understood, but, after having been dropt by an anacoluthon, it is taken up again in 'He thinks *me*'; the words in italics do not express Prospero's own opinion about himself, and are not his, but his brother's. Antonio calls him 'poor man,' &c. because he thinks him (as Prospero explains) incapable of temporal rule. To me this arrangement carries conviction.—ED.]

(ſo drie he was for Sway) with King of *Naples*
To giue him Annuall tribute, doe him homage
Subiect his Coronet, to his Crowne and bend
The Dukedom yet vnbow'd (alas poore *Millaine*)
To moſt ignoble ſtooping.
Mira. Oh the heauens:
Proſ. Marke his condition, and th'euent, then tell me
If this might be a brother.
Mira. I ſhould ſinne
To thinke but Noblie of my Grand-mother,
Good wombes haue borne bad ſonnes.
Pro. Now the Condition.
This King of *Naples* being an Enemy

131. *drie*] *ripe* Wilson.
with] Ff. *wi'th'* Rowe+, Wh. Rlfe. *wi' the* Cap. Cam. Glo. Wr. *with the* Steev. et cet.
135. *moſt*] *much* Ff, Rowe, Pope, Han. Sing.
137. *his*] *the* Han.
th'euent] *the event* Steev. Var. Sing. Dyce.
140. *but*] *not* Pope, Han.
141, 142. As one line, given to Proſpero. Theob. conj. Han. Huds.
141. *borne*] *bore* Theob. Warb. Johns.
142. *the Condition*] *his conduct* Gould.
143. *This*] *On which this* Wheler MS ap. Hal.

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130. **Confederates**] W. A. WRIGHT: This appears to be generally employed in a bad sense. So in *Henry VIII:* I, ii, 3, 'confederacy' is equivalent to *plot, conspiracy.*

131. **drie**] STEEVENS: That is, so *thirsty.* Thus in *Tro. and Cress.* II, iii, 234, 'his ambition is dry.'—W. A. WRIGHT: Still common in provincial English. See *1 Hen. IV:* I, iii, 31, 'When I was dry with rage.' [To be *dry with* or *from* anything is common enough in this country, and is expressive, but to be *dry for* a thing is, I imagine, never heard, and the present is the only instance, according to Schmidt, of its use by Shakespeare. If this be so, neither of the foregoing examples is exactly parallel.—ED.]

131. **with King**] See I, i, 74; DYCE remarks that here most probably the MS had the same mark of elision [as in the line referred to], to which the printer did not attend. Perhaps Shakespeare meant us to pronounce the words as Rowe has printed them.

138. **might**] For examples of this use, instead of *could*, see ABBOTT, § 312.

140. **but Noblie**] STEEVENS: That is, *otherwise than.*—See ABBOTT, § 124.—PHILLPOTTS: Here 'but' means *except.* So 'but gif' is Scotch for *unless;* and 'he is *but* a poor creature' comes from 'He *n'* is *but*,' i. e. 'he is nothing but.' 'But' originally is *be-out* (by- or at-out), like 'with-out'; as in Scotch, 'Touch not the cat *but* [without] a glove.' Secondly, 'But' has also superseded the A. S. 'ac,' Lat. 'at,' Greek *ἀλλά.* 'N' is this mæden dead, *ac* heo slæpd' means 'This maiden is not dead, *but* she sleepeth.' Hence the modern use, 'Why you won't fight him, will you, Bob?' 'Egad, *but* I will, Jack.' Hence, thirdly, 'but' comes to be equivalent to French *mais*, Lat. *magis*, 'rather.'

To me inueterate, hearkens my Brothers ſuit,
Which was, That he in lieu o'th' premiſes,
Of homage, and I know not how much Tribute,
Should preſently extirpate me and mine
Out of the Dukedome, and confer faire *Millaine*
With all the Honors, on my brother: Whereon
A treacherous Armie leuied, one mid-night
Fated to th' purpoſe, did *Anthonio* open
The gates of *Millaine*, and ith' dead of darkeneſſe
The miniſters for th' purpoſe hurried thence
Me, and thy crying ſelfe.
Mir. Alack, for pitty:
I not remembring how I cride out then

144. *hearkens*] *hears* Pope, Han. *hearks* Theob.
145. *lieu o'th' premiſes*] *view o' the promises* Wilson.
149. *Whereon*] *Whereupon* Wheler MS ap. Hal.
151. *purpose*] *practice* Coll. ii, iii (MS), Dyce ii, iii, Huds.
153. *miniſters*] *Minister* Rowe, Pope.
156. *out*] *on't* Theob. (ed. ii), Cap. Dyce ii, iii, Huds. *it* Lettsom. *o'er 't* Kinnear.

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144. **hearkens**] To WALKER (*Crit.* iii, 1) the pause seemed too slight to admit of the extra syllable, and he suggested *harks* or *hearks*, not knowing that he had been anticipated by Theobald. ABBOTT, § 495, supposes that the extra syllables are in 'inveterate' at the end of the third foot: 'To me | inve*terate*, | hearkens | my broth | er's suit.'

145, 146. **in lieu . . . homage**] M. MASON: 'In lieu' means here in *consideration of*.—KNIGHT deserts the punctuation of F_1, as does also STAUNTON, and reads, 'in lieu o' the premises of homage,' wherein I can see no advantage. The 'premises' probably included other particulars beside homage and tribute. For a striking instance of 'in lieu,' signifying *in consideration of*, where this present line is cited, see notes on *Mer. of Ven.* V, i, 286: 'In lieu of this last night did lie,' &c.—ED.

149. Thus scan, according to ABBOTT, § 454: 'With all | my (*sic*) hon | ours on | my broth*er*: | whereon.' An extra syllable is frequently added before a pause, especially at the end of a line; but also at the end of the second foot; and, less frequently, at the end of the third foot, and, rarely, at the end of the fourth foot [as here], but see line 167, *post*: 'So dear | the love | my peo | ple bore *me*; | nor set.'

151. **purpose**] COLLIER'S MS and his text (ed. ii) read *practice*, meaning 'contrivance or conspiracy,' 'and we have,' says Collier, '"purpose," in its proper sense, only two lines below. We may be pretty sure that Shakespeare would not have used the same word in both places.'—STAUNTON pronounces this change an improvement, as does also Mrs KEMBLE, and DYCE (ed. ii) adopted it in his text.

154. **thy crying self**] COLERIDGE (*Seven Lectures*, p. 116): The power of poetry is, by a single word perhaps, to instil that energy into the mind, which compels the imagination to produce the picture. Here by introducing a single happy epithet, 'crying,' a complete picture is presented to the mind, and in the production of such pictures the power of genius consists.

Will cry it ore againe: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes too't.
Pro. Heare a little further,
And then I'le bring thee to the preſent buſineſſe
Which now's vpon's: without the which, this Story
Were moſt impertinent.
Mir. Wherefore did they not
That howre deſtroy vs?
Pro. Well demanded, wench:
My Tale prouokes that queſtion: Deare, they durſt not,
So deare the loue my people bore me: nor ſet
A marke ſo bloudy on the buſineſſe; but
With colours fairer, painted their foule ends.
In few, they hurried vs a-boord a Barke,

157. *hint*] *hent* Coll. conj.
158. *too't*] Om. Farmer, Steev.'93.
161. *vpon's*] *upon us* Cap. Steev. Mal.
Var. Knt, Hal. Sing. Ktly, Sta.
163. *Wherefore*] *Why* Pope+.
166. *Deare*] Om. Han.
167. *bore me*] *bore* Pope.

157. **cry it**] W. A. WRIGHT: That is, either 'will cry my crying,' in which case 'it' refers to the previous line; or it may be that 'it' is here used indefinitely, as in line 445: 'Foote it featly.' Cf. *Lear*, IV, i, 55, 'I cannot daub it further.' The usage still remains in such phrases as 'to fight it out.' [Cf. Pope's 'Whether the fair one sinner it or saint it.']

157. **hint**] STEEVENS and DYCE: That is, suggestion. See II, i, 6.—W. A. WRIGHT: Subject, theme.

158. **too't**] W. A. WRIGHT: That is, to do it, referring to the crying of the previous line.

161. **the which**] ABBOTT, § 270: The question may arise why *the* is attached to *which* and not to *who*. (The instance of 'the whom' in *Wint. Tale*, IV, iv, 539, is, perhaps, unique in Shakespeare.) The answer is that *who* is considered definite already, and stands for a noun, while *which* is considered an indefinite adjective; just as in French we have '*le*quel,' and not '*le*qui.'

161. **now's vpon's**] COLLIER calls attention here to the fact that *The Tempest* is printed with unusual accuracy in regard to contractions.

162. **impertinent**] In its original, Latin meaning.

165. **demanded**] W. A. WRIGHT: 'Demand,' like the French *demander*, was formerly used for *to ask*, simply without the idea which now attaches to it of asking with authority or as a right.

167. **deare**] STAUNTON (*Athen.* 16 Nov. 1872): There is nothing essentially wrong in this, but I have a strong impression that Shakespeare wrote 'they durst not so *dare* the love,' &c. Connect what follows—'nor set A mark,' &c.

167. **me**] See line 149, above.

167. **nor**] W. A. WRIGHT: This word might be omitted with advantage to the metre and without injuring the sense. [Hudson followed this suggestion.]

168. **but**] See line 14, above.

Bore vs ſome Leagues to Sea, where they prepared 171
A rotten carkaſſe of a Butt, not rigg'd,

172. *Butt*] F_2F_3, Knt, Coll. i, Wrt, D. Morris, Cam. iii. *But* F_4. *boat* Rowe et cet. *hulk* Kinnear.

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170. **In few**] STAUNTON: To be brief; in a few words.—For other adjectives used as nouns, see ABBOTT, § 5.

172. **carkasse**] RUSHTON (*Sh. Ill. by Old Authors*, ii, 58) cites the 'carkasse of a ship,' from Sidney's *Arcadia*, i, 4.

172. **Butt**] KNIGHT: It is clear we are not justified in adopting the modern substitution of *boat*. Whether the idea of a wine-butt was literally meant to be conveyed may be questionable; but the word, as it stands in the original, gives us the notion of a vessel even more insecure than the most rotten boat.—HUNTER (i, 159): I think *boat* would not have been mistaken by a compositor for 'butt,' or that such an error (if error) could by possibility have escaped the eye of the corrector of the press, or if it passed in the First Folio, would have remained uncorrected in the Second. At the same time the expression 'the very rats instinctively had quit it,' suits better with a boat than with a butt. It is also evident that no butt we can conceive of would have received and floated such a freight; but then we are on a tale of enchantment, not one of actual fact, and it is perhaps as difficult to conceive of a boat receiving such a freight and 'without tackle, sail, or mast' conveying those who are committed to it from the Italian coast to near the coast of Africa. I have no doubt that when the story is found on which Shakespeare wrought in this play, we shall find there a justification of this hard reading.—DYCE (*Remarks*, 3), after ridiculing Knight and Collier for retaining 'butt,' adds: 'Surely the context alone is sufficient to stave the "butt"; "not rigg'd, Nor tackle, sail, nor mast." (If the vessel in question had really been a BUTT, would Prospero have complained of such deficiencies?—deficiencies which no human ingenuity could have supplied.) "The very rats instinctively had quit it." (Do these animals live in *butts?*—The rats "instinctively" had left the *boat*,—they knew by instinct that it was likely to go to pieces.)'—BR. NICHOLSON (*N. & Qu.* 3d S. v, 226): The question is whether this is a misprint, or an unknown nautical term. For my own part, I had long held the latter opinion, and for this reason, that we find Othello saying: 'here is my butt And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.' Now there is no reason of circumstance why Othello, the soldier, should use, or go off into, a sea-simile, unless this, that the sound of the word 'butt,' by the laws of association, brought vaguely before his mind (that is to Shakespeare's fruitful and versatile imagination) the idea of the sea, and so led him to speak no longer of a land butt, but of a sea beacon. . . . . My only doubt was whether the word was an English sea-term, or one borrowed by Shakespeare from the Italian original, and used as other words are used in other plays, to give a local colouring to the tale. It may yet be found to have been English, but at present I have found it only in Italian. [From Vauzon's *Diz. Univ. d. L. Italiana* it appears that *Botto* is 'a kind of galliot, Dutch or Flemish,' and] that a Dutch galliot (s. v. *Gale-a-otta*) is in rig similar to the old Welsh sloops; and as to the shape of the hull, it has very rounded ribs, very little run, and flattish bottom, the ribs joining the keel almost horizontally, a sort of tub of a thing. There being, therefore, in the Italian harbour, or possibly lying on the beach, some old rotten hulk of this kind, too rotten to be taken home, or to be even worth the trouble of breaking up, the nobleman in charge of Prospero was

Nor tackle, ſayle, nor maſt, the very rats
Inſtinctiuely haue quit it: There they hoyſt vs
To cry to th' Sea, that roard to vs; to ſigh
To th' windes, whoſe pitty ſighing backe againe
Did vs but louing wrong.
Mir. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you?
Pro. O, a Cherubin
Thou was't that did preſerue me; Thou didſt ſmile
Infuſed with a fortitude from heauen,
When I haue deck'd the ſea with drops full ſalt,

173. *ſayle*] *nor ſayle* Ff, Rowe, Pope, Cap.
174. *haue*] *had* Rowe+, Cap. Steev. Mal. Var. Coll. ii, iii (MS), Glo. Ktly, Dyce ii, iii, Wh. ii.
176. *To th'*] *To* Pope, Han.
180. *Cherubin*] *Cherubim* F_4, Rowe+, Steev. Mal. Knt, Coll. Sing.
183. *deck'd the ſea*] *lack'd. The sea*, Wilson.
deck'd] *brack'd* Han. *mock'd* Warb. *dew'd* Rann conj. *degg'd* Huds.

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ordered to take it in tow, into mid-sea, and well out of sight of land, and then turn it adrift with Prospero in it.—W. A. WRIGHT: No other instance is known of 'butt' in this sense, although *buss*, which has been conjectured, is still used at Yarmouth for a herring-boat, and the A. S. *butse carlas*, sailors, is found in the Saxon Chronicle, anno 1066. *Catch* (compare *ketch* or *keech*, a tub) was the name of a small vessel. [A noteworthy instance of the impropriety of meddling with Shakespeare's text, or of attempting to adjust Shakespeare's knowledge to our ignorance. Unquestionably, 'butt,' albeit now lost to us, is the true word. Nicholson's note tends singularly to confirm Hunter's prophecy.—ED.]

174. **haue**] DYCE (ed. i): Our old writers sometimes use *have* where we should use *had*.—HALLIWELL (p. 18): This is altered very indistinctly but apparently to *had* in a copy of F_1, which formerly belonged to the Earl of Inchiquin, and is corrected in a nearly coeval hand.—W. A. WRIGHT: For a similar change from the past to the present in a description, see line 238 of this scene, and *Wint. Tale*, V, ii, 83.

174. **quit . . . hoyst**] See WALKER (*Crit.* ii, 324) for forms of past tenses and participles, from verbs ending in *t* and also (though less numerous) in *d*, where the present remains unaltered. Or ABBOTT, §§ 341, 342. Or lines 38, 246 of this scene.

175. **cry . . . roard**] STEEVENS: Compare *Wint. Tale*, III, iii, 100: 'How the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them.'

180. **Cherubin**] As this word was probably adopted from the French or the Italian, it is mere accident that it is the Chaldee plural, and not the Hebrew, *Cherubim*.—ED.

183. **deck'd**] WARBURTON: I imagine that Shakespeare wrote *mock'd*, i. e. lent the sea this trifling addition of salt-water. For when anything is given or added, the effect of which is not felt or perceived, it was in the language of that time properly called *mocking*.—HEATH (p. 7): The word may signify to *cover*, *tegere*, in which sense the Anglosaxons used it. See Lye's *Etymologicon*. Thus the earth is said

Vnder my burthen groan'd, which raiſ'd in me
An vndergoing ſtomacke, to beare vp
Againſt what ſhould enſue.
Mir. How came we a ſhore?

184. *Vnder*] *And at* Orger.

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to be *decked* with flowers, that is, either adorned or covered with them. If any alteration in this place is necessary, I think it should be in favour of the construction, which may be easily re-established by a very small change, thus: 'When I, *who* deck'd,' &c.—HOLT (p. 24): That is, adorned the sea with the trophies of human weakness, Tears.—JOHNSON: 'To deck the sea,' if explained 'to honour, adorn, or dignify,' is indeed ridiculous, but the original import of the verb *deck* is to *cover;* in some parts they yet say *deck the table.* This sense may be borne, but perhaps the poet wrote *fleck'd*, which I think is still used, in rustic language, of drops falling upon water.—THOMAS WHITE (ap. Fennell, p. 14): I have not the least doubt Shakespeare wrote, 'When I have *eik'd* the sea,' &c, i. e. increased the sea. This emendation was proposed many years ago (I think) in *The Monthly Review*, though I am not the author of it. [Hereupon follow many examples of the augmenting of the sea, or rivers, or brooks with tears.]—MALONE: To *deck*, I am told, signifies, in the North, to *sprinkle.* See Ray's *Dict. of North Country Words*, in *verb.* to *deg* and to *deck;* and his *Dict. of South Country Words* in *verb. dag;* the latter signifies *dew* upon the grass,—hence *daggle-tailed.* In Cole's *Latin Dict.* 1679, we find: 'To dag, collutulo, irroro.'—REED: A correspondent, who signs himself *Eboracensis*, proposes that this contested word should be printed *degg'd*, which, he says, signifies *sprinkled*, and is in daily use in the North of England. The *sprinkling* of clothes before ironing them is by the maidens universally called *degging.*—KNIGHT: In the *Glossary of the Craven Dialect* we find that to *deg* is to sprinkle. We cannot certainly receive 'deck'd' in the usual sense of *adorned.* Its other meaning of *covered* still gives us a forced idea.—COLLIER, STAUNTON, DYCE, WHITE all agree that, if it be not a corruption of the old Provincialism *degged*, it means the same: *sprinkled.*—BAILEY (ii, 156) says that the process of sprinkling clothes before ironing them was, in his childhood, termed *lecking*, and that 'in *The Dialect of Leeds*, recently published, *leck* is defined "to sprinkle water," and *lecks* as equivalent to "droppings."' He therefore proposes to read in the present line *leck'd.*—W. A. WRIGHT: In Carr's *Glossary of Craven* it is said, 'to *deg* clothes is to sprinkle them with water previous to ironing.' On this Professor Sedgwick noted, 'To make damp is the meaning.' In Atkinson's *Glossary of the Cleveland Dialect*, 'dagg' or 'degg' is explained, 'to sprinkle with water, to drizzle,' and 'dagged,' 'wet, bedaggled.' In Brockett's *Glossary of North Country Words*, we find: 'Dag, to drizzle'; 'Dag, a drizzling rain, dew upon the grass'; and 'Daggy, damp, wet.' The three forms, 'deck,' 'deg,' and 'dag,' are no doubt connected with the Icelandic *deigr*, 'damp, wet.'

185. **stomacke**] DYCE: Stubborn resolution, courage. The present phrase signifies an enduring stubbornness.—W. A. WRIGHT: Cf. *2 Macc.* vii, 21: 'stirring up her womanish thoughts with a manly stomach.' In the sense of 'pride' it occurs in the Prayer-book Version of *Psalm* ci, 7, and in *Hen. VIII:* IV, ii, 34.

187. **we a shore**] ABBOTT, § 462: Syllables ending in vowels are also frequently elided before vowels in reading, though not in writing. Thus: 'Againſt | what should | ensue | How came | *we* a-shore?'

Pro. By prouidence diuine,
Some food, we had, and ſome freſh water, that
A noble *Neopolitan Gonzalo*
Out of his Charity, (who being then appointed
Maſter of this deſigne) did giue vs, with
Rich garments, linnens, ſtuffs, and neceſſaries
Which ſince haue ſteeded much, ſo of his gentleneſſe
Knowing I lou'd my bookes, he furniſhd me
From mine owne Library, with volumes, that
I prize aboue my Dukedome.
Mir. Would I might
But euer ſee that man.
Pro. Now I ariſe,

188. *diuine,*] Ff, Knt, Sing. *divine;* Rowe. *divine.* Pope et cet.
190. Neopolitan] F_2.
191. *who*] Om. Pope+, Glo. Ktly, Wh. ii. *he* Cap.
194. *much, ſo*] *much. So* Rowe.
gentleneſſe] *gentleſſe* Anon. ap. Meiklejohn.
196. *mine*] *my* Pope+, Steev. Mal. Var. Coll.
200. *I ariſe*] *Ariel* Theob. conj. (*Nich. Ill.* ii, 246). *I may rise* Bailey. (given to Mir.) P. rises (stage direct.) Cartwright. *I arrive* Herr.
[Puts on his Robe. Coll. (MS). Resumes his robe. Dyce. Aside to Ariel above. Sta.

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188. **diuine,**] KNIGHT objects, and properly, I think, to the period which is almost universally put after this word. 'Prospero's entire narrative is the answer' to Miranda's question. KEIGHTLEY omits even the comma, which is, perhaps, best of all.—ED.

191. **who**] W. A. WRIGHT: This reading, although it makes the construction confused, is most likely the true one. Such careless constructions are not unusual in Shakespeare. By substituting *was* for 'being' the clause may be read parenthetically, as it is in the Folios.

194. **gentleness**] WALKER (*Ver.* p. 272) observes that the trisyllabic termination of a line, which is so frequent in the dramatists of a later age, occurs very seldom indeed in Shakespeare. Consequently, he believes (*Vers.* p. 191) that "gentleness' here, like *gentlemen* elsewhere, is pronounced as a dissyllable. [After all, these devices to reduce the foot to its metrical size by contractions and by elisions recall the attempts of the elder sister to squeeze her foot into Cinderella's slipper; the mutilation of her foot was as painful as it was in vain.—ED.]

199. **But euer**] ABBOTT, § 39: 'Ever,' in this passage, seems contrary to modern usage. 'But,' however, implies a kind of negative, and 'ever' means *at any time.*

200. **I arise**] WARBURTON: That is, Now I come to the principal part of my story, for the sake of which I told the foregoing.—HEATH (p. 7): Warburton's interpretation falls very little short of being ridiculous. Prospero having sat down with Miranda at the time he laid aside his magic garment, and being now come almost to the end of his narrative, arises to give his orders to Ariel.—CAPELL (p. 57): The sense is merely,—Now I get up: which, though it be odd enough in Prospero to say,

[200. **Now I arise**]

yet, that he does say it, seems plain enough from what is instantly added,—'Sit still'; words address'd to Miranda, who is rising upon seeing him rise.—BLACKSTONE: Perhaps these words belong to Miranda. The story being ended (as Miranda supposes), she first expresses a wish to see Gonzalo, and then observes that she may *now arise*, as the story is done.—STEEVENS: The words may signify, 'now, I *rise* in my narration,'—'now my story *heightens* in its consequence.' We still say that the interest of a drama *rises* or declines. [This is merely a paraphrase of Warburton.—ED.]—COLLIER (*Notes*, &c. 1853, p. 5): *Put on robe again* is written in the MS. This refers back to line 32, 'lie there my art.' . . . . The great propriety of Prospero's removal of his robe of power during his narration to his daughter is evident; he did not then require its aid, but just before he concluded, and just before he was to produce a somnolency in Miranda by the exercise of preternatural influence, he resumed it.—COLLIER (ed. ii, 1858): We are to presume that he left his seat with the words, 'Now, I arise,' and that Miranda took it, on some indication of her father's wish that she should do so. Commentators have not known how to account for the sudden somnolency of the heroine. Nobody has seen that, Prospero having put off his magic robe, it was necessary for him to put it on again, and that he was thus enabled to accomplish what he wished, viz: to produce drowsiness on the part of his daughter. —STAUNTON: The purport of these words has never been satisfactorily explained, because they have been always understood as addressed to Miranda. If we suppose them directed, not to her, but aside to Ariel, who has entered, invisible except to Prospero, after having 'Perform'd to point the tempest,' and whose arrival occasions Prospero to operate his sleepy charm upon Miranda, they are perfectly intelligible. That they were so intended becomes almost certain from Prospero's language presently, when the charm has taken effect; see lines 219, 220, *post*.—DYCE (ed. iii): I cannot dispel the obscurity which has always hung over these words.—BR. NICHOLSON (*N. & Qu.* 3d S. ix, 28, 1866): There may be some doubt as to the exact stage action, but the only real difficulty is, why Prospero, when rising, should take the trouble to say that he is doing so. But whether he sees Ariel, or whether, as is more likely, through the prevision of his art, he is now aware that the time for second action is at hand, he becomes somewhat rapt and inattentive to Miranda and her words. Something similar occurs when the danger from Caliban draws on. He speaks this, therefore, half to himself, and as in answer to his thought thus occultly influenced. Then, when, as is natural, his daughter would rise with him, he turns to her with 'sit still,' and, girt with readiness, finishes the story, and compels her to sleep.—W. A. WRIGHT: These words do not refer to a climax in Prospero's narrative, as Steevens thinks, but rather to a crisis in his fortunes. At this point his fate culminated, and his reappearance from obscurity was a kind of resurrection, or like the rising of the sun.—BR. NICHOLSON (*N. & Qu.* 6th S. iii, 263, 1881) returned again to the subject, but adds little beyond emphasizing what COLLIER had long ago said. 'The whole difficulty,' says Nicholson, 'has arisen from forgetting that Prospero had doffed his robe, and that to resume his *rôle* of magician he must resume that robe.'—[I fail to see much force in the explanations which have been given, nor have I any faith in the medicinable power of a stage-direction. It is only very, very rarely that Shakespeare's text needs any stage-directions. All needful hints to the actor are clearly given him in the text. When Prospero says 'pluck my magick garment from me. So, Lye there my art' is there a conceivable need of inserting in the margin, as a stage-direction, 'He lays down his garment'? Is there an intelligence so feeble

Sit ſtill, and heare the laſt of our ſea-ſorrow:
Heere in this Iland we arriu'd, and heere
Haue I, thy Schoolemaſter, made thee more profit
Then other Princeſſe can, that haue more time
For vainer howres; and Tutors, not ſo carefull.

204. *Princeſſe*] F_2F_3. *Princeſſ* F_4, Knt, Coll. Ktly, Wh. ii. *Princes* Rowe+, Cap. Steev. Mal. Var. Sing. Wh. i. *Princeſs'* Hal. Dyce, Sta. Clke, Cam. iii. *Princesses* Cam. i, Glo. Wrt, Dtn. 205. *howres*] *lores* Bailey. *joys* Ktly conj.

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that it cannot supply that fact from the context? If there be, and it will persist in reading its Shakespeare, we must surely regret not that there are so many stage-directions in modern editions, but that there are so few, and after Prospero's command to Miranda to wipe her eyes, we must with alacrity hasten to add the stage-direction: 'Uses her handkerchief.' If Shakespeare intended that Prospero should here 'arise' to put on his magic garment, I think he would have instructed the actor with the same minuteness as when he told him to put it off. As he has not done so, I cannot think that the words have any reference thereunto. If, after all, they have such a reference, then I retreat to that humiliating refuge of the weak and the timid, and conjecture that one 'or more lines have been lost.' If, on the other hand, 'arise' is here used figuratively, then in the exercise of the right of private judgement we may put on it what interpretation we please. If, however, the word does not refer to the magic garment, nor bear a figurative meaning, but is the sophistication of the printer, then, I think, from the *ductus literarum*, Theobald's suggestion of *Ariel* deserves consideration.—ED.]

204. **Princesse**] That any editor in these days would venture to follow Rowe, and adopt *Princes* in his text, is more than doubtful. The fact is now generally accepted (thanks to WALKER, *Vers.* 246, and ABBOTT, § 471) that it is sufficient for a word to terminate in the sound of *s* to be regarded by the ear as a plural. Thus here, that 'Princesse' is a plural is to be inferred from the verb 'haue.' To be sure, the same may be said of Rowe's *Princes*, but then in order to make *princes* feminine, we have to find contemporary authorities, which is not impossible. GRANT WHITE (ed. i) gives one or two instances where in 1581 Queen Elizabeth was alluded to as a 'Prince,' and W. A. WRIGHT refers to an exactly similar instance in Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*. In *As You Like It*, I, ii, 159 (of this ed.), we have 'the Princesse cals for you,' and Orlando replies, 'I attend *them* with all,' &c., where, I have but little doubt, the error lies in the printer's mistake of 'cals' instead of *call*. In both cases the drift of modern opinion is in favour of printing, for the eye, 'Princess.' The Third Cambridge Edition has thus printed it here, deserting its former reading. Halliwell was the earliest to adopt 'Princess,' and as his Folio Edition is mainly archæological, he should receive credit when it is equally good in the matter of text. In 1797, RICHARD SILL, under the name of *Chas. Dirrill*, printed some *Remarks on Shakespeare's Tempest;* his quality may be tasted in his note on 'still-vexed Bermoothes,' where he refers the reason for the use of 'still-vex'd,' not to storms, but to 'rats.' In the present line he would read: 'Than other princess can, that *has* more time,' &c., which he paraphrases: 'I have made thee more profit than (any) other princess can (have made), that has more time for vainer hours,' &c.—ED.

205. **howres**] ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.*): 'Hour' is equivalent to the *employment*

Mir. Heuens thank you for't. And now I pray you Sir,
For ſtill 'tis beating in my minde; your reaſon
For rayſing this Sea-ſtorme?
Pro. Know thus far forth,
By accident moſt ſtrange, bountifull *Fortune*
(Now my deere Lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this ſhore: And by my preſcience
I finde my *Zenith* doth depend vpon
A moſt auſpitious ſtarre, whoſe influence
If now I court not, but omit; my fortunes
Will euer after droope: Heare ceaſe more queſtions,
Thou art inclinde to ſleepe: 'tis a good dulneſſe,
And giue it way: I know thou canſt not chuſe:
Come away, Seruant, come; I am ready now,
Approach my *Ariel.* Come. *Enter Ariel.*
Ari. All haile, great Maſter, graue Sir, haile: I come

215. *omit;*] *omit*, Rowe.
218. *I...chuſe*] As an Aside, Johns. [Miranda sleeps. Theob.
219. *I am*] *I'm* Pope+, Cap. Dyce ii, iii, Huds.
220. [Scene III. Pope+.
221. *haile: I come*] *haile I come* Ff. *hail! I come* Rowe.

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of an hour, and therefore (like the corresponding word in German, *Stunde*) equivalent to a *lesson*.

211. **deere Lady**] STEEVENS: That is, now my auspicious mistress.

213, &c. CAPELL refers to *Jul. Cæs.* IV, iii, 218 for comparison.

213. **Zenith**] ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.*): There is here, perhaps, an imaginative blending of ideas: 'My fortune depends on a star, which,—being now in its zenith,—is auspicious to me.'

214. **influence**] COTGRAVE: '*Influence:* f. A flowing in; (and particularly) an influence, or influent course, of the Planets; their vertue infused into, or their course working on, inferior creatures.' This astrological sense is that in which it is most frequently used by Shakespeare. Cf. the almost thread-bare quotation from Milton's *L'Allegro:* 'ladies whose bright eyes Rain influence and judge the prize.'—ED.

218. **And**] W. A. WRIGHT: 'And' appears to be used to mark the consequence, and is almost equivalent to *therefore* or *and therefore*. Cf. *Much Ado*, IV, i, 287: '*Beat.* I was about to protest I loved you. *Ben.* And do it with all thy heart.' And *As You Like It*, II, vii, 104: 'I almost die for food; and let me have it.'

220. **Enter Ariel**] H. COLERIDGE (p. 132): As Ariel's presence throughout the play is manifest to none but Prospero, it were an improvement in the acting if this dainty spirit were personated by a voice alone. No human form, however sylph-like, but must belie the words of the invisible and tricksy Ariel.

220. COLERIDGE (p. 88): It is worthy of remark that Miranda is never brought into comparison with Ariel, lest the natural and human of the one and the supernatural of the other should tend to neutralise each other.

221, &c. HENLEY called attention to an imitation of this speech by Fletcher in

To anſwer thy beſt pleaſure; be't to fly,
To ſwim, to diue into the fire: to ride
On the curld clowds: to thy ſtrong bidding, taske
Ariel, and all his Qualitie.
Pro. Haſt thou, Spirit,
Performd to point, the Tempeſt that I bad thee.
Ar. To euery Article.
I boorded the Kings ſhip: now on the Beake,
Now in the Waſte, the Decke, in euery Cabyn,
I flam'd amazement, ſometime I'ld diuide

222. *be't*] *be it* Ff, Rowe.
225. *Qualitie*] *qualities* Pope, Theob. Han. Warb.
231. *amazement,*] *amazement.* Rowe.
ſometime] Knt, Hal. Dyce, Cam. Glo. Wrt. *ſometimes* Ff et cet.

The Faithful Shepherdess [V, v, p. 119, ed. Dyce. This fact would be of use in fixing the Date of Composition of *The Tempest*, if we were quite sure of the date of *The Faithful Shepherdess*. Gifford says, it 'was brought out in 1610, perhaps before'; Dyce agrees with him. The passage to which Henley refers is not so parallel that a charge of imitation can be brought against it. Although it is not the only imitation of Shakespeare by Fletcher in that play, the presumption that Henley is right is scarcely possible. See Appendix, p. 349.—ED.]

222–225. JOURDAIN (p. 137) would emend and divide the lines as follows: 'To answer thy *behest or* pleasure; be 't To fly, to swim, to dive into the fire, To ride on the curl'd clouds: *t' thy* strong bidding Task Ariel and all his quality.'

225. **Qualitie**] STEEVENS: That is, all his confederates, all who are of the same profession. So in *Hamlet*, II, ii, 452. DYCE, while giving the meaning of the word in general as 'a profession, a calling, an occupation,' agrees with Steevens as to its meaning in the present passage. Steevens's reference to Hamlet's 'give us a taste of your quality' is inappropriate; Hamlet uses the word technically, as referring to the *profession of an actor*.—ED.

227. **to point**] STEEVENS: That is, to the minutest article. See SCHMIDT, *Lex.* 11.

229. **Beake**] MURRAY (*New Eng. Dict.*): The pointed and ornamented projection at the prow of ancient vessels, especially of war-galleys. 'Crushedde and brused in their foore partes with the beckes of the Corynthyans.'—Nicolls, *Thucyd.* 1550.

230. **Waste**] JOHNSON: The part between the quarter-deck and the forecastle; [to this WRIGHT adds:] being usually a hollow space, with an ascent of several steps to either of these places.

231, &c. CAPELL (iii, 7): 'I do remember that in the great and boysterous storme of this foule weather, in the night, there came upon the toppe of our maine yarde and maine maste, a certaine little light, much like unto the light of a little candle, which the *Spaniards* called the *Cuerpo santo*, and saide it was *S. Elmo*, whom they take to bee the advocate of Sailers. . . . . This light continued aboord our ship about three houres, flying from maste to maste, and from top to top; and sometimes it would be in two or three places at once.'—Hakluyt's *Voyages*, 1598, iii, 450.—COTGRAVE: *Furole:* f. A little blaze of fire appearing by night on the tops of souldiers' launces, or

And burne in many places; on the Top-maſt,
The Yards and Bore-ſpritt, would I flame diſtinctly,
Then meete, and ioyne. *Ioues* Lightning, the precurſers
O'th dreadfull Thunder-claps more momentarie
And ſight out-running were not; the fire, and cracks
Of ſulphurous roaring, the moſt mighty *Neptune*
Seeme to beſiege, and make his bold waues tremble,

233. *Bore-ſpritt*] *Bolt-ſprit* Rowe+, Mal. *bowsprit* Steev. et seq.
234. *Lightning*] Ff, Rowe, Pope. *lightnings* Theob. et cet.
235. *O'th*] *Of* Pope+.
235. *Thunder-claps*] *thunder-clap* Cap.
238. *Seeme*] *Seem'd* Rowe ii+, Steev. Mal. Dyce ii, iii, Huds.

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at sea on the sayleyards, where it whirles, and leapes in a moment from one place to another; some Mariners call it S. Hermes fire; if it come double tis held a signe of good lucke, if single, otherwise. [Eight or ten sources are enumerated in Douce, i, 4, wherefrom a repetition of the foregoing information may be obtained. In *Sea-Words and Phrases along the Suffolk Coast*, by the late EDWARD FITZGERALD (the author, rather than the translator, of the best portions of the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám), there is the following: COMPOSANT. Some years ago a young sailor was telling me of a "*composite*" lighting on each mast of a yawl during a stormy night. I didn't understand the word, though I knew the meaning; an older sailor explained that "*composant*" was the proper word. I was not wiser till I chanced upon the explanation in *Dampier's Voyages*. [An account from Dampier here follows, of the appearance, on a certain occasion, of a *Corpus sant*; Dampier concludes:] I have heard some ignorant seamen discoursing how they have seen them creep, or, as they say, *travel*, about in the scuppers. . . . . But I did never see any one stir out of the place where it was first fixt, except upon deck, where every sea washeth it about, ... and therefore I do believe it is some jelly.' [Fitzgerald then resumes]: 'Dampier's men probably called the word *corpusant* or *corposant*, whence *composant*, and after the invention of certain candles peculiar to the nineteenth century, *composite*. What wise children now call it I don't know, whether phosphorescence, electricity, or what not. But they will doubtless smile with kindly pity at "old Dampier's *jelly*"; though when *we* were children any theory of "jelly" would have gone a long way in finding favour with us.'

233. **Bore-spritt**] An unusual form, but of which MURRAY (*New Engl. Dict.*) gives two other examples. 'The origin [of bowsprit] seems to lie between Low Germ., Du., and Eng. . . . . But against the compound *bow-sprit* being of English rise are the late appearance of *bow* in the language, and the numerous perverted forms with *bore*, *boar*, *bolt*, *bold*, *bole*, *boule*, which seem to show that the connection with *bow* was not evident to English sailors, either in sense or pronunciation.'

233. **distinctly**] STAUNTON: That is, separately.—[See II, i, 231, where it qualifies a sound.]

234, &c. GREY (i, 11) surmises that this latter part of Ariel's speech was 'taken from some buskin writer of the time by way of ridicule.'

238. **Seeme**] This printer's error for *seem'd* is one of the instances cited by WALKER (*Crit.* ii, 65) of the confusion of the final *d* and final *e*. Cf. 'boile,' V, i,

Yea, his dread Trident ſhake.
Pro. My braue Spirit,
Who was ſo firme, ſo conſtant, that this coyle
Would not infect his reaſon?
Ar. Not a ſoule
But felt a Feauer of the madde, and plaid
Some tricks of deſperation; all but Mariners
Plung'd in the foaming bryne, and quit the veſſell;
Then all a fire with me the Kings ſonne *Ferdinand*
With haire vp-ſtaring (then like reeds, not haire)
Was the firſt man that leapt; cride hell is empty,
And all the Diuels are heere.
Pro. Why that's my ſpirit:
But was not this nye ſhore?
Ar. Cloſe by, my Maſter.

239. *dread*] *dead* Ff.
240. *My braue*] *My brave, brave* Theob. Warb. Cap. *That's my brave* Han. Ktly.
244. *madde*] *mind* Rowe ii, Pope, Theob. Han. Warb.
245. *but*] *but the* Hunter, Ktly.
246, 247. *veſſell;...with me*] *vessel,... with me;* Rowe.
249, 250. *Was...And*] One line, F_4.

72, and 'entertaine,' line 87 in the same scene. In the present case the compositor probably followed his ear; 'seeme to' has the sound of the past tense. KNIGHT, however, upholds 'seem' because it makes the past present.

239, 240. **shake . . . braue**] To read this line metrically FARMER would make a dissyllable of 'shake,' and ABBOTT, § 484, of 'brave.' See also Text. Note, 'my braue.'

244. **the madde**] STEEVENS: Not a soul but felt such a fever as madmen feel when the frantic fit is upon them.

245. **but**] ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.*) suggested that the text really contained a *the*, which being pronounced like a *t*, was assimilated to the *t* in 'but,' and so lost to the ear, but that its presence may have been indicated in the MS by an apostrophe, which was carelessly dropped by the printer. [In this note, written nigh thirty years ago, Allen was the first, I think, to call attention to the process, with which we are all now familiar under the name of 'absorption.' See 'at' nostrils,' *post* II, ii, 68, and 'with' king,' I, i, 74; also *As You Like It*, II, vi, 6, in this ed.]

246. **quit**] See line 174 of this scene.

248. **vp-staring**] DYCE (*Few Notes*, 10): Many readers of Shakespeare are perhaps not aware how common this expression was formerly. It not only found a place in the most serious poetry, as here, and in Chapman's *Hero and Leander* (Marlowe's *Works*, iii, 91, ed. Dyce), but belonged to the phraseology of daily life: '*Les cheveux luy dressent.* His haire stares, or stands annend,'—Cotgrave, sub *Dresser;* and compare Florio's *Dict.*, sub *Arricciare.* [For a similar adverbial compound see *Jul. Cæs.* IV, iii, 280, or ABBOTT, § 429. *Staring* is still in common use, in this country, in reference to the coat of horses when they are ill.—ED.]

Pro. But are they (*Ariell*) ſafe?
Ar. Not a haire periſhd:
On their ſuſtaining garments not a blemiſh,
But freſher then before: and as thou badſt me,
In troops I haue diſperſd them 'bout the Iſle:
The Kings ſonne haue I landed by himſelfe,
Whom I left cooling of the Ayre with ſighes,
In an odde Angle of the Iſle, and fitting
His armes in this ſad knot.
Pro. Of the Kings ſhip,
The Marriners, ſay how thou haſt diſpoſd,
And all the reſt o'th'Fleete?
Ar. Safely in harbour
Is the Kings ſhippe, in the deepe Nooke, where once

256. *ſuſtaining*] *unstaining* Spedding, Huds. *sea-staining* Spedding ap. Cam. *sea-drenched* Gould.

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254. **But . . . safe**] DIRRILL (p. 61): It appears remarkable that Shakespeare should make Prospero ask this question, and others of the same purport. It certainly was needless; for his prescience informed him that they were all safe. He had before this declared to Miranda that there was no harm done; that there was not so much perdition as an hair. Perhaps it might be in order to give the audience an opportunity of being more fully acquainted with the particulars.

256. **sustaining**] STEEVENS: That is, their garments that bore them up and supported them. Cf. *Ham.* IV, vii, 176: 'Her clothes spread wide, And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up.'—M. MASON (p. 4), on the other hand, maintained that Steevens could not be right, because all garments except cork-jackets would have dragged the wearer down; therefore he says that 'sustaining' here means *enduring*, garments which bore without being injured the drenching of the sea. In the earliest Variorum, 1773, Steevens gives, from Edwards's MSS, the emendation *sea-stained*, because, said the author of the note, 'it was not the floating of their cloaths, but the magic of Prospero which preserved, as it had wrecked, them.'

260. **cooling of**] For other examples of the use of *of* after verbals, signifying *in the act of*, see ABBOTT, § 178.

263, 264. **Of . . . Marriners**] Hanmer was the first to desert the punctuation of the Folio, and, by striking out the comma after 'ship,' construed the sentence: 'How hast thou disposed of the mariners of the king's ship?' He has been followed by almost every subsequent edition, except Knight's, which restored the comma, and the Globe Edition and its followers, which omitted both commas. The Folio is clearly right (the Third Cam. Ed. has returned to it); 'the marriners' is parenthetical.—ED.

264. **thou hast**] WALKER, in his valuable chapter (*Crit.* ii, 246) on the *Transposition of Words*, queries whether these should not be *hast thou;* just as we have 'say again, where didst thou,' &c., IV, i, 194, *post.* See also IV, i, 11, *post.*

266. **Safely in harbour**] See II, i, 357.

Thou calldſt me vp at midnight to fetch dewe
From the ſtill-vext *Bermoothes*, there ſhe's hid;
The Marriners all vnder hatches ſtowed,
Who, with a Charme ioynd to their ſuffred labour
I haue left aſleep: and for the reſt o'th' Fleet
(Which I diſpers'd) they all haue met againe,
And are vpon the *Mediterranian* Flote
Bound ſadly home for *Naples*,
Suppoſing that they ſaw the Kings ſhip wrackt,
And his great perſon periſh.
Pro. *Ariel*, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more worke:
What is the time o'th'day?

269. Bermoothes] Bermudas Theob.
271. *Who*] *Whom* Han. Johns. Steev. Mal. Var. Knt, Coll.
272. *I haue*] *I've* Pope+, Dyce ii, iii, Huds.
274. *are...Flote*] *all...float* Coll. ii, iii (MS).
vpon] *on* Pope.
275–277. Two lines, ending *that...perish.* Ktly.

269. **still-vext Bermoothes**] HANMER noted that here is the Spanish pronunciation of the *Bermudas;* and W. A. WRIGHT has added several varieties of the spelling: 'I would sooner swim to the Bermootha's on . . . . bladders,' &c.—Webster, *Duchess of Malfy*, III, ii [p. 243, ed. Dyce, where, however, it is spelled *Bermoothes*]; 'an engine That's only fit to put in exection Barmotho pigs.'—Ib. *Devil's Law-Case*, III, ii [p. 62, ed. Dyce]; 'victual out a witch for the Burmoothes.'—Fletcher, *Women Pleased*, I, ii [p. 16, ed. Dyce, also cited by Warburton]. The islands are called 'still-vext,' that is, *constantly, always vexed* by tempests, from the accounts of them which early voyagers brought home, and which were so unvarying in their character that, as Hunter says, the Bermudas became a commonplace in Shakespeare's time whenever storms and tempests were the theme. This present passage plays a large share in the speculations concerning the 'Date of the Composition' of this play; and as all, I believe, of the references to it are gathered together under that heading in the Appendix, to that Appendix the reader must be now referred.—ED.

271. **Who**] See I, ii, 97, or IV, i, 6.

272. **for**] For examples of 'for,' in the sense of *as regards*, see ABBOTT, § 149.

272. **the rest o'th' Fleet**] HOLT (p. 26): Had not Shakespeare thus accounted for the dispersion of the fleet, either Alonso and his people must have had help, or more have been shipwrecked with him, either of which would have spoiled the plot, and are both thus happily and skilfully avoided.

274. **are**] STAUNTON: What is gained by Collier's MS alteration we cannot discern.

274. **Flote**] DYCE (*Gloss.*): Flood, wave, sea. Minsheu has 'A flote or waue. G. Flot. L. Fluctus.'—W. A. WRIGHT: Like A. S. and Fr. *flot*, and Germ. *fluth*.

280–282. **What . . . Glasses**] GREY (i, 11): 'At least two glasses' should seem more properly spoke by Ariel. For why should Prospero ask the time of day if he knew it better than Ariel? [Upton (p. 259) had made the same conjecture, and Theobald, in

Ar. Paſt the mid ſeaſon.
Pro. At leaſt two Glaſſes: the time 'twixt ſix & now
Muſt by vs both be ſpent moſt preciouſly.
Ar. Is there more toyle? Since ỹ doſt giue me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou haſt promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

281, 282. *Paſt... Glaſſes*] One line (given to Ariel). Upton, Grey, Theob. conj. Warb.

1729, proposed it in a private letter to Warburton, who adopted it in his edition without a word of acknowledgement to him whom he was calling his 'dearest friend' in private, and whom he treated afterwards in public with supercilious cruelty.]—HOLT (p. 27): In the hurry of his mind, Prospero might have forgot the general, and yet, as soon as that was recalled to his memory, very naturally recollected the particular time, even to minuteness.—CAPELL (59 *a*): Imagine the head of Prospero rais'd after this question, and the sun look'd at, and reason admits well enough of his being his own answerer, which he is in marine language.—JOHNSON: This passage need not be disturbed, it being common to ask a question, which the next moment enables us to answer; he that thinks it faulty, may easily adjust it thus: '*Pros.* What is the time o' the day? Past the mid season? *Ariel.* At least two glasses.—HALLIWELL: Prospero says 'at least two glasses' to impress upon Ariel how brief was the period of the day that remained, and the consequent necessity of rapidity and vigorous action.—STAUNTON ingeniously, but 'very erroneously,' thinks Dyce, obviated any re-distribution of speeches by punctuating Prospero's reply as follows: 'At least two glasses—the time, 'twixt six and now—Must by us both be spent,' &c.—W. A. WRIGHT: This arrangement of Staunton would make it four in the afternoon, which hardly answers to Ariel's 'Past the mid-season.' [Wright's criticism of Staunton's arrangement is well founded; by that arrangement the 'Duration of the Action' is restricted not only to the two hours between four and six, but had Shakespeare here used 'glass' correctly in its technical sense, which, woe worth the day, he did not, the duration of the play would be confined to one single hour. There can be little doubt that Shakespeare here, and even elsewhere in other plays, uses 'glass' as equivalent to *one hour*, instead of using it in its nautical sense of *a half hour*. That 'glass' was a half-hour glass in Shakespeare's own day we may learn from the following citation from Hakluyt's *Voyages*, i, 436 (given in *The Century Dict.* s. v. 'Glass'): 'If you should omit to note those things at the end of euery foure glasses, ... note it diligently at the end of euery watch, or eight glasses.' See also Smyth's *Sailor's Word Book*, s. v. 'Glass.' See Nicholson's note, V, i, 266. Daniel in his good 'time-analysis' of *The Tempest* comes to the same conclusion as to the meaning of 'glass' in the present passage. 'Alonso's "three hours" [V, i, 219], says DANIEL, 'followed shortly afterwards by the Boatswain's "three glasses," must decide this measure of time for *The Tempest* to be a *one-hour glass*.' Dr Johnson's explanation, without his 'adjustment' of the text, is to me all-sufficient.—ED.]

284. **pains**] W. A. WRIGHT: Labours, tasks. We use the word in this sense in the phrase 'take pains'; but 'give pains,' in the sense of *impose tasks*, is obsolete. See *Meas. for Meas.* V, i, 246.

286. **me**] For other examples of Ethical Datives, see ABBOTT, § 220, also see lines 301, 583 of this scene.

Pro. How now? moodie? 287
What is't thou canſt demand?
Ar. My Libertie.
Pro. Before the time be out? no more: 290
Ar. I prethee,
Remember I haue done thee worthy ſeruice,
Told thee no lyes, made thee no miſtakings, ſerv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings; thou did promiſe
To bate me a full yeere. 295
Pro. Do'ſt thou forget

287. *now? moodie?*] *now, moody?* Dyce.
288. *What*] *Which* Ff.
293. *made ...ſerv'd*] *made no mis-takings, serv'd thee* Cap. conj.
293. *made thee*] *made* Rowe ii+, Steev. Sing. Dyce ii, iii, Ktly, Jeph. Clke, Rlfe, Huds. Hunter.
294. *grumblings*] *grumbling* Coll. MS.
did] *didſt* F_3F_4.

287, &c. **moodie?**] DOUCE (i, 7): The spirits or familiars attending on magicians were always impatient of confinement. Thus we are told that the spirit Balkin is 'wearied if the action wherein he is employed continue longer than an hour; and therefore the magician must be careful to dismiss him.'—Scot's *Discovery of Witch-craft*, 1665, p. 228.—WILSON (p. 81): According to the ideas of an age which still believed in magic, Prospero has usurped the lordship of nature, and subdued to his will the spirits of the elements, by presumptuous, if not altogether sinful, arts. They are retained in subjection by the constant exercise of this supernatural power, and yield him only the reluctant obedience of slaves. This has to be borne in remembrance if we would not misinterpret the ebullitions of imperious harshness on the part of Prospero towards beings who can only be retained in subjection by such enforced mastery. [See Appendix, 'Ariel.']

290. **no more**] KNIGHT: We understand this—say no more.

293. **made thee**] RITSON proposed to omit this second 'thee,' the repetition of a word being a common error; wherein STAUNTON agrees with him.—ABBOTT, § 460: It is more probable that this second 'thee,' not 'mis-,' is slurred.—ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.*): By the assimilation of *d* and *th* and the sequence of the liquid *n* to the mute *th* in 'made thee no,' the three words form a very natural and pleasing anapæst,—nay, 'made thee' could readily be pronounced as one syllable, and so form the *thesis* of an iambus.

296, &c.] JOHNSON: That the character and conduct of Prospero may be understood, something must be known of the system of enchantment which supplied all the marvellous found in the romances of the Middle Ages. This system seems to be founded on the opinion that the fallen spirits, having different degrees of guilt, had different habitations allotted to them at their expulsion, some being confined in hell, 'some (as Hooker, who delivers the opinion of our poet's age, expresses it) dispersed in air, some on earth, some in water, others in caves, dens, or minerals under the earth.' Of these, some were more malignant and mischievous than others. The earthy spirits seem to have been thought the most depraved, and the aërial the less vitiated. Thus Prospero addresses Ariel: 'Thou wast a spirit too delicate To act her earthy and abhorred commands.' Over these spirits a power might be obtained by

From what a torment I did free thee? *Ar.* No. 297
Pro. Thou do'ſt: & thinkſt it much to tread ẏ Ooze
Of the ſalt deepe;
To run vpon the ſharpe winde of the North, 300
To doe me buſineſſe in the veines o'th' earth
When it is bak'd with froſt.
Ar. I doe not Sir.
Pro. Thou lieſt, malignant Thing: haſt thou forgot
The fowle Witch *Sycorax*, who with Age and Enuy 305

298, 299. Two lines, ending *think'st, deep*. Steev.
298. *thinkſt*] *thinkeſt* Ff, Rowe.
299–308. *Of ... born?*] Seven lines, ending *sharp, in, frost, thing! Sycorax, hoop? born?* Ktly.
298, 299. *Ooze ... deepe*] One line, Rowe i.

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certain rites performed or charms learned. The power was called The Black Art or Knowledge of Enchantment. The enchanter being (as King James observes in his *Demonology*) 'one who commands the devil, whereas the witch serves him.' Those who thought best of this art, the existence of which was, I am afraid, believed very seriously, held that certain sounds and characters had a physical power over spirits, and compelled their agency; others, who condemned the practice, which in reality was surely never practised, were of opinion, with more reason, that the power of charms arose *only* from compact, and was no more than the spirits voluntarily allowed them for the seduction of man. The art was held by all, though not equally criminal, yet unlawful, and, therefore, Casaubon, speaking of one who had commerce with spirits, blames him, though he imagines him one of the best kind, who dealt with them by way of command. Thus Prospero repents of his art in the last scene. The spirits were always considered as in some measure enslaved to the enchanter, at least for a time, and as serving with unwillingness; therefore Ariel so often begs for liberty; and Caliban observes that the spirits serve Prospero with no good will, but hate him rootedly.—Of these trifles enough.

298. **Ooze**] The bottom, not the margin of the sea. See III, iii, 125.

300. **run**] UPTON (p. 222): I would rather read *ride*, which is the Scripture expression; see *Job* xxx, 22; *Isaiah* xix, 1; *Psalm* lxviii, 4.

301. **me**] Ethical Dative.

304. **malignant Thing**] PHILA. SH. SOC.: Without Ariel's assistance at this crisis Prospero will be unable to take advantage of his 'auspicious star,' and hence his excitement at the signs of the former's disaffection.

305. **Sycorax**] DOUCE (i, 8), in a note on Caliban's first speech, 'As wicked dew,' &c., surmises that the following passage, from Batman *vppon Bartholome*, not only illustrates that speech, but that Shakespeare 'was indebted to it, with a slight alteration, for the name of Caliban's mother: "The raven is called corvus of *Corax* .... it is sayd that rauens birdes be fed with deaw of heauen all the time that they have no blacke feathers by benefite of age."—Lib. xii, c. 10.'—LLOYD (Singer, ed. ii, p. 103): Sycorax Shakespeare probably found in some novel, to us unknown. Her name, I suppose it has been remarked before, is Greek. Psychorrhagia is the death struggle; and Psychorrhax may be translated 'heartbreaker' (Ψυχορρήξ).—CLEMENT, whose remarkable essay places *The Tempest* among the Historical Plays, finds in this

Was growne into a hoope? haſt thou forgot her? 306
Ar. No Sir.
Pro. Thou haſt: where was ſhe born? ſpeak: tell me:
Ar. Sir, in *Argier.*
Pro. Oh, was ſhe ſo: I muſt 310
Once in a moneth recount what thou haſt bin,
Which thou forgetſt. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax*
For miſchiefes manifold, and ſorceries terrible 313

306. *growne*] *gowne* F_2.
308. *me ;*] *me, say.* Han.
311. *moneth*] *month* F_4.
313. *and ſorceries terrible*] *and ſorceries too terrible* Rowe i. *ſorceries too terrible* Han.

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play throughout, allusions to contemporary events and to the personages of the day. From his 'inner consciousness' he has evolved not only a remarkable derivation of the witch's name, but even a more remarkable allusion thereunder hidden. 'This Sycorax,' he says (p. 81), 'has a satirical name, which the readers of *The Tempest* scarcely notice. Why is the name Greek? For Greek it is; *sukon* means a fig, *rax*, a poisonous spider. I dislike philological trifling, otherwise there might from the name be easily derived *sic o rex!* [The exclamation point is Dr Clement's, not mine.—ED.], but I take the name just as it stands. The exalted personage, whom the poet desired here to indicate, could have been brought upon the stage, even after her death, such was the danger, only under some similar unintelligible designation. The hateful hag is, I believe, Queen Elizabeth, who could be as sweet as a fig, and could weave webs as poisonous as the bunch-backed spider [*dickbauchige* is the diametrical opposite of 'bunch-backed,' I know, but I cannot find it in my heart to apply it, even in a translation, to the good Queen Bess.—ED.].—HALES (*Cornhill Mag.* Feb. '76, p. 213; also *Essays*, p. 113): Sycorax is, we believe, of Shakespeare's own formation. . . . . And we think the conjecture that it is compounded of the Greek σῦς (ὗς is a variant) and κόραξ, and is therefore a contraction of Syokorax, can scarcely be despised. As both sows and ravens are associated with witchcraft and such superstitions, the compound might serve not ill to denominate that 'foul witch,' 'damned witch,' of whose 'earthy and abhorred commands' Prospero speaks with such genuine loathing. . . . . The mere grossness of the one animal and the supposed malignity of the other may be referred to; and so the name Sycorax be designed to express a horrid mixture of those two characteristics,—something bestial and fiendish withal.—PHILLPOTTS: Mr Moberly suggests that Sycorax, as an Algerine witch, would have an Arabic name, possibly 'Shokereth' (the deceiver), which would be equivalent to Sycorax.—THEODOR ELZE (*Jahrbuch*, XV, p. 253) finds on the island of Pantalaria, which he suggests as the original of Prospero's isle, a small town called from remote antiquity *Seiaxghihir*, wherein, he says, there may be at least a sound reminding us of Sycorax.

309. **Argier**] COLLIER: The name for Algiers till about the Restoration.

313. ANON. (ap. Grey i, 11): This verse may be relieved several ways, either by striking out 'sorceries,' or putting it in the place of 'mischiefs'; or by reading *many* for 'manifold'; or what, I think, is more like Shakespeare, by leaving out 'and.'—ABBOTT, § 494, holds it to be only an apparent Alexandrine, and presumably sup-

To enter humane hearing, from *Argier*
Thou know'ſt was baniſh'd: for one thing ſhe did

314. *hearing*] *earing* Cap. conj. 315. *ſhe did*] *she had* Crosby, Huds.

poses it to be made presentable by 'slurring' the final foot, 'terrible,' whereby it would seem that the pronunciation can be best represented by the Southern Negro pronunciation, *turr'ble*.

315. **one thing she did**] BOSWELL: What that one thing was which saved the life of Sycorax the poet has nowhere informed us. I cannot but think that this adds support to the opinion that there was some novel upon which the fable of *The Tempest* was founded, in which this circumstance was mentioned, to which Shakespeare thought it sufficient to refer.—LAMB (*Works*, iii, 260, ed. Moxon, 1870): How have I pondered over this, when a boy! How have I longed for some authentic memoir of the witch to clear up the obscurity!—Was the story extant in the Chronicles of Algiers? Could I get at it by some fortunate introduction to the Algerine ambassador? Was a voyage thither practicable? The Spectator (I know) went to Grand Cairo only to measure a pyramid. Was not the object of my quest of at least as much importance? The blue-eyed hag,—could *she* have done anything good or meritorious? might that Succubus relent? then might there be hope for the devil. I have often admired, since, that none of the commentators have boggled at this passage,—how they could swallow this camel,—such a tantalising piece of obscurity, such an abortion of an anecdote.—At length, I think, I have lighted upon a clue which may lead to show what was passing in the mind of Shakespeare when he dropped this imperfect rumour. In the 'accurate description of Africa, by John Ogilby (Folio), 1670,' page 230, I find written as follows: [The entire extract is too long for insertion here. It describes the preparations which Charles V made in 1541 to besiege Algier, and narrates his success by land and sea. The Turks made a vigorous resistance, but were reduced to so great an extremity that they lost courage and resolved to surrender to the emperor. The account then proceeds:] 'But as they were thus intending, there was a witch of the town, whom the history doth not name, which went to seek out Assam Aga, that commanded within, and pray'd him to make it good yet nine days longer, with assurance that within that time he should infallibly see Algier delivered from that siege, and the whole army of the enemy dispersed, so that Christians should be as cheap as birds. In a word, the thing did happen in the manner as foretold; for upon the twenty-first day of October in the same year, there fell a continual rain upon the land, and so furious a storm at sea, that one might have seen ships hoisted into the clouds, and in one instant again precipitated into the bottom of the water. [The emperor suffered so heavily that he raised the siege and retreated to Sicily.] In the mean time that witch, being acknowledged the deliverer of Algier, was richly remunerated and the credit of her charms authorised.' Can it be doubted for a moment that the dramatist had come fresh from reading some *older narrative* of this deliverance of Algier by a witch, and transferred the merit of the deed to his Sycorax, exchanging only the 'rich remuneration,' which did not suit his purpose, to the simple pardon of her life? [This *Note* appeared first in *The London Magazine* for 1823; it has been quite misunderstood, apparently, or forgotten, by a writer in *Notes & Qu.* 2d S. ii, 284. Weighing one consideration with another, I think this note of Lamb yields quite as good an explanation as that of Boswell, and a far better explanation than that which is commonly extracted from line 317. I con-

They wold not take her life: Is not this true? *Ar.* I, Sir. 316
Pro. This blew ey'd hag, was hither brought with
And here was left by th'Saylors; thou my ſlaue, (child, 318

316. *not this*] *this not* Rowe ii, Pope, Han. 317. *blew ey'd*] *blue dry'd* Sprenger.

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fess there is for me not a little force in what a Quarterly Reviewer urges in regard to this last theory, which accounts for the mercy shown to Sycorax by supposing that Caliban was unborn; the Reviewer (vol. lxv, p. 473) says: 'We feel assured that no such thought ever entered the mind of Shakespeare. He knew not what that "one thing" was, nor did he ever give his imagination the trouble of ascertaining it. He wanted it for the purpose of his play, as an excuse for saving a wretch, who, according to the laws and the opinions of his age, was guilty of death; and he left it *a deed without a name*, not to be known by any for ever but Hell, and Night, and Setebos.' Eckermann relates that on one occasion Goethe said to him, 'People write to ask me what I meant by such and such a thing in *Faust*. As if I knew, or could tell!' I have but little doubt, in regard to many and many a passage in these plays, that what was true of Goethe, is true of Shakespeare. A writer in *Fraser*, however, scouts this idea of the Quarterly Reviewer. Sycorax 'could not have been pardoned,' he says (*Fraser's Maga.* June, 1840, p. 742), '*because* she had done what was fit only to be known in hell. It must have been some circumstance exciting compassion, not horror.' He therefore proposes to read 'for one thing she hid,' or 'perhaps Shakespeare wrote more graphically,—"for *yon* thing she hid," pointing in the direction of Caliban.'—ED.]—KRAUTH (*Phila. Sh. Soc.* p. 16): The Incubus and Succuba are not poetic creations, but part of the faith of the Middle Ages,—heartily held by the wisest and best men, and confirmed by supposed eye-witnesses. See Hector Boethius, who has almost a Caliban (Paris edit. 1574, p. 149), and Zwingeri, *Thesaurus Vit. Human.* 2300, who gives a great many legends. The idea of the 'demon lover' has been thought to be scriptural: *Gen.* v, 2; *Jude* vi, 7. The Rabbins, and the *Koran*, the Christian fathers, and the Pagan classics, have the same idea. The Mediæval legends are full of it. The use of it in modern poetry by Byron, Moore, and Coleridge is familiar.

317. **blew ey'd**] STAUNTON: It must be confessed that *blear-ey'd*, a common epithet in our old plays, seems more applicable to the 'damn'd witch Sycorax.' Thus in B. and Fl.'s *The Chances*, IV, ii: 'Get me a conjurer; Inquire me out a man that lets out devils . . . . any blear-ey'd people With red heads, and flat noses can perform it.'—W. A. WRIGHT: 'Blue-ey'd' does not describe the colour of the pupil of the eye, but the livid colour of the eyelid, and a blue eye in this sense was a sign of pregnancy. See Webster, *Duchess of Malfy*, II, i: 'The fins of her eyelids look most teeming blue.' In *As You Like It*, III, ii, 'a blue eye and sunken' is characteristic of a lover.—COWDEN-CLARKE: The dull, bleared, neutral colour seen in the eyes of old crones.—PHILLPOTTS: Probably this means that her eyes had the cold, startling blue which suggests malignity so strongly.—GRANT WHITE (*Studies*, 324): I wish to record my conviction that Shakespeare had in mind that pale-blue, fish-like, malignant eye, which is often seen in hag-like women.—LITTLEDALE (*N. & Qu.* 5th S. v, 345): In B. & Fl. *Honest Man's Fortune*, V, iii, speaking of various quack devices, this cure for a *black* eye,—as raw beefsteak is now-a-days considered of excellent virtue,—is given: 'Or bring in rotten pippins To cure *blue eyes*.'—A.

As thou reportſt thy ſelfe, was then her ſeruant,
And for thou waſt a Spirit too delicate
To act her earthy, and abhord commands,
Refuſing her grand heſts, ſhe did confine thee
By helpe of her more potent Miniſters,
And in her moſt vnmittigable rage,
Into a clouen Pyne, within which rift
Impriſon'd, thou didſt painefully remaine
A dozen yeeres: within which ſpace ſhe di'd,
And left thee there: where thou didſt vent thy groanes
As faſt as Mill-wheeles ſtrike: Then was this Iſland

319. *was*] Ff, Rowe ii. *wast* Rowe i.
320. *And for*] *And, for* F_3F_4.
321. *earthy*] *earthly* Rowe ii, Pope, Han.
327. *within*] *in* Cap. conj.

SYMONS (*Irving Sh.*): Euripides uses the word *κυανανγής*,—literally *dark-blue-gleaming*,—which Browning renders 'blue brilliance' in his *Balaustion's Adventure*, p. 46. And on the next page Browning speaks of 'the *blue-eyed* black-winged phantom.' Here, of course, the reference is to the lurid blue-black colour of thunder-clouds, and it is possible Shakespeare may have meant this in describing his witch as 'blue-eyed.' [Is it not possible to accept the blueness as referring not only to the dark eyelids and circles round the eyes, but also to the pupil itself, where the *arcus senilis*, as the ophthalmologists call it, is wont to give the baleful expression which we associate with witches? Instances are as plenty as blackberries where what we now call blue eyes were by Shakespeare called grey eyes. There are two in *Rom. & Jul.*, where the Friar speaks of 'The grey-ey'd morn,' and Mercutio of 'Thisbe, a grey eye or so,' Since, then, our 'blue eyes' and Shakespeare's 'blue eyes' are not the same, I think we are at liberty to include, in the present phrase, whatsoever tends to add abhorrence to the repulsive witch.—ED.]

319, 320. **was**] WALKER (*Crit.* ii, 126) has collected forty-five or fifty examples from Shakespeare and his contemporaries of the substitution of *s* for *st* in the second person singular of the verb. In some cases, doubtless, this substitution can be ascribed to the much-enduring compositor, but after making all due allowance for his errors there remain, unquestionably, instances due wholly to the poets themselves, e. g. in Shakespeare's *Sonnet* xix: 'Make glad and sorry seasons, as thou *fleets* . . . . To the wide world and all her fading *sweets*,' the rhyme is conclusive that Shakespeare wrote 'fleets' instead of *fleet'st*. In this, and in the majority of the cases, it is noteworthy that the verb ends in *t*; clearly, then, it is the cacophonous sound *tst* which was avoided, and intentionally avoided. As it happens in this present case, the 'was' being followed by 'then,' the ear detects the *t* and is satisfied, no matter whether it belongs to the 'was' or to the 'then.'—ED.

321. **earthy**] W. A. WRIGHT: Gross, material, opposed to spiritual. Prospero calls Caliban 'Thou earth, thou.'

322–325. **confine thee . . . Into**] ABBOTT, § 159: 'Into' is sometimes found with verbs of rest, implying motion, as here. See also 'confin'd into the Rocke,' line 423, *post*.

(Saue for the Son, that he did littour heere,
A frekelld whelpe, hag-borne) not honour'd with
A humane ſhape.
Ar. Yes: *Caliban* her ſonne.
Pro. Dull thing, I ſay ſo: he, that *Caliban*
Whom now I keepe in ſeruice, thou beſt know'ſt
What torment I did finde thee in; thy grones
Did make wolues howle, and penetrate the breaſts
Of euer-angry Beares; it was a torment
To lay vpon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not againe vndoe: it was mine Art,
When I arriu'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The Pyne, and let thee out.
Ar. I thanke thee Maſter.
Pro. If thou more murmur'ſt, I will rend an Oake
And peg-thee in his knotty entrailes, till
Thou haſt howl'd away twelue winters.
Ar. Pardon, Maſter,
I will be correſpondent to command
And doe my ſpryting, gently.

330. *Son*] *Sunne* F_2. *Sun* F_3F_4.
he] Ff. *she* Rowe.
littour] *litter* Rowe.
335. *ſeruice, thou*] *service. Thou* Rowe.
338. *euer-angry*] *even angry* Wilson.
338. *torment*] *torture* Walker (*Crit.* i, 296).
345. *peg-thee*] F_2.
346. *Thou haſt*] *Thou'st* Pope+, Dyce ii, iii, Huds.
349. *ſpryting*] *spiriting* Cap.

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333. KRAUTH (*Phila. Sh. Soc.* p. 17) for this speech suggested two solutions: 1st. Ariel is absent-minded, his thoughts still running on his promised liberty, but, recalled to himself by Prospero's pause, he catches, as is natural in such cases, at the last phrase still sounding in his ears, and assents thereto as in vain proof of his attention to the rest. Prospero of course detects it and calls him 'dull.' 2dly. That Ariel's rebellious spirit is not yet subdued, and, growing impatient of Prospero's prosy repetition of well-known facts, tries to stop him by interruption and hearty assent.—JEPHSON: Ariel contradicts Prospero; he says that the island *was* honoured with a human shape, namely Caliban, forgetting that Prospero had just excepted him; and Prospero, being irritated with Ariel, replies, '*Dull thing, I say so*'; that is, 'I say that Caliban was on the island.'

338. **euer-angry**] Is this an echo from Paris Garden, which was close to the Globe Theatre?—ED.

348. **correspondent**] PHILA. SH. SOC.: Used to this day in a religious sense by Catholic writers in reference to grace.

349. **gently**] As opposed to 'moodie' and 'malignant.'

349. **spryting**] WALKER (*Crit.* i, 193): It may safely be laid down as a canon

Pro. Doe ſo: and after two daies
I will diſcharge thee.
Ar. That's my noble Maſter:
What ſhall I doe? ſay what? what ſhall I doe?
Pro. Goe make thy ſelfe like a Nymph o'th' Sea,
Be ſubiect to no ſight but thine, and mine: inuiſible
To euery eye-ball elſe: goe take this ſhape
And hither come in't: goe: hence
With diligence. *Exit.*
Pro. Awake, deere hart awake, thou haſt ſlept well,
Awake.
Mir. The ſtrangenes of your ſtory, put

350. *daies*] *days*, *Ariel* Anon (ap. Grey).
350, 351. *two...thee*] One line, Cap. conj.
354. *like a*] *like to a* Ff, Rowe+, Cap. Steev. Dyce ii, iii, Huds. Dtn.
355–358. Four lines, ending *mine*, *else*, *hence*, *diligence* Elze (Rob. Epit. Lit.).
355. *thine, and*] Om. Rowe ii+, Cap. Steev. Dyce ii, iii, Huds. Dtn.
357. *in't*] *in it* Pope, Theob. Han. Johns. Cap.
goe] Om. Han. Dyce ii, iii, Huds.
357, 358. One line, Pope et seq.
358. Exit.] Excit. F_4.

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that the word *spirit*, in our old poets, wherever the metre does not compel us to pronounce it dissyllabically, is a monosyllable.

350. There is no known process whereby this line can be made to fadge with iambic trimeters. It is scarcely worth while to record the failures; any one can make one for himself.—ED.

354. **Nymph o'th' Sea**] 'There does not appear to be sufficient cause,' says STEEVENS, 'why Ariel should assume this new shape, as he was to be invisible to all eyes but those of Prospero.' 'Nor that the Clown in *Twelfth Night*,' retorts THOS. WHITE, 'should put on a gown and beard to personate Sir Topaz, the priest, as Malvolio was confined in a dark room. We may say of Shakespeare what Fabius says of Cicero: "In vitium sæpe incidit securus tam parvæ observationis." Shakespeare has closely followed King James's *Demonologia* [wherein, in Bk iii, chap. 3, speaking of the passage through the air of witches, it says], "in this transporting, they say themselves, that they are invisible to any other except amongst themselves."' It is doubtful if this apt illustration is at all weakened by the late date of the *Demonology*, viz: 1616, the year of Shakespeare's death. Such a belief was current, not because King James wrote it in his book, but he wrote it in his book because it was current, and if current, Shakespeare assuredly knew it. The PHILA. SH. SOC. suggests that 'thus in character Ariel can best sing a sea-nymph's song'; which is doubtful; any limitation of Ariel's powers is rash. If we must have a reason over and above the popular belief, I think W. A. WRIGHT'S suggestion the happiest, that in a sea-nymph's form Ariel would be in harmony with the scene to the audience.—ED.

355. STEEVENS: The redundancy in this line, and the ridiculous precaution that Ariel should not be *invisible to himself*, plainly prove that the words 'and thine' were the interpolations of ignorance.—DYCE pronounces the Folio text 'most ridiculous.'

Heauineſſe in me. 362
Pro. Shake it off: Come on,
Wee'll viſit *Caliban*, my ſlaue, who neuer 364

362. [Waking. Coll. ii (MS). Cam. i conj. *Heart-heaviness* Bulloch.
Heauineſſe] *Strange heaviness* *A heaviness* Anon. (ap. Cam.).

361, 362. JOHNSON: Why should a wonderful story produce sleep? I believe experience will prove that any violent agitation of the mind easily subsides in slumber, especially when, as in Prospero's relation, the last images are pleasing.—VOSS (p. 156): That wondrous tales are more apt to dispel sleep than to invite it, the innocent girl knew just as little, as when afterwards she showed that she did not know that one can weep for joy.—Mrs KEMBLE (p. 117): Within reach of the wild wind and spray of the tempest, though sheltered from their fury, Miranda had watched the sinking ship struggling with the mad elements, and heard when 'rose from sea to sky the wild farewell.' Amazement and pity had thrown her into a paroxysm of grief, which is hardly allayed by her father's assurance that 'there's no harm done.' After this terrible excitement follows the solemn exordium to her father's story: 'The hour's now come, The very minute bids thee ope thine ear, Obey and be attentive.' The effort she calls upon her memory to make to recover the traces of her earliest impressions of life,—the strangeness of the events unfolded to her,—the duration of the recital itself, which is considerable,—and, above all, the poignant personal interest of its details, are quite sufficient to account for the sudden utter prostration of her overstrained faculties and feelings, and the profound sleep that falls on the young girl. Perhaps Shakespeare knew this, though his commentators, old and new, seem not to have done so; and without a professed faith, such as some of us moderns indulge in, in the mysteries of magnetism, perhaps he believed enough in the magnetic force of the superior physical as well as mental power of Prospero's nature over the nervous, sensitive, irritable female organisation of his child to account for the 'I know thou canst not choose' with which he concludes his observation on her drowsiness, and his desire that she will not resist it. The magic gown may, indeed, have been powerful; but hardly more so, I think, than the nervous exhaustion, which, combined with the authoritative will and eyes of her lord and father, bowed down the child's drooping eyelids in profoundest sleep.

364. **visit**] WALKER (*Crit.* iii, 2): That is, look after him. *Two Noble Kinsmen*, I, i, 'the visitating Sun,' the *inspecting*, the *surveying*.

364. **Caliban**] HUNTER (i, 183): There is a good deal that is Hebraistic in this play, as might be expected where there is so much of the Chaldee philosophy. . . . . The most remarkable circumstance under this head is that Caliban, who is generally represented as a creation purely and entirely of Shakespeare's own invention, is, as to his very peculiar *form*, of Oriental origin. He is, in fact, as to *form*, no other than the fish-idol of Ashdod, the Dagon of the Philistines, a word of which the principal element is the Hebrew word for fish. . . . . It is a great question in Rabbinical literature in what manner the two elements of fish and man were combined in the figure of Dagon. . . . . Abarbinel contends that the true form of Dagon was a figure 'shaped like a fish, only with hands and feet like a man'; and this is precisely the form of Shakespeare's Caliban,—'a fish, legged like a man, and his fins like arms.' Nothing can be more precise than the resemblance; the two are, in fact, one, as far as form is concerned. Caliban is thus a kind of tortoise, the paddles expanding in arms and

Yeelds vs kinde anſwere.
Mir. 'Tis a villaine Sir, I doe not loue to looke on.
Pro. But as 'tis
We cannot miſſe him: he do's make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and ſerues in Offices

366. *I...on*] Separate line, Pope et seq. 369. *ſerues in*] *ſerves* Ff, Rowe. *serveth* Coll. MS.

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hands, legs and feet; and, accordingly, before he appears upon the stage, the audience are prepared for this strange appearance by the words of Prospero: 'Come forth! *thou tortoise.*' . . . . With the form Shakespeare really gave him, everything which he says or does is consistent; yet it was a difficult figure to manage on the stage, and so the actors appear to have found it, for the fish character of Caliban is sunk, and when he now appears it is as a species of monkey. Indeed, this difficulty must have been felt from the beginning, and Shakespeare could hardly have introduced a figure so unmanageable upon the stage as a compound of fish and man, but under constraint; that is, the figure of Caliban was prescribed for him by the writer of the story on which he wrought, borrowed by him from the figure of Dagon of Ashdod. The moral attributes, the action, and the talk of Caliban may, however, be well believed to be Shakespeare's own.—Br. Nicholson (*N. & Qu.* 4th S. i, 291): Throughout Caliban is a beast of burden, and being morally such, he would be physically fitted for his office. From Trinculo's jest we learn that he was not a standard, but of dwarf's stature. His lower limbs were large, for the lesser legs were Trinculo's, and as he was of dwarf's stature, the difference must have been in a girth of limb resembling that of a turtle. The corresponding feet to such limbs would be large and 'splay.' The corresponding arms, short and strong, would be such as, with their claw-fingered hands, would resemble what sailors call the fore-fins of a turtle, and as such enable us to understand how he fed himself before Prospero's arrival, and why, with a consciousness of his greater powers, he offered with his long nails to dig pig-nuts, or climb for jays' nests, or clamber o'er precipitous cliffs for young sea-birds. Similarly, if the hardly human face were fashioned like that of a tortoise, the eyes would be 'deep-set' by nature as well as by drink, and he would be 'dim-eyed' and 'beetle-browed.' Lastly, the scabby spottings of the 'freckled whelp,' who calls Trinculo 'Thou, scurvy patch,' would be the loathsome leprosy that had spread itself over all the other deformities, and also the analogue of the spotted and patch-like scales of the tortoise, and the hard, rough, knotted, diseased-like look of its skin and wrinkled neck. [Nicholson referred to this subject again in *N. & Qu.* 4th S. iii, 431, where he hints that Sir Politic Would-be's make-up as a turtle in *Volpone*, V, ii, might have been one of the remembrances which led to the conception of Caliban.]

368. **misse**] M. Mason: That is, we cannot do without him.—Malone: This provincial expression is still used in the midland counties.—[Halliwell: I have not met with a confirmation of Malone's remark.—W. A. Wright: It does not appear to be recorded in any local glossary.]—Voss (p. 156): This word is here used in its genuine German meaning, *missen, entbehren*.—Halliwell: See B. & Fl. *Mad Lover*, II, i: 'I will have honest, valiant souls about me; I cannot miss thee.'—W. A. Wright: Compare Lyly's *Euphues and his England*, p. 264 (ed. Arber): 'Bringing vnto man both honnye and wax, each so wholsome that wee all desire it, both so necessary that we cannot misse them.'

That profit vs: What hoa: ſlaue: *Caliban*: 370
Thou Earth, thou: ſpeake.
Cal. within. There's wood enough within.
Pro. Come forth I ſay, there's other buſines for thee:
Come thou Tortoys, when? *Enter Ariel like a water-*
Fine apparifion: my queint *Ariel*, *Nymph.* 375
Hearke in thine eare.
Ar. My Lord, it ſhall be done. *Exit.*
Pro. Thou poyſonous ſlaue, got by ỹ diuell himſelfe
Vpon thy wicked Dam; come forth. *Enter Caliban.* 379

373. *Come*] Om. Anon. (ap. Grey).
374. *Come*] *Come forth* Steev. Ktly, Huds.
Come...when?] Om. Pope, Han.
when?] *when? I say, come forth* Anon. (ap. Grey). *then* A——c (Gent. Mag. 1820).
375–377. As an aside. Cap. Sta.
375. *apparifion ... queint*] *apparition ...quaint* Ff.
379. *forth.*] *forth, thou tortoise* Pope, Han.
[Scene IV. Pope.

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372. COLERIDGE (*Seven Lectures*, p. 120): Another instance of admirable judgement and excellent preparation is to be found in the creature contrasted with Ariel,—Caliban; who is described in such a manner by Prospero as to lead us to expect the appearance of a foul, unnatural monster. He is not seen at once; his voice is heard; this is the preparation; he was too offensive to be seen at first in all his deformity, and in nature we do not receive so much disgust from sound as from sight. After we have heard Caliban's voice he does not enter until Ariel has entered like a water-nymph. All the strength of contrast is thus acquired without any of the shock of abruptness, or of that unpleasant sensation which we experience when the object presented is in any way hateful to our vision. [For Coleridge's analysis of Caliban's character, see Appendix.]

374. **Tortoys**] BR. NICHOLSON (*N. & Qu.* 4th S. i, 291): While there can be no doubt that this exclamation of Prospero is used in reference to Caliban's unwilling sloth, there is as little doubt that it was suggested by his make, and intended to prepare the spectators for the similitude that was about to appear.

374. **when**] MALONE: This expression of impatience occurs often in our old dramas.

375. **queint**] W. A. WRIGHT: Cotgrave's explanation of the French original of this word covers all the senses in which it is used by Shakespeare. He says, 'Coint .... Quaint, compt, neat, fine, spruce, briske, smirke, smug, daintie, trim, tricked vp.'

379. **Enter Caliban**] ROWE (*Life of Shakespeare*, p. xxiv, ed. 1709): Shakespeare's magic has something in it very solemn and very poetical: And that extravagant character of Caliban is mighty well sustain'd, shews a wonderful invention in the author, who could strike out such a particular wild image, and is certainly one of the finest and most uncommon Grotesques that was ever seen. The observation, which I have been inform'd *three* very great men concurr'd in making [*Ld* Falkland, *Ld C. J.* Vaughan, *and Mr* Selden.—*Foot-note*] was extremely just. 'That Shakespear had not only found out a new character in his Caliban, but had also devis'd and adapted a new manner of language for that character.'—WARBURTON: What they [i. e. the

Cal. As wicked dewe, as ere my mother bruſh'd
With Rauens feather from vnwholeſome Fen
Drop on you both: A Southweſt blow on yee,

380. *wicked*] *cursed* Cartwright. 382. *Southweſt*] *south-west wind* Ktly.

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three men mentioned by Rowe] meant by it, without doubt, was that Shakespeare gave his language a certain grotesque air of the savage and antique; which it certainly has. But Dr Bentley took [the phrase] 'new language' literally; for speaking of a phrase in Milton, which he supposed altogether absurd and unmeaning, he says, 'Satan had not the privilege, as Caliban in Shakespeare, to use new phrase and diction unknown to all others'; and again, 'to practise distances is still a Caliban style.'—*Note* on *Paradise Lost*, iv, 945. But I know no such 'Caliban style' in Shakespeare, that hath new phrase and diction unknown to all others.—JOHNSON: Whence these critics derived the notion of a new language appropriated to Caliban, I cannot find; they certainly mistook brutality of sentiment for uncouthness of words. Caliban had learned to speak of Prospero and his daughter; he had no names for the sun and moon before their arrival; and could not have invented a language of his own, without more understanding than Shakespeare has thought it proper to bestow upon him. His diction is indeed somewhat clouded by the gloominess of his temper and the malignity of his purposes; but let any other being entertain the same thoughts, and he will find them easily issue in the same expressions. [Dryden, however, said (see Appendix) that Caliban's 'language was as hobgoblin as his person.'—ED.]—D. WILSON (p. 90): The talk of the ship's-crew is not only coarse, but even what it is customary to call brutal; while that of Stephano and Trinculo accords with their debased and besotted humanity. Their language never assumes a rhythmical structure, nor rises to poetic thought. But Caliban is in perfect harmony with the rhythm of the breezes and the tides. His thoughts are essentially poetical, within the range of his lower nature; and so his speech is, for the most part, in verse. He has that poetry of the senses which seems natural to the companionship with the creatures of the forest and the seashore. Even his growl, as he retorts impotent curses upon the power that has enslaved him, is rhythmical. Bogs, fens, and the infectious exhalations that the sun sucks up, embody his ideas of evil; and his acute senses are chiefly at home with the dew, and the fresh springs, the clustering filberts, the jay in his leafy nest, and the blind mole in its burrow.

380. **wicked**] HEATH (p. 9): This epithet is intended, I think, to express the wickedness of the purposes for which it was gathered.—JOHNSON: That is, having baneful qualities. So Spenser says, *wicked weed;* so, in opposition, we say herbs or medicines have *virtues.* Bacon mentions 'virtuous bezoar' and Dryden 'virtuous herbs.'—STEEVENS: Under Henry VI the Parliament petitioned against hops, as a *wicked* weed.—DYCE: Though 'wicked,' as an epithet to 'dew,' makes very good sense (meaning *baneful*), I suspect that it is not Shakespeare's word, and that it has been repeated by mistake from the line above. [Is it not precisely because it is in Prospero's speech, and applied to his mother, that Caliban's retort repeats it, and in the same connection?—ED.]

382. **A Southwest**] DOUCE (i, 9): In Batman *vppon Bartholome*, lib. xi, c. 3, we find: 'This Southern wind is hot and moyst. . . . . Southern winds corrupt and destroy; they heat and maketh men fall into sicknesse.' Shakespeare was extremely well acquainted with this work.—LETTSOM (in a note on a remark of Walker

And blifter you all ore. 383
Pro. For this be ſure, to night thou ſhalt haue cramps,
Side-ſtitches, that ſhall pen thy breath vp, Vrchins 385

(*Crit.* iii, 81), that Shakespeare mostly speaks disparagingly of the south wind as *rotten*, *foggy*, adds:) This no doubt is true, and it may lead us to infer that the greatest of poets was a person of a somewhat relaxed habit of body, and required a bracing air to be in the full enjoyment of health.—W. A. WRIGHT, in proof of the noxious character attributed to southerly winds, refers to *Cor.* II, iii, 34, 35; *Ib.* I, iv, 30; *As You Like It*, III, v, 50; *Tro. & Cress.* V, i, 21; and *Cymb.* II, iii, 136.

382, 383. **you . . . yee . . . you**] ABBOTT, § 236: *Ye* is nominative, *you* accusative. This distinction, however, though observed in our version of the Bible, was disregarded by Elizabethan authors, and *ye* seems to be generally used in questions, entreaties, and rhetorical appeals. *Ye* and *your* seem used indiscriminately in [V, i, 40–43, &c.]. Sometimes *ye* seems put for *you* when an unaccented syllable is wanted.

385. **Vrchins**] STEEVENS: That is, hedge-hogs. Perhaps here put for fairies. Milton in his Masque speaks of 'urchin blasts,' and we still call any little dwarfish child an urchin. The word occurs in the next Act.—MALONE: In *Merry Wives*, IV, iv, 49: 'Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies.' [I am inclined] to think that 'urchins' here signifies beings of the fairy kind.—DOUCE (i, 9): Although 'urchins' sometimes mean hedge-hogs, it is more probable that in this place they denote fairies or spirits. In a very rare old collection of songs, set to music by John Bennett, Edward Piers or Pierce, and Thomas Ravenscroft, composers in the time of Shakespeare, [there is *The Urchins' Dance*, as follows:] 'By the moone we sport and play, With the night begins our day; As we friske the dew doth fall, Trip it little urchins all, Lightly as the little bee, Two by two, and three by three, And about goe wee, goe wee.' [The context of itself almost suffices to show that Vrchins could not here mean hedge-hogs; the exercise which the latter can work is passive, the harm they can do is to 'lye tumbling in the bare-foote way, and mount their pricks at the foot-fall,' but here more active malice is needed; they must work all kinds of torment. It is not difficult to see how the uncanny, nocturnal habits of this animal came to be attributed to the obsession of fairies, and thence the name itself attributed to a class of malicious spirits. Steevens referred to Reginald Scot as an authority for the word. The passage itself is given in Thom's *Three Notelets*, p. 80; the sentence containing the name is worth reproducing here for its remarkable catalogue: 'In our childhood our mothers maids have so terrified us with an ouglie divell having hornes on his head, fier in his mouth, ... eies like a bason, fanges like a dog, clawes like a beare, a skin like a Niger, and a voice roring like a lion, whereby we start and are afraid when we hear one crie Bough; and they have so fraied us with bull beggers, spirits, witches, urchens, elves, hags, fairies, satyrs, pans, faunes, sylens, kit with the cansticke, tritons, centaurs, dwarfes, giants, imps, calcars, conjurers, nymphes, changlings, *Incubus*, Robin good-fellowe, the spoorne, the mare, the man in the oke, the hell waine, the fierdrake, the prickle, Tom thombe, hob gobblin, Tom tumbler, boneles, and such other bugs, that we are afraid of our owne shadowes: in so much as some never feare the divell, but in a darke night; and then a polled sheep is a perillous beast, and manie times is taken for our father's soule, speciallie in a churchyard.'—Seventh Book, chap. 15, p. 122, ed. Nicholson.—W. A. WRIGHT refers to Harsnet's *Declaration of Popish Impostures*, 1603, p. 14, where 'urchins' is used for 'hobgoblins'; and another reference to the same book, p. 135, is given in the *New Sh. Soc. Trans.*

Shall for that vaſt of night, that they may worke 386

386. *Shall...vaſt of night...worke*] Ff. *Shall...waste of night, work* Rowe i. *Shall,...vast of night...work,* Rowe ii et seq.

386. *for that vaſt*] *for that, fast* Anon. (ap. Sta.). *for that want* T. Warton (ap. Ingleby).

1880–5, Pt ii, p. 19*, where much of the list, just given from Scot's *Discovery*, is referred to and repeated. W. A. WRIGHT adds that the word is still used in the north of England, and refers to Carr and Brockett. On the other hand, JEPHSON says that urchins are hedge-hogs, adding: 'Prospero threatens Caliban that hedge-hogs shall run over him and prick him with their spines during the vast time of night during which they go abroad.'—ED.]

386. **for that vast**] CAPELL (60*a*): The sense of 'vast' approaches to *waste*, and we apprehend by it an idea of 'night' as a waste part of time.—STEEVENS: This means the night, which is naturally empty and deserted, without action; or when all things lying in sleep and silence, make the world appear one great uninhabited *waste*. So in *Ham.* I, ii, 198: 'In the dead waste [*vast*, Q_1] and middle of the night.' It may, however, be used differently in *Pericles*, III, i, 1: 'Thou god of this great vast.' It should be remembered that in the pneumatology of former ages these particulars were settled with the most minute exactness, and the different kinds of visionary beings had different allotments of time, suitable to the variety or consequence of their employments. During these spaces they were at liberty to act, but were always obliged to leave off at a certain hour, that they might not interfere in that portion of night which belonged to others. To this limitation of time Shakespeare alludes in *Lear*, III, iv, 120: 'he begins at curfew and walks till the first cock.'—THOMAS WHITE: The passage is drawn with inaccurateness and indistinction. 'Urchins' shall what? *That they may work.* I suspect 'for that' should be *forth at*, and 'exercise' a substantive. *Forth* for *go forth*, according to the old elliptical mode of writing, is common. . . . . *Urchins* in the dead waste and middle of the night *shall*, 'at my strong bidding,' go *forth and work all exercise on thee.* [The foregoing note was written in 1793, and ought therefore to be placed chronologically before Steevens's, but it did not appear in print till 1853, in Fennell's *Repository*.] —W. A. WRIGHT: That is, shall, during that desolate period of night when they are permitted to work, all practise upon thee. The First Folio's punctuation has given occasion to a very plausible conjecture, which, however, can only be regarded as ingenious, though it has been graced with the epithet 'palmarian' [in the *Church and State Rev.* 1 Ap. 1864. After giving Thomas White's emendation Wright continues:] The objections to this emendation appear to lie in the two phrases, 'at vast of night' and 'work exercise.' So far as can be ascertained 'vast of night' denotes an interval of time between certain limits, and not a definite point of time, and therefore would not be used with the preposition 'at.' We have of course the adverbial phrase 'at night,' but 'at vast of night' does not seem a natural expression. The same remark applies to 'work exercise.' With 'vast' in the sense of desolate, here applied to time as elsewhere to space, compare *Ham.* I, ii, 198.—INGLEBY (*Still Lion*, 1875, p. 120) strongly upholds White's emendation, and denies that *to work an exercise* is pleonastic; 'it means,' he says, 'to *perform a penal act*.' Prospero's phrase, 'therefore, means "that they may perform on thee all the penalties I have allotted them."' Subsequently, replying to R. H. LEGIS, who had said (*N. & Qu.* 5th S. vii, 283) that White's emendation is no improvement, but destructive, and that 'they

All exerciſe on thee: thou ſhalt be pinch'd
As thicke as hony-combe, each pinch more ſtinging
Then Bees that made 'em.
Cal. I muſt eat my dinner:
This Iſland's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,
Which thou tak'ſt from me: when thou cam'ſt firſt
Thou ſtroakſt me, & made much of me: wouldſt giue me
Water with berries in't: and teach me how
To name the bigger Light, and how the leſſe

388. *hony-combe*] *honey-combs* Pope+, Steev. Mal. Var.

389. *made*] *make* S. Verges (N. & Qu. II, vii, 337).
'em] *them* Cap. Steev. Mal. Var. Knt, Hal. Sing. Ktly.

392. *cam'ſt*] Ff, Wh. ii. *cam'st here* Ritson, Walker, Dyce ii, iii, Huds. *camest* Rowe et cet.

393. *ſtroakſt*] *stroak'dst* Rowe et seq.
made] *mad'st* Rowe et seq.

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may work all exercise on thee' is not good sense, Ingleby acknowledged that 'some corroboration is required for the peculiar use of "exercise," which indeed is employed by Shakespeare for penance undergone and not for punishment inflicted.' DELIUS is the only editor, I believe, who has adopted White's emendation.—SCHMIDT has followed it in his *Lexicon*, where he defines 'exercise' in this phrase as 'occupation in general, ordinary task, habitual activity,' definitions which look suspiciously like those devised for special occasions. Only three other examples are cited by him under this head, viz: *Wint. T.* I, ii, 166; *3 Hen. VI:* IV, vi, 85; *Per.* I, iv, 38; of these the first alone can be construed, I think, as at all appropriate. Prospero's phrase Schmidt here interprets as meaning 'all their wonted mischievous doing.' By universal English editorial consent White's very ingenious and very plausible emendation is condemned. To the peculiar use of 'vast' by Elizabethan writers WALKER (*Crit.* ii, 38) devotes a chapter.—ED.]

391, &c. JEPHSON: There is something pathetic in Caliban's complaint, and even sublime in the simplicity of his language. How fine is the expression, 'How to name the bigger light,' &c.; and were it not for Prospero's answer and Caliban's brutal exultation in his attempted crime, all our sympathies would be in his favour.

393. **stroakst . . . made**] Whether Shakespeare or the compositor is responsible for these imperfect words, the ear has been the guide in either case. The abhorrent harshness of 'strokedst me and madest much of me,' so far from suggesting a caress, justifies almost any literal alleviation. See also 'strongest suggestion,' IV, i, 30.—ED.

394. **berries**] W. A. WRIGHT: It would almost seem as if this were intended as a description of the yet little-known coffee. 'The Turkes,' says Burton (*Anat. of Melan.* Part ii, Sect. 5, Memb. 1, Subsec. 5), 'haue a drinke called *coffa* (for they use no wine), So named of a berry as blacke as soot, and as bitter (like that blacke drinke which was in vse amongst the *Lacedemonians*, and perhaps the same), which they sip still of, and sup as warme as they can suffer.' This passage occurs for the first time in the fourth edition of Burton, 1632, and it shows that the virtues of this drink were as yet only known in England by report. [See Strachey, Appendix, p. 314.]

395. WORDSWORTH (p. 54): There can be no doubt that the Mosaic record of the creation of the sun and moon gave occasion to these words of Caliban.

That burne by day, and night: and then I lou'd thee
And ſhew'd thee all the qualities o'th' Iſle,
The freſh Springs, Brine-pits; barren place and fertill,
Curs'd be I that did ſo: All the Charmes
Of *Sycorax*: Toades, Beetles, Batts light on you:
For I am all the Subjects that you haue,
Which firſt was min owne King: and here you ſty-me
In this hard Rocke, whiles you doe keepe from me
The reſt o'th' Iſland.

Pro. Thou moſt lying ſlaue,
Whom ſtripes may moue, not kindnes: I haue vs'd thee
(Filth as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee
In mine owne Cell, till thou didſt ſeeke to violate
The honor of my childe.

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho, would't had bene done:
Thou didſt preuent me, I had peopel'd elſe
This Iſle with *Calibans*.

Mira. Abhorred Slaue,

399. *Curs'd*] *Cursed* Steev. '93 et seq.
be I that] *be I that I* Ff, Rowe+ Cap.
402. *Which*] *Who* Pope+.
ſty-me] Ff.
406. *not*] *nor* F_2.
407. *lodg'd thee*] *lodg'd* F_4, Rowe, Pope, Theob. Warb.
410. *would't*] *I wou'd it* Pope+, Ktly. *'would it* Steev. Mal. Var. Knt, Coll. Hal. Sta.
413. Mira.] Ff, Rowe, Pope. Pros. Dry. Theob. et seq.

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398. **place**] Owing to the very common absorption of the plural *s* in words ending in the sound of *s*, the PHILA. SH. SOC. suggests that 'place' is here used for *places*.

402. **min**] Can this, possibly, be a mere phonetic spelling of *mine?*—ED.

410. **Oh ho, oh ho**] STEEVENS: This savage exclamation was originally and constantly appropriated, by the writers of our ancient Mysteries and Moralities, to the Devil; and has, in this instance, been transferred to his descendant, Caliban.—MALONE: So in the verses attributed to Shakespeare: 'O ho! quoth the devil, 'tis my John a Combe.' But Shakespeare was led to put this ejaculation in the mouth of the savage by the following passage: 'They [the savages] seemed all very civil and very merry, showing tokens of much thankfulness for those things we gave them, which they express in their language by these words—*oh, ho!* often repeated.'—*Rosier's Account of Captain Weymouth's Voyage*, Purchas, iv, 1661.—W. A. WRIGHT: It would have been well if Steevens had given a single instance in support of his positive assertion, which has not been confirmed by an examination of the old plays. Perhaps, also, Shakespeare may have been capable of putting so very common an exclamation into the mouth of Caliban without having it suggested to him in the way indicated by Steevens and Malone. The latter would hardly have maintained that *Oh ho!* in this passage is an ejaculation expressive of thankfulness.

[413. Abhorred Slaue,]

413. **Mira**] THEOBALD: I am persuaded the author never design'd this speech for Miranda. In the first place 'tis probable Prospero taught Caliban to speak, rather than left that office to his daughter. In the next place, as Prospero was here rating Caliban, it would be a great impropriety for her to take the discipline out of his hands; and, indeed, in some sort an indecency in her to reply to what Caliban was last speaking of. I can easily guess that the change was first deriv'd from the players, who, not loving that any character should stand too long silent on the stage, to obviate that inconvenience with regard to Miranda, clap'd this speech to her part. [Theobald also noted that Dryden had given this speech to Prospero.]—CAPELL: What [Theobald] says of the change's cause may be right,—that it sprang of players' not liking that a character of Miranda's importance should stand so long on the stage without a share of the dialogue.—PHILADELPHIA SH. SOC.: Rev. Dr KRAUTH urged that the distribution as it stands in F_1 be retained, because: 1st. That the strong language was such as would naturally spring from the inborn purity of a woman; and this, too, without attributing to Miranda any precocious knowledge of the extent of Caliban's offered insult. She knew that his intentions were of such vileness as to arouse the utmost wrath of her calm father, and to bring upon him the severest punishment. In her first allusion to Caliban she calls him a 'villain'; and the epithet 'ſlave' seems to have been her father's ordinary style of address to him. 2d. That if this speech be attributed to Prospero, a most charming picture of Miranda's youth will be lost, which needs but to be contemplated to be appreciated. 3d. The supposition that Miranda was the youthful instructress of Caliban receives a confirmation, suggested by Mr DICKSON, in Caliban's assertion, *post*, II, ii, 149, where, in reply to Stephano's announcement that he was the man in the moon, Caliban says: 'I have ſeen thee in her —My *miſtreſs* ſhowed me thee.' [With Dr Krauth the present editor then agreed, and has not since then seen reason to change his opinion.—ED.]—On the other hand, the DEAN, Judge SHARSWOOD, and Prof. ALLEN, maintained: that the speech is, —if not unfeminine,—utterly discrepant, in tone, from everything else Miranda says, while it is, in every respect, identical in character with the speeches of Prospero which precede and follow it. It is a continuation of the history of Caliban's education; and Prospero should be the one to continue it, for Caliban had begun it by saying that Prospero was his teacher. Prospero stood pressingly in need of Caliban's services from the moment of his landing on the island. He therefore *must* have begun to educate him,—and Caliban says he *did*,—when he first came. But at that time Miranda was 'not full out three years old'; so that,—while her father taught him 'how to name the bigger light and how the less,' *she* could hardly have been competent so early even to 'ſhow him the man i' the moon and his dog and his buſh,' far less to 'endow his purpoſes with words to make them known,' when *he* did not 'know his own meaning.' It may be added, too, that,—while such error in the names of the speakers is sufficiently accounted for by the known carelessness of the compositors of F_1,—the capitals M and P (in *Mira.* and *Pro.*) are so much alike, in the hand-writing of the time, that they might easily be mistaken the one for the other.—STAUNTON (*Athenæum*, 16 Nov. 1872): A careful examination of this speech and its surroundings convinces me that it is Miranda's. It lacks much of the delicacy and gentleness which pervade her language in other scenes, yet not more than is natural, considering the crime her father had just laid to Caliban's charge. Moreover, if it sounds harsh for her, it is infinitely too mild for Prospero when compared with his previous and subsequent language to this 'poisonous slave.' [Staunton's final reason is the same

Which any print of goodneſſe wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill: I pittied thee,
Took pains to make thee ſpeak, taught thee each houre
One thing or other: when thou didſt not (Sauage)
Know thine owne meaning; but wouldſt gabble, like
A thing moſt brutiſh, I endow'd thy purpoſes
With words that made them knowne: But thy vild race
(Tho thou didſt learn) had that in't, which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore waſt thou
Deſeruedly confin'd into this Rocke, who hadſt

414. *Which*] *Who* Dry. Pope, Han.
wilt] *will* Ff, Rowe, Pope, Han. Johns. Steev. Mal. Var. Knt, Coll. Sing. Ktly, Sta. Clke.
417, 418. *didſt ... Know ... wouldſt*] *couldst ... Shew ... didst* Han. *couldst ... Shew ... wouldst* Warb. Cap.
418. *meaning; but*] Ff. *meaning, but* Pope.
420. *vild*] *wild* Wilson.
423, 424. *who...priſon*] Om. Pope, Han. Separate line, Theob. et seq.

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as that put forth by Theobald and Capell, that without this speech Miranda would have been too much of a 'dummy in the scene.'—ED.]

415. **capable**] STAUNTON: Here, as in many other places, 'capable' signifies *impressible, susceptible.*

418. **Know**] WARBURTON argues speciously for his emendation *shew.* 'Sure a brute,' he says, 'to which Caliban is compared, doth know its own meaning, that is, knows what it would be at. This, indeed, it cannot do, it cannot *shew* its meaning to others. Besides, Prospero expressly says that Caliban had 'purposes'; which, in other words, is that he did 'know his own meaning.'—HEATH (p. 11): When Prospero first met with Caliban, the latter would gabble out certain uncouth noises like the jabbering of an ape, destitute of any determinate meaning; and though he had, indeed, purposes, yet he had never adapted any of these noises to a particular expression of them, nor, perhaps, could signify them twice successively by the same precise sound. So that, though he had purposes, and knew the purposes he had, yet it may very properly and truly be said that he did not know his own meaning; that is, the meaning of that gabble he was perpetually uttering without any certain design or determinate signification.—CAPELL (60*a*): The whole animal world, each individual of it, cannot but have *knowledge* of what itself *purposes;* and to a large part of it is given means of expressing these purposes, by look, action, or sound; Caliban, as a brute, had his purposes, and some means of expressing them; but short of what his human part might have, and of what it had at this time through Prospero's teaching. —W. A. WRIGHT: The text as it stands signifies 'know how to attach meaning to the sounds thou didst utter.'

420. **race**] STEEVENS: That is, original disposition, inborn qualities.—STAUNTON: That is, *nature, essence.*

421. (**Tho thou didst learn**)] A skillful touch. Caliban's rhythmical language and, at times, poetic imagery prove that he had been an apt pupil, and that he did indeed learn.—ED.

423, 424. **Deseruedly . . . Deseru'd**] This repetition of almost the same word

Deſeru'd more then a priſon.
Cal. You taught me Language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curſe: the red-plague rid you
For learning me your language.
Pro∫. Hag-ſeed, hence:
Fetch vs in Fewell, and be quicke thou'rt beſt
To anſwer other buſineſſe: ſhrug'ſt thou (Malice)
If thou neglectſt, or doſt vnwillingly
What I command, Ile racke thee with old Crampes,

424. *Deſeru'd*] *deserv'd death* Nicholson (N. & Qu. III, ix, 28).

429. *quicke thou'rt beſt*] F_2F_3. *quick, thou art beſt* F_4. *quick, thou wer't best* Rowe. *quick* (*thou 'wert best*) Pope+ (*thou wert'* Warb.). *quick, thou 'ert best* (corrected to *thou wert* in Errata), Cap. Steev. Mal. Var. Knt, Hal. *quick, thou'rt best*, Coll. et cet.

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attracted Walker's attention. (The nine syllable line which Theobald, followed by all modern editors, made by transferring 'who hadst' of line 423 to the beginning of line 424, Walker says is 'an alien to Shakespeare.') 'It is possible,' he says (*Crit.* i, 287), 'he may have written "*Justly* confin'd into this rock who hadst Deserv'd more than a prison," or the like. But, strange as it seems, I cannot help suspecting that "deservedly" has been foisted into the text: "therefore wast thou Confin'd into this rock, who hadst deserv'd More than a prison." Note the difference in the flow.'

423. **confin'd into**] See line 322, above.

424. See line 65, above.

426. **red-plague**] GREY (i, 13) suggests that this might refer to the *red crosses* set upon the doors of houses infected with the pestilence in Shakespeare's time; in 'preceding plagues they sometimes made use of black crosses.'—STEEVENS says roundly, without offering any authority, that the 'erysipelas was anciently called the "red-plague."'—Dr KRAUTH (*Phila. Sh. Soc.*) believed that the 'red-plague' is leprosy from the descriptions in *Levit.* xiii. See also *Coriol.* IV, i, 3; *Tro. & Cress.* II, i, 20.—HALLIWELL: In the *General Practise of Physicke*, 1605, p. 675, three different kinds of plague sore are mentioned: 'sometimes it is red, otherwhiles yellow, and sometimes blacke, which is the very worst and most venimous.' . . . . An early MS medical commonplace-book, in my possession, says, 'the plague and pestilence, or *red plage*, doth moste abounde from Midsomer to Autume,' &c. The same volume prescribes blood-letting every twenty-four hours for this disease, which Steevens erroneously supposed was the erysipelas.

426. **rid**] MALONE: That is, destroy.

427. **learning**] The use of this word in the sense of *teaching* is still far from uncommon in this country.—W. A. WRIGHT refers to the Prayer-Book Version of *Psalm* xxv, 4: 'Lead me forth in thy truth and learn me.'—See ABBOTT, § 291.

429. **thou'rt best**] For this perverted phrase, see ABBOTT, § 230. Observe in the Textual Notes the embarrassment which the apostrophe caused the early editors.

432. **old**] ABBOTT refers to the Porter's 'old turning of the key' in *Macb.* II, iii, 2. But I doubt if the two are parallel; 'old turning,' 'old swearing,' 'old coil,' and the like, whereof Schmidt will give examples, have an air of jocularity which cannot

Fill all thy bones with Aches, make thee rore, 433
That beaſts ſhall tremble at thy dyn.
Cal. No, 'pray thee. 435
I muſt obey, his Art is of ſuch pow'r,
It would controll my Dams god *Setebos*, 437

434. *That*] *The* Rowe i. 436–438. [Aside. Cap. et seq.

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possibly lie in Prospero's speech. 'Old cramps' refer, I think, to the cramps which Caliban had aforetime, and of whose power he had experience.—ED.

433. **Aches**] J. P. KEMBLE (Boaden's *Life*, ii, 520): If the old use and pronunciation of the word *aches* can be decided by authority, I should think Baret, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, conclusive on the question: 'The Ache or payne of body or minde To haue ache, payne, or grief: to be sory. Vide *Ake*.' And under *Ake*, to which the reader is referred, 'Ake is the Verbe of this substantiue Ach, *ch* being turned into *k*.' So that it appears that anciently the monosyllabic and dissyllabic pronunciation distinguished the verb and the substantive.—BOSWELL: That *ache* was pronounced in the same way as the letter *h* is placed beyond a doubt by *Much Ado*, III, iv, 56, where a joke is founded upon it. Taylor, the water-poet, at a much later period, in his *The World runs on Wheels*, has: 'Every cart-horse doth know the letter G very understandingly; and H hath he in his bones.' Swift has the same pronunciation in his *City Shower*: 'Old aches throb, your hollow tooth will rage.'—DYCE: Here is an instance from Blackmore: 'Cripples, with aches and with age opprest, Crawl on their crutches to the grave for rest.'—*Eliza*, 1705, ix, p. 249.—STAUNTON is entirely correct when he says that the distinction between the substantive and the verb, the one *ache* and the other *ake*, is invariably marked in the Folio. That the substantive *ache* was pronounced soft is clear enough from Baret's *Alvearie*, from Beatrice, in *Much Ado*, from Taylor, the water-poet, and, finally, W. A. WRIGHT gives in full the excellent epigram from Heywood, merely referred to by Boswell: 'Of the letter H' (p. 111, *Spenser Soc. Reprint*), 'H is worst among letters in the crosse row, For if thou finde him other in thine elbow, In thine arme, or leg, in any degree, In thine head, or teeth, in thy toe or knee, Into what place soever H may pike him, Where euer you find ache, thou shalt not like him.' See 'My old bones akes,' III, iii, 5.—WALKER (*Vers.* 117) queries whether it were not pronounced *atch*, and quotes the rhyme of 'match' with 'ach,' from Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*, viii; and 'atch' from Harrington; and the rhyme of 'catches' and 'aches' from *Hudibras*. 'Compare,' adds Walker, '*bake* and *batch*, &c. Yet would Butler have scrupled to rhyme *atch* with *aitch*? Was the word pronounced both ways?'

437. **Setebos**] FARMER: Perhaps Shakespeare had read Eden's *History of Travayle*, 1577, p. 134. [The passage here referred to, and of which Farmer gives only a few lines, is to be found in the account of Magellan's voyage, on which he started in August, 1519. When in 'the 49 degree and a halfe vnder the pole Antartyke they espyed' a giant, 'so bygge, that the heade of one of owr men of a meane stature, came but to his waste,' he had 'a large heade and great eares lyke vnto a mule, with the body of a camel, and tayle of a horse. The feete of the giant were foulded in the skynne after the manner of shoos. Vppon his cheekes were paynted two hartes, and redde circles abowt his eyes. The heare of his headde was coloured whyte.' After reading this description, and learning that when a looking-glass was shown him he started

And make a vaſſaile of him.
Pro. So ſlaue, hence. *Exit Cal.*
Enter Ferdinand & Ariel, inuiſible playing & ſinging.
Ariel Song. *Come vnto theſe yellow ſands,*
and then take hands:
Curtſied when you haue, and kiſt
the wilde waues whiſt:

439. Exit Cal.] Om. F_3F_4.
440. Scene V. Pope+.
[Musick. Re-enter Ariel, invisible, Ferd. following. Cap.
441, 460. Ariel *Song*] Ariel's *Song* F_3F_4.
444. In parenthesis, Warb. Cap. Steev. Mal. Var. Between commas or dashes: Hal. Sing. Wh. i, Dyce, Ktly, Jeph. Sta. Clke, Hunter.

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back in such affright that he 'ouerthrewe two that stoode nearest about hym,' can we wonder that he has survived in the Geographies of our infant days as the typical Patagonian? Two of these giants the 'Capitayne Magellan tooke by deceyte by loading them with presents and then causing shackels of iren to be put on theyr legges, makynge signes that he wold also giue them those chaynes; but they begunne to doubte, and when at last they sawe how they were deceaued they rored lyke bulles and cryed vppon theyr greate deuyll *Setebos* to helpe them.' One of these two giants remained with Magellan for several months. 'On a tyme, as one made a crosse before him and kyssed it, shewynge it vnto hym, he suddeynely cryed out *Setebos*, and declared by signes that if they made any more crosses, *Setebos* wold enter into his body and make him brust.'—*A briefe Declaration of the Vyage or Navigation made abowte the Worlde . . . . by* Antonie Pygafetta, ... *in the which* Ferdinando Magalianes, *a Portugale* (*whom sum caule* Magellanus), *was generall Capitayne of the nauie*, 1526. Arber's Reprint, p. 252. It is, perhaps, noteworthy that just before this account (which is greatly abridged) of these Patagonian giants, there were two separate occasions on which 'the fyers cauled saynte Helen, saynte Nicholas, and saynt Clare appered vppon the mast and cabels of the shyppes.'—ED.]

440. **inuisible**] STEEVENS: In the wardrobe of the Lord Admiral's men, 1598, was 'a robe for to goo invisibell.' [Henslowe's *Diary*, Sh. Soc. Reprint, p. 277.]

441, &c. E. W. GOSSE (*Athenæum*, 4 Dec. 1874) compares with this song Hero's first speech to Leander (Marlowe's *Works*, iii, p. 19, ed. Dyce), 'where she is letting him know how he can find her tower, and describes it as standing "where all is *whist* and still, Save that the sea playing on *yellow sand*, Sends forth a rattling murmur to the land." It appears to me,' continues Gosse, 'beyond all question (and I may be allowed to add that Mr Swinburne, who of all men living ought to understand best the relations between Shakespeare and Marlowe, entirely concurs with me) that an echo of the dead shepherd's words, written when Shakespeare himself, though so nearly of the same age as Marlowe, was still quite incapable of forming lines of such magical music, was ringing in the ears of the younger poet when he wrote the song in *The Tempest*, and if so it is not wholly unimportant as giving another minute clue to the feeling the greatest of writers had for the wonderful creature, who, had he lived, might have grown into a greater poet still than Shakespeare.' [As great, perhaps, in some respects, but where in Marlowe, among lesser traits, is the promise of the infinite wit that can set the whole world on a roar?—ED.]

443. **kist**] STEEVENS: As was anciently done at the beginning of some dances;

[443, 444. **kist the wilde waues whist:**]

so in *Hen. VIII:* I, iv, 95: 'I were unmannerly to take you out, And not to kiss you.'

444. **the wilde waues whist**] STEEVENS: That is, the wild waves being *silent.* So in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, b. vii, c. 7 [line 533]: 'So was the Titaness put downe, and whist.' And Milton seems to have had our author in his eye. See stanza 5 of his *Hymn on the Nativity:* 'The winds with wonder whist, Smoothly the waters kiss'd.' So, again, both Lord Surrey and Phaer, in their translations of the second book of Virgil: 'Conticuere omnes, They whisted all'; and Lily, in his *Maid's Metamorphosis*, 1600: 'But everything is quiet, whist, and still.'—KNIGHT'S indignation is stirred by the treating of this line as a parenthesis by Warburton, although it is Steevens whom Knight supposes to be the culprit. 'This is,' he says, 'one of the many instances of a poetical idea being utterly destroyed by false punctuation. If Steevens is right, and the wild waves are silent, then, of course, the spirits have courtesied (paid courtesies to) themselves, and kissed themselves. But look at the exquisite beauty of the invocation, as written by the poet: When you have courtesied to the wild waves, and kissed them into silence.'—STAUNTON is ready to accept both punctuations; if an allusion to the old ceremony of curtsying and kissing is intended, then the parenthesis is right; but the punctuation of the Folio, however, affords 'an intelligible and poetic meaning.'—HALLIWELL doubts if Knight's interpretation be correct, 'the ear requiring a pause' after 'kiss'd.' 'The allusion,' he adds, 'is to the ancient custom of kissing at dances, which occasioned the indignant censure of Stubbes, who amusingly calls it, 'clipping, culling, kissing and bussing, smouching and slabbering one of another.'—DYCE, too, believes Steevens is right in his parenthesis (and, what is a little remarkable in that vacillating editor, retains the same opinion throughout his three editions); 'the poet had an eye,' he thinks, 'to the ceremonies which were formerly observed at the commencement of certain dances.'—JOURDAIN (p. 138) denies that 'whist' means *silent.* 'Why should the waves be silent?' he asks, 'Surely they are wanted to pipe; and with the secondary Anglosaxon verb *hwistlian*, to pipe, fife, before us, I submit that *whist* is the base of *whistle*, and that the poet best explains his own meaning in "To dance our ringlets to the *whist*-ling wind, ... Therefore the winds, *piping to us in vain*," &c.—*Mid. N. D.* II, i. The "wild waves" were required to keep time as the music.' A similar view was taken twenty-five years later, in 1885, by C. A. WARD (*N. & Qu.* 6th S. xii, 104), to whom the passage seems to mean that the 'sad sea waves will *whist-le* their low dirge as you "foot it,"' &c. This note of Ward is unintelligible to me; he plumply denies the existence of Steevens's remark, and yet refers to Milton's *Hymn*, which Steevens cites.—JEPHSON also virtually accepts the parenthesis, and pronounces the line a nominative absolute, a parenthetic member of the sentence, not depending on any other. 'A form of the word is still used by the vulgar in Ireland, who say "whist," meaning *be silent.* Whist, the game at cards, is said to be so called because those who play it must be hushed or silent.'—BR. NICHOLSON (*N. & Qu.* 3d S. ix, 27, 1866) would punctuate so as 'to indicate that, as was the custom, they were to take hands when or after that they had curtsied and kissed, and the next line I would make a separate invocation, thus: "Come unto these yellow sands; And then take hands, Curt'sied when you have, and kissed:— *Ye* wild waves whist!—Foot it featly,"' &c. See line 446 for Nicholson's arrangement of the rest of the song.—CAMBRIDGE EDITORS: This punctuation [i. e. the Folio's, except in the omission of the comma after 'have'] seems to be supported by what Ferdinand says in lines 455, 456, &c.

Foote it featly heere, and there, and ſweete Sprights beare the burthen. Burthen diſperſedly. 445

445, 446. beare the burthen] the burthen beare Dryden, Pope et seq.

446. diſperſedly] dispersedly within. Dyce.

[To this note W. A. WRIGHT, in the Clarendon Edition, adds:] But if we take 'kiss'd' to refer to the fairies, who, before beginning their dance, courtsy to and kiss their partners, the words, 'the wild waves whist,' must be read parenthetically, 'the wild waves being silent,' and as it is Ariel's music that stills the waves and not the fairies, this seems to be the better reading.—ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.*): Perhaps the Folio can be better sustained by conceiving the action thus: the nymphs are formed on the sands for a dance; the waves are converted by the poet's imagination into a crowd of spectators, restless and noisy until the spectacle shall begin; when the nymphs indicate, by taking hands, courtesying to, and kissing, partners, that they *are* beginning, the waves are hushed by the signal into silent attention; and thus the nymphs do, *in effect*, 'kiſs the wild waves whiſt,' although they *actually* kiss, not the *waves*, but each other. [Allen's interpretation is to me the best.—ED.]

445. **Foote it featly**] DYCE (*Few Notes*, p. 11): This expression, which is now so familiar to us from Ariel's song, was certainly an unusual one in the days of Shakespeare, who probably caught it from a line in Lodge's *Glaucus and Scilla*, 1589: 'Footing it featlie on the grassie ground.'—Sig. A2.

445, &c. Capell's arrangement has been generally adopted from his day to the present; in the few cases in which it has been discarded it was probably not understood. The whole song is Ariel's, interrupted only by the burthen, which is simply the barking of dogs behind the traverses. Capell prints thus:

foot it featly here and there;
and, sweet sprites the burthen bear.
Hark, hark!
bur. Bowgh, wowgh [*dispersedly.*
the watch-dogs bark:
bur. Bowgh, wowgh [*dispersedly.*
Hark, hark! I hear
the strain of strutting chanticlere
cry, Cock-a-doodle-do.

Capell hereupon comments: 'There is direction [in F_1] for a "burthen" or chorus, but no words for it; it came in therefore at the words: "Hark, hark!" and consisted of a musick that seem'd to come from all parts of the stage (for that is meant by the word "dispersedly"), imitative of the barking of dogs; and this burthen which comes twice over is follow'd by another at the second "Hark, hark!" the nature of which Ariel tells you; and, in both, catches the first notes that usher them in, and accompanies them with his voice; as, in the next song, he does manifestly another wild air that makes the burthen of that: Both were favourites, seemingly, of the times they were made for: for with the latter song's burthen, they had been treated afore [see *Mer. of Ven.* III, ii, 77]; and of the first's second burthen, the editor has seen a trace in some musick belonging to that age.'—BR. NICHOLSON continues the note of which a portion was given at line 444: 'Ariel distinctly calls upon the sweet

Harke, harke, bowgh wawgh: the watch-Dogges barke, bowgh-wawgh. 447

Ar. *Hark, hark, I heare, the ſtraine of ſtrutting Chanticlere cry cockadidle-dowe.* 450

Fer. Where ſhold this Muſick be? I'th aire, or th'earth?
It ſounds no more: and ſure it waytes vpon 452

447, 448. bowgh wawgh] In separate lines, as the burthen, Cap. Steev. Mal. Var. Coll. Hal. Sing. Dyce, Ktly, Sta. Clke, Wrt.

450. cry] A stage direction. Daniel, Perring.

450. cockadidle-dowe] Cock a doodle do Dryden.

451. *I'th aire, or th'earth?*] *in air, or earth?* Pope, Han. *i'th air, or earth* Theob. Warb. Johns.

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sprites to bear the burden, and "Bow, wow" is not sweet, nor a likely mode of response from sea-nymphs. Hence I would add [as follows:]

"[*Spirits dispersedly.*] Hark, hark!
[*Within.*] Bow, wow.
[*Spirits.*] The watch-dogs bark.
[*Within.*] Bow, wow."

'Further still, as there was then, as now, a growing tendency to increased stage decoration, machinery, and shows, I think that there was intended to be an actual dance of sea-nymphs around about the disconsolate Ferdinand; just as there was a dance of fairies around Herne's Oak and Sir John, or of witches around the cauldron in *Macbeth*. The "Hark, hark!" is by them, and in this view the "*dispersedly*" indicates their breaking off suddenly from the circling dance and unjoining hands at the alarm of the watch-dogs, just as they finally disperse at the cock-crow.'—DANIEL (p. 10) suggests that 'the burthen heard "dispersedly" is the barking of dogs and the crowing of cocks,' and that therefore 'cry' is not a part of Ariel's song, but is a stage-direction. This suggestion HUDSON adopted in his text.

451, &c. STRACHEY (*Quarterly Rev.* July, 1890, p. 119): Here, following our method of interpretation [which is, that these elves and spirits represent the natural, elemental powers and charms of the island], we should say that Ferdinand falls into a reverie, which is so heightened by the soft sunny scene and climate around him, that while he gazes idly and pensively on the waters, and the yellow sands, and the green fields, he feels as though all nature were instinct with life; he watches the ebbing and flowing tide till those countless ripples seem to be the footsteps of fairies who dance, and kiss into gentleness the waves of late so wild; he looks on the landscape till he hears, or seems to hear, the barking of dogs and crowing of cocks, telling him that the homes of men are not far distant, and that after all he may not be so utterly, hopelessly alone and cast away as he had seemed just now; and then, when these brighter fancies are driven back by the sudden recurrence of the sad thought that his father is drowned, even this grief becomes imaginative under the influence of the place. His father has not perished, but suffered a rich and strange transformation below the waters, while sea-nymphs ring his knell in each rolling wave, to which he listens till it seems to him again that 'this is no mortal business.'

Some God 'oth'Iland, ſitting on a banke,
Weeping againe the King my Fathers wracke.
This Muſicke crept by me vpon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my paſſion
With it's ſweet ayre: thence I haue follow'd it
(Or it hath drawne me rather) but 'tis gone.
No, it begins againe.

453. *'oth'*] *of the* Steev.
Iland, ſitting] Ff. *Island. Sitting* Pope et seq.
454. *Weeping ... wracke.*] *weeping against the Duke; my Father's wrack'd.* Dry.
454. *againe*] *against* Rowe i, Pope, Theob. Han. Warb. Cap.
wracke.] Ff. *wreck*, Rowe ii et seq.

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454. **againe**] MALONE: In the books of Shakespeare's age 'again' is sometimes printed instead of *against* [i. e. opposite to], which, I am persuaded, was our author's word. The placing Ferdinand in such a situation that he could still gaze upon the wrecked vessel is one of Shakespeare's touches of nature. 'Again,' in its ordinary sense, is inadmissible; for this would import that Ferdinand's tears had ceased for a time; whereas he himself tells us, afterwards, that from the hour of his father's wreck they had *never* ceased to flow; see line 506, *post.*—STEEVENS: By the word 'again' I suppose the Prince means only to describe the repetition of his sorrows. Besides, it appears, from Miranda's description of the storm, that the ship had been *swallowed* by the waves, and, consequently, could no longer be an object of sight.—MALONE: Miranda supposed that this was the case, but we learn from Ariel that this was not so. See line 264, above.—PHILA. SH. SOC. (in support of 'againe'): Ariel brings Ferdinand to land 'by himself.' The 'fever of the mad' left him; and—no longer seeing the ship (which was already hidden 'in the deep nook')—he believed his father to have perished, and gave way to a burst of grief for his loss. Then some impulse of hope against hope, or some secret agency of Ariel's, aroused him, and he wandered, in search of his father. During his exertions, and while he still felt some ray of hope, his grief would be less passionate. But when—after reaching 'an odd angle of the isle'—he had relapsed into despair, he then sat down upon a bank, and, giving way to a fresh burst of grief, wept *again* the king his father's wreck. It was at this point that Ariel—in pursuance of the whispered instructions of Prospero—caused the faery music to creep over the waves of the sea, opposite to the seat of Ferdinand, and—having aroused him—led him, by the same influence, to move along the shore, parallel with the sweet air, until he had reached the cave and the presence of Miranda.—ABBOTT, § 27: 'Again' is used for *again and again*, i. e. repeatedly, and hence intensively almost like *amain*.

455. **crept**] The THIRD CAMBRIDGE EDITION (1891) notes *creept* as the reading of F_2. It is not so in my copy. These variations in copies of the same edition should be carefully noted. They help to emancipate us from the delusion that in the Folio we have the text as Shakespeare wrote it. It is well to be constantly reminded that between us and Shakespeare there is a barrier of compositors, and to cling too tenaciously to the printed text, or to set up our rest on collation, is to fall into the 'modern Manicheeism, the worship of the Printer's devil.'—ED.

457. **it's**] See line 113 of this Scene.

Ariell Song.

Full fadom fiue thy Father lies,
Of his bones are Corrall made:
Thoſe are pearles that were his eies,
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth ſuffer a Sea-change
Into ſomething rich, & ſtrange:
Sea-Nimphs hourly ring his knell.
Burthen: ding dong.
Harke now I heare them, ding-dong bell.

460. fadom] fathom Dry.
461. are] is Dry.
Corrall] corals Ktly.
467, 468. Transposed, Pope+, Cap. Steev. Mal.

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460. **fadom**] W. A. WRIGHT: In this spelling the Folios are not uniform, for in *As You Like It*, IV, i, 210, the First Folio reads, 'that thou didst know how many fathome deepe I am in love.' Nor is Shakespeare consistent in using the singular and plural forms of the word, for we find both used for the plural. Compare *Rom. & Jul.* I, iv, 85, 'Of healths five fathom deep'; and *Tro. & Cress.* I, i, 50, 'Reply not in how many fathoms deep They lie indrench'd.'

460, &c. On p. 202 (ed. Bohn) of his *Dramatic Poets* LAMB gives the funeral dirge for Marcello from Webster's *White Devil* (p. 146, ed. Dyce), which Cornelia, the mother, sings:

'Call for the robin-red-breast, and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
To rear him hillocks, that shall keep him warm,
And (when gay tombs are robb'd) sustain no harm;
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.'

'I never saw,' says Lamb, 'anything like this Dirge, except the Ditty that reminds Ferdinand of his drowned father in *The Tempest*. As that is of the water, watery; so this is of the earth, earthy. Both have that intenseness of feeling, which seems to resolve itself into the elements which it contemplates.'

463, 464. STEEVENS: The meaning is, everything about him that is liable to alteration is changed.—PHILLPOTTS: Compare this with the fine passage in *Rich. III:* I, iv, 26, describing the bottom of the sea, with its 'Heaps of pearl, Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels, All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea. Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes Where eyes did once inhabit there were crept, As 't were in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,' &c.; and notice the happy way in which the tragedy *contrasts* the relics of mortality with the lost treasure, while the lighter drama *fuses* them into all that is most lovely and pure in nature.

467. **Burthen: ding dong**] In Wilson's *Cheerfull Ayres or Ballads*, 1660, these words are omitted, but at the end there follows: 'Ding Dong, Ding Dong, Bell.'—ED.

Fer. The Ditty do's remember my drown'd father,
This is no mortall buſines, nor no ſound
That the earth owes: I heare it now aboue me.
Pro. The fringed Curtaines of thine eye aduance,
And ſay what thou ſee'ſt yond.

471. *owes*] *owns* Pope+. 472. Scene VI. Pope+.

469. **Ditty**] W. A. WRIGHT: Properly the words of a song. Compare Bacon, *Essay* xxxvii, p. 156 (ed. Wright), 'And the *Ditty* High and Tragicall; Not nice or Dainty'; and *Ecclesiasticus* xliv, 5, 'Such as found out musical tunes, and recited verses in writing'; where the marginal note on the word 'verses' (ἔπη) is 'ditties.' See also Massinger, *The Guardian*, iv, 2, 'A well-penn'd ditty.'

469. **remember**] PHILA. SH. SOC.: That is, *commemorate*. Cf. 'Do this in remembrance of me.'

471. **owes**] KRAUTH (*Phila. Sh. Soc.* p. 20): It is somewhat remarkable that in the verse 'So shall the Jews at Jerusalem bind the man that *owneth* this girdle,' *Acts* xxi, 11, in Tyndale, of 1526, it reads 'owneth,' but in the latest Tyndale, of 1534, it is '*oweth*,' and so in Cranmer, Genevan, Bishops, and in the first and all the early editions of the Authorised Version; and it is so given in all the original editions of Cruden's *Concordance*. In the verse 'he that *owneth* the house shall come and tell the priest,' *Levit.* xiv, 35, Tyndale, 1530, reads '*oweth*,' as also Cranmer, Genevan, Bishops, and Authorised Version, but Coverdale, 1535, '*owneth*.' The change was probably made in Blayney's ed., 1769, the Standard Edition.

472. Of this line CAPELL says, that it 'has not it's parallel anywhere for stiffness and quaintness.'—STEEVENS: Compare *Per.* III, ii, 99: 'Her eyelids .... Begin to part their fringes of bright gold.'—DICKSON (*Phila. Sh. Soc.*) cited, to show that Shakespeare expressed the direction of the eye towards a distant object by the word 'advance,' or its equivalent, *Hen. V:* V, Chorus: 'your eyes advance .... straight back again to France'; *Rom. & Jul.* II, iii, 5: 'ere the sun advance his burning eye'; *All's Well*, II, iii, 58: 'Fair maid, send forth thine eye'; in the present play, IV, i, 201: 'Advanced their eyelids.'—COLERIDGE (*Seven Lectures*, p. 124): Prospero has just told Miranda a wonderful story, which deeply affected her, and filled her with surprise and astonishment, and for his own purposes he afterwards lulls her to sleep. When she awakes Shakespeare has made her wholly inattentive to the present, but wrapped up in the past. An actress who understands the character of Miranda would have her eyes cast down and her eyelids almost covering them, while she was, as it were, living in her dream. At this moment Prospero sees Ferdinand, and wishes to point him out to his daughter, not only with great, but with scenic solemnity, he standing before her, and before the spectator, in the dignified character of a great magician. Something was to appear to Miranda on the sudden and as unexpectedly as if the hero of a drama were to be on the stage at the instant when the curtain is elevated. It is under such circumstances that Prospero says, in a tone calculated at once to arouse his daughter's attention, 'The fringed curtains,' &c. Turning from the sight of Ferdinand to his thoughtful daughter, his attention was first struck by the downcast appearance of her eyes and eyelids: and in my humble opinion the solemnity of the phraseology assigned to Prospero is completely in character, recollecting his preternatural capacity, in which the most familiar objects in nature present themselves in a mysterious point of view.

Mira. What is't a Spirit?
Lord, how it lookes about: Beleeue me ſir,
It carries a braue forme. But 'tis a ſpirit.
Pro. No wench, it eats, and ſleeps, & hath ſuch ſenſes
As we haue: ſuch. This Gallant which thou ſeeſt
Was in the wracke: and but hee's ſomething ſtain'd
With greefe (that's beauties canker) ỹ might'ſt call him
A goodly perſon: he hath loſt his fellowes,
And ſtrayes about to finde 'em.
Mir. I might call him
A thing diuine, for nothing naturall
I euer ſaw ſo Noble.
Pro. It goes on I ſee
As my ſoule prompts it: Spirit, fine ſpirit, Ile free thee
Within two dayes for this.
Fer. Moſt ſure the Goddeſſe
On whom theſe ayres attend: Vouchſafe my pray'r
May know if you remaine vpon this Iſland,
And that you will ſome good inſtruction giue
How I may beare me heere: my prime requeſt
(Which I do laſt pronounce) is (O you wonder)
If you be Mayd, or no?

474. *What is't*] *What! is't* Daniel.
is't a] Ff. *is't, a* Rowe+. *is't? a* Cap. et seq.
482. *'em*] *them* Cap. Steev. Mal. Knt, Hal. Sing.
486. [Aside. Pope.
It goes on] *It goes* Cap.
486. *I ſee*] Om. Steev.'93.
487. *fine ſpirit*] Om. Han.
490. [Kneeling. Coll. ii (MS).
495. *Mayd*] *Maid* F_3. *made* F_4, Rowe, Pope, Theob. Han. Warb. Mal. Steev.'93, Var.

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479. **but**] For this use of 'but,' meaning *except*, see ABBOTT, § 120.

489. FARMER (p. 43): It seems that Shakespeare, in *The Tempest*, hath been suspected of translating some expressions of Virgil; witness the *O Dea certe*. [Presumably, Farmer is here answering a genuine criticism; but I have been unable to find, earlier than Farmer himself, any such claim for Shakespeare here, as that which the learned Fellow of Emmanuel here proceeds to deride, and, as he thinks, to demolish, by showing that Stanyhurst, in his *Vergil*, 1583, translates *O Dea certe* by 'No doubt, a goddesse.' Farmer is usually a pattern of exactness, but it does look here as though he were pommelling a foe of his own creation.—ED.]

492. **that**] See ABBOTT, § 285, for other examples of the omission of 'that' at the beginning of a sentence, and then inserting it to connect a more distant clause with the conjunction on which the clause depends.

495. **Mayd**] With but two or three exceptions the perversion of F_4, *made*, held a place in all editions, down to Singer's first edition in 1826; since then every editor,

Mir. No wonder Sir, 496
But certainly a Mayd.

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without exception, I believe, has followed the First Folio, whose reading is so clearly right that it would be scarcely worth while to give much space to the comments thereon, were it not that one of the objects of this edition is to give, to a certain extent, the history of Shakespearian criticism.—WARBURTON, accepting *made* in Ferdinand's speech, conceived that Miranda, an utter stranger to the flattery invented by vicious and designing men, 'prettily' illustrated the 'singularity of her character by the pleasant mistake' of her answer. 'It could not enter into her imagination that any one should be willing to have his fellow-creature believe that he thought her a goddess, or an immortal.'—JOHNSON (one of the exceptions, who read 'maid') thinks that Warburton 'has here found a beauty' which Shakespeare 'never intended. Ferdinand asks her not whether she was a *created being*, a question which, if he meant it, he has ill expressed, but whether she was unmarried; for after the dialogue which Prospero's interruption produces, he goes on pursuing his former question: "O, if a virgin, I'll make you Queen of Naples."'—FARMER upholds Warburton, and cites a passage from Fletcher's *Sea Voyage* (a drama closely imitating *The Tempest*), where Albert addresses the ladies in *his* desert island as 'goddesses'; and also a passage from *The Faerie Queene*, Bk III, Canto v, St. 35, where Timias asks Belphœbe, 'Angell or Goddesse, doe I call thee right?' &c. The wonder is that Farmer was so moderate in the number of his citations.—T. WARTON supplemented Farmer's quotations by citing Milton's *Comus*, 265: 'an imitation which explains Shakespeare.' —MALONE, also an advocate of F_4, cited Dryden's Version; Lodge's description of Fawnia, the Perdita of *Winter's Tale;* and urges, as adding strength to his position, that there is no article prefixed to *maid*.—STEEVENS also followed his friend, Dr Farmer, deserting for once his associate-editor, of whose association he had boasted that his own was the only name that had ever appeared on the same title-page with Dr Johnson's, and, furthermore, despite the common-sense, epigrammatic decision in favour of 'maid' by MONCK MASON (*Comments on Beau. & Fl.* p. 5), to the effect that 'readers are to determine whether they will adopt a natural and simple expression which requires no comment, or one which the ingenuity of many commentators has but imperfectly supported.'—HOLT (p. 34) and CAPELL (61*a*) both uphold the First Folio. The former says: 'sure the knowledge whether she was single was very material and very natural. Ferdinand felt a growing passion, and was willing to be satisfied as soon as possible whether that grand obstacle of her being already engag'd stood in his way.' Capell says of the word 'maid,' 'the user of it imagining just at that time that he's addressing a goddess; which mistake he comes out of towards his speech's end, as his question demonstrates.' With the Variorum of '21 the discussion closes, except a faint echo, where COLLIER, in his first edition, says (he omitted the remark in his later editions) that 'Miranda's answer is to be taken in the same sense as Ferdinand's question,' where 'maid' is used in its general sense; and DYCE (*Few Notes*, p. 11) thereupon observes with emphasis, 'I differ entirely from Mr Collier about the meaning of Miranda's answer. She plays on the word *maid:* "But, certainly *a maid*," i. e. a virgin.' In Massinger's *Great Duke of Florence*, III, i, Sanazarro says to Cozmo: 'I have seen a maid, sir; But, if that I have judgement, no such wonder As she was deliver'd to you.' If this illustrate the present passage at all, and Gifford thinks it does, it merely shows that the modern interpretation is right.—ED.

Fer. My Language? Heauens:
I am the beſt of them that ſpeake this ſpeech,
Were I but where 'tis ſpoken.
Pro. How? the beſt?
What wer't thou if the King of *Naples* heard thee?
Fer. A ſingle thing, as I am now, that wonders
To heare thee ſpeake of *Naples:* he do's heare me,
And that he do's, I weepe: my ſelfe am *Naples,*
Who, with mine eyes (neuer ſince at ebbe) beheld
The King my Father wrack't.
Mir. Alacke, for mercy.
Fer. Yes faith, & all his Lords, the Duke of *Millaine*
And his braue ſonne, being twaine.

498. [Rising. Coll. ii (MS).
506. *neuer*] *ne'er* Pope+, Cap.
507. *wrack't*] *wreck'd* Han.

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502. **thou**] Throughout the rest of this Scene, as in the opening Scene of *As You Like It*, it is worth while to note the varying moods expressed by the use of 'thou' and 'you.' Skeat's excellent rule (*William of Palerne*, Pref. xlii) should be remembered, that '*Thou* is the language of a lord to a servant, of an equal to an equal, and expresses companionship, love, permission, defiance, scorn, threatening; whilst *ye* is the language of a servant to a lord and of compliment, and further expresses honour, submission, entreaty.'—ABBOTT, § 232, says, furthermore, that a master finding fault often resorts to the unfamiliar *you*, see line 516. Note also the change of address in the Fifth Act, where Prospero reveals himself. At times, however, mere euphony, I think, or the position of the word in the line, appears to have decided the choice.—ED.

503. **single**] W. A. WRIGHT: Ferdinand plays upon the word. He believes that himself and the King of Naples are one and the same person; he therefore uses this epithet with a reference to its further sense of *solitary*, and so *feeble and helpless*. Compare *Macb.* I, vi, 16.

509, 510. **Duke . . . sonne**] THEOBALD (ed. ii): Here seems a slight forgetfulness in our poet. Nobody was lost in the wreck, and yet we have no such character as the Duke of Milan's son. No doubt in his first plan he had mark'd out such a character, but, on second thought, found it unnecessary.—HALLIWELL was the first to suggest that this difficulty might be attributed to the old play or novel on which this drama is founded.—HOLT is the only one who has attempted to defend the text, which he does lamely. 'If 'tis considered,' observes Holt, 'as an enumeration of some of the highest of the lords, who, with the king, suffered shipwreck, which does not necessarily imply being drown'd, being himself an instance of the contrary, it may very grammatically be referr'd to the king's brave son, meaning himself; who might with great propriety be reckon'd one of his father's lords, tho' with as great good manners he mentions the duke first. And then the sense will be, I am King of Naples myself, who beheld the king, my father, and all his lords wreck'd; his brave son and the Duke of Milan being two of those lords. Shakespeare made

Pro. The Duke of *Millaine* 511
And his more brauer daughter, could controll thee
If now 'twere fit to do't: At the firſt ſight
They haue chang'd eyes: Delicate *Ariel*,
Ile ſet thee free for this. A word good Sir, 515
I feare you haue done your ſelfe ſome wrong: A word.

511–515. *The...this*] Aside, Wh. Dyce, Coll. Cam. Sta. Clke.
513–515. *At...this*] Aside, Cap.
516. *you haue*] *you've* Pope+, Dyce ii, iii.

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use of this harsh construction for the sake of the antithesis in "son" and "daughter."' It does not seem to have occurred to Holt that Ferdinand would scarcely have spoken of himself as a 'brave' young man, or that Ferdinand's living presence was a refutation of the belief that the same fate had overtaken him which he was sure had overtaken his father. It is clear that Ferdinand believed himself to be the sole survivor of the wreck, and that the antithesis used by Prospero referred to a son, real or imaginary, of the usurping Milan, and merely for the sake of an antithesis like this it is hardly necessary that an actual character should be supplied and added to the list of Dramatis Personæ. It is certainly possible that there is here neither an oversight nor a remnant of the older play or novel.—STAUNTON, however, thinks otherwise; he suggests (*Athenæum*, 16 Nov. 1872) that Francisco is the character here referred to, and that in the list of 'Actors' Names' he should have been styled 'son to the usurping Duke of Milan'; but that the editor of the Folio, instead of thus designating him, carelessly coupled him with Adrian as one of the 'Lords.' Otherwise we are 'driven to suppose,' says Staunton, 'that, to shorten the representation, the character as delineated by Shakespeare was altogether struck out by the actors, while the allusion to it was inadvertently retained.'—ED.

512. **more brauer**] For other instances of double comparatives, see ABBOTT, § 11, or Shakespeare, *passim*.

512. **controll**] JOHNSON: That is, confute thee, unanswerably contradict thee.—WALKER (*Crit.* ii, 303) has collected eight or ten instances, as late even as in Swift, where 'control' is used in this sense. To STAUNTON'S question, therefore, whether 'control' be not here a misprint for *console*, DYCE answers emphatically, 'Surely not,' and refers to Johnson and Walker, as just cited.

513. **At the first sight**] COLERIDGE (p. 88): It is love at first sight, and it appears to me that in all cases of real love it is at one moment that it takes place. That moment may have been prepared by previous esteem, admiration, or even affection,—yet love seems to require a momentary act of volition, by which a tacit bond of devotion is imposed,—a bond not to be thereafter broken without violating what should be sacred in our nature. How finely is this true Shakespearian scene contrasted with Dryden's vulgar alteration of it, in which a mere ludicrous psychological experiment, as it were, is tried,—displaying nothing but indelicacy without passion. Prospero's interruption of the courtship has often seemed to me to have had no sufficient motive; still, his alleged reason, 'Lest too light winning make the prize light,' is enough for the ethereal connections of the romantic imagination, although it would not be so for the historical.

516. STEEVENS: That is, I fear that in asserting yourself to be the King of Naples you have uttered a falsehood, which is below your character, and consequently injuri-

Mir. Why ſpeakes my father ſo vngently? This
Is the third man that ere I ſaw: the firſt
That ere I ſigh'd for: pitty moue my father
To be enclin'd my way.
Fer. O, if a Virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, Ile make you
The Queene of *Naples*.
Pro. Soft ſir, one word more.
They are both in eythers pow'rs: But this ſwift buſines
I muſt vneaſie make, leaſt too light winning
Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee
That thou attend me: Thou do'ſt heere vſurpe
The name thou ow'ſt not, and haſt put thy ſelfe
Vpon this Iſland, as a ſpy, to win it
From me, the Lord on't.
Fer. No, as I am a man.

517–520. [Aside. Cap.
517. *vngently*] *urgently* Ff, Johns.
518. *ere I ſaw*] *I e'er saw* Theob. Warb. Johns. Steev.'85. *I saw e'er* Mal.
525–527. [Aside. Johns.
525. *They are*] *They're* Pope+, Dyce ii, iii.
pow'rs] *pow'r* F_4, Rowe+, Wh. ii.
526. *leaſt*] *left* F_4 et seq.
527. *One word more*] *Sir, one word more* Pope+, Cap. *One word more, sir* Ktly.
527, 528. *I...me*] To Ariel. Pope, Han. *I charge thee—Dost thou attend me?*— Wilson.
532. *I am*] *I* Rowe ii. *I'm* Pope+, Dyce ii, iii.

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ous to your honour. See *Mer. Wives*, IV, ii, 161.—KRAUTH (*Phila. Sh. Soc.* p. 21): Ferdinand, by assuming a name he 'owed' not, and thereby disguising himself, proved that he had come to the island for no good purpose, most probably as a spy and as a usurper, and had thereby done himself the wrong and *injury* of the severe *penalty* which he had incurred.—CAMBRIDGE EDITORS: See this phrase used in a similar sense in *Meas. for Meas.* I, ii, 39.—JEPHSON: You have done yourself 'some injustice' in making yourself out to be King of Naples.—W. A. WRIGHT: A polite way of saying, 'you are much mistaken,' or something plainer still. See *Mer. Wives*, III, ii, 221.

521, 522. For the ellipses here, see ABBOTT, § 387. Also 'if heed me,' II, i, 234.

525. **both in eythers pow'rs**] ABBOTT, § 12: In this passage 'both' seems put for *each*, or 'either' used for *each other*. There may, however, be an ellipsis of *each* after 'both.' Compare 'A thousand groans .... Came (one) on another's neck.'—*Sonn.* 131. It is natural to conjecture that this is a misprint for *one or others*. But compare, 'I think there is not half a kiss to choose Who loves another best.'—*Wint. T.* IV, iv, 176.

528. **attend me**] For other examples of the omission of the preposition, see ABBOTT, § 200; again, see § 369, for the subjunctive after verbs of command and entreaty, as in 'that they grinde,' IV, i, 286.

Mir. Ther's nothing ill, can dwell in ſuch a Temple,
If the ill-ſpirit haue ſo fayre a houſe,
Good things will ſtriue to dwell with't.
Pro. Follow me.
Proſ. Speake not you for him: hee's a Traitor: come,
Ile manacle thy necke and feete together:
Sea water ſhalt thou drinke: thy food ſhall be
The freſh-brooke Muſſels, wither'd roots, and huskes
Wherein the Acorne cradled. Follow.
Fer. No,
I will reſiſt ſuch entertainment, till
Mine enemy ha's more pow'r.
He drawes, and is charmed from mouing.
Mira. O deere Father,
Make not too raſh a triall of him, for
Hee's gentle, and not fearfull.

534. *a houſe*] *an house* Rowe+, Steev. Mal. Var.

537. Proſ.] Repeated from line 536, the last line of preceding page, Ff.

[To Mirand. Johns.

537. *not you*] *you not* Rowe ii, Pope, Han.

540. *Muſſels*] *Muscles* Rowe. *muscels* Johns.

547. *raſh*] *harsh* Heath.

548. *and*] *tho'* Han. Quincy MS.

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533. **can**] For the omission of the relative, see ABBOTT, § 244.

535. **with't**] ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.* p. 21): Miranda's thesis is that the breast of Ferdinand is a temple, in which no ill thing or being does or can dwell. Her proof is: Grant that the *ill* spirit may have originally seized upon the temple as his, *good* things (or good spirits)—recognising it to be rightfully their own—would have expelled the ill spirit and so have held it themselves, to the total exclusion of anything ill. (For surely Miranda would spoil her logic by making the good spirits fight for the fair house and succeed only so far as to be *joint-tenants* in it with the ill spirit.)—Either, therefore, 1. For 'with 't' read *in 't*, or 2. 'With' = Lat. *apud*, Germ. *bey*, Fr. *chez*, preposition of *residence in*, of which use no example is known elsewhere.

536, 537. **Pro. . . . Proſ.**] This division of Prospero's speech is due to a printer's error; line 536 is the last line on one page of the Folio, and line 537 is the first line on the next.

548. **gentle, and not fearfull**] WARBURTON: Miranda had frequently beheld Caliban under that kind of discipline with which her father here threatens Ferdinand. The *perversity* of Caliban's nature and the *cowardliness* of it made punishment easy to be inflicted. Out of tenderness both to her father and her lover she cries, 'he's *gentle*'—not like the *savage* Caliban, and so deserves not punishment, this she gathered from his preceding conversation, 'and not *fearful*,' like that *coward*, and so is not to be easily managed. This she collected from his drawing his sword.—HOLT: In five words Shakespeare has expressed all the tender fear that duty and a growing

Prof. What I ſay,
My foote my Tutor? Put thy ſword vp Traitor,

550. *foote*] *fool* Walker, Dyce ii, iii, Huds. *tool* Bulloch.

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affection could show, 'He's gentle,' and therefore ought not to be ill treated; 'and not fearful,' and therefore it may be dangerous to attempt it.—CAPELL (62*a*): The 'trial' spoken of by Miranda can be no other but one suggested by sight of Ferdinand's 'sword,' and very nature demands that her first fears upon the occasion should be for her 'father'; hence the epithet 'rash,' importing disparity between the threaten'd and threat'ner, the odds lying against the latter; and that the *gentleness* of the former, collected from his behaviour, might not encourage to *trial*, there is added '*but* not fearful,' suppressing the other matter, and leaving it to his collection she speaks to. Read, therefore, as above, dismissing the copulative.—RITSON: Do not rashly determine to treat him with severity, he is *mild and harmless*, and not in the least *terrible* or *dangerous*.—STEEVENS: 'Fearful' signifies both *terrible* and *timorous*.—MALONE: 'Fearful' was much more frequently used in the sense of *formidable* than that of *timorous*.—SMOLLETT (*Humphrey Clinker*, ii, 182, quoted by REED): How have your commentators been puzzled by [this passage] as if it was a paralogism to say that being *gentle*, he must of course be *courageous;* but the truth is, one of the original meanings, if not the sole meaning, of that word was *noble*, *high minded;* and to this day a Scotch woman in the situation of the young lady in *The Tempest* would express herself in nearly the same terms. Don't provoke him; for, being *gentle*, that is, *high spirited*, he won't tamely bear an insult. Spenser, in the very first stanza of the *Faerie Queene*, says: 'A *gentle* knight was pricking o'er the plain,' which knight, far from being *tame* and *fearful*, was so stout that 'Nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.'—STAUNTON believes this interpretation of Smollett to be the true one: 'he is of a *lofty spirit* and not to be intimidated.'—W. A. WRIGHT: The natural sense of these words is conveyed by taking 'fearful' to mean 'capable of inspiring fear, terrible,' although there may also be a covert play upon the other significations both of 'gentle' and 'fearful.' In this case 'gentle' must be regarded as equivalent to 'of gentle birth,' 'high-born,' and in a secondary sense high-spirited and dangerous to provoke. But the word is nowhere used by Shakespeare in this secondary sense. [To me the simplest meaning, as given by Ritson, is here the best. Miranda has just said that there could be nothing ill in such a temple, and she now says, as a sequence, that he is gentle and not terrible, using both 'gentle' and 'fearful' in their usual acceptations.—ED.]

550. **foote my Tutor**] MALONE: Compare Lyly's *Euphues* (p. 261, ed. Arber): Then how vaine is it . . . . that the foote should neglect his office to correct the face.' —WALKER (*Crit.* iii, 3): Read *fool*. Was it a proverb? B. and Fl. *Pilgrim*, IV, ii: 'When fools and mad folks shall be tutors to me, And feel my sores, yet I unsensible,' &c.—BR. NICHOLSON (*N. & Qu.* 5th S, xi, 363): Compare the First Part of *Homily* xxxiii, Against Disobedience and Wilful Rebellion,—a sermon which Shakespeare had probably heard or read more than once; 'what a perilous thing were it to commit unto the Subjects the judgement which Prince is wise and godly . . . . and which is otherwise; as though the foot must judge of the head.'—p. 355, ed. Oxf. 1683. Again (*N. & Qu.* 6th S. viii, 242) Nicholson cites another parallel passage, viz: 'the cleane fooles of this world are patternd . . . . that the braine is now lodged in the foote, and thereupon comes it that many make their head their foote.'—Armin's

Who mak'ſt a ſhew, but dar'ſt not ſtrike: thy conſcience
Is ſo poſſeſt with guilt: Come, from thy ward,
For I can heere diſarme thee with this ſticke,
And make thy weapon drop.
Mira. Beſeech you Father.
Proſ. Hence: hang not on my garments.
Mira. Sir haue pity,
Ile be his ſurety.
Proſ. Silence: One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: What,
An aduocate for an Impoſtor? Huſh:
Thou think'ſt there is no more ſuch ſhapes as he,
(Hauing ſeene but him and *Caliban*:) Fooliſh wench,
To th'moſt of men, this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are Angels.
Mira. My affections
Are then moſt humble: I haue no ambition
To ſee a goodlier man.
Proſ. Come on, obey:
Thy Nerues are in their infancy againe.

551. *mak'ſt*] *makes* Ff.
552. *Is ſo*] *Is* Ff, Rowe. *Is all* Pope, Han.
Come, from] *Come from* Ff et seq.
553. *heere*] *hear* F_3.
556. *garments*] *garment* Rowe ii+.
562. *there is*] Ff, Dyce, Cam. Glo. Wrt, Wh. ii, Dtn. *there are* Rowe et cet.
564. *To th'*] *To the* Cap.

Nest of Ninnies, 1608, p. 56, ed. Grosart. Still again (*New Sh. Soc. Trans.* 1880–2, Part i, p. 31) the same critic cites: 'goe tell the Duke I must speake with him. *Manasses.* Presently Sir, [—*Aside*] Ile go fetch the head to giue the foote a posset.' —Day's *Ile of Guls*, 1606, Sig. B 2. 'From these examples,' concludes Nicholson, 'we may, I think, infer that this attacked phraseology was both understood and known.'—KINNEAR (p. 10): Read '*thy* tutor!' that is, I can command thee with my foot. [*Stamps his foot.*] [Few instances can show better how completely Dyce was under the influence of Walker, an admirable influence, it is to be confessed, if it be not supreme, than this, where, on the authority of only one quotation, barely germane at that, the elder and more cautious editor surrendered his judgement to the younger critic. Schlegel's translation is noteworthy: 'will das Ey die Henne meistern,'—shall the egg rule the hen? W. A. WRIGHT cites, appositely, 'show lord Timon that mean eyes have seen The foot above the head,'—*Timon*, I, i, 94, and adds, compare in the same sense, though with a play upon the word 'base,' Fletcher, *Woman Pleased*, I, i, 'If thy base will be thy master.'—ED.]

552. **ward**] JOHNSON: Desist from any hope of awing me by that posture of defence.

562. **there is**] See I, i, 24.

And haue no vigour in them.
Fer. So they are:
My ſpirits, as in a dreame, are all bound vp:
My Fathers loſſe, the weakneſſe which I feele,
The wracke of all my friends, nor this mans threats,
To whom I am ſubdude, are but light to me,
Might I but through my priſon once a day
Behold this Mayd: all corners elſe o'th'Earth
Let liberty make vſe of: ſpace enough
Haue I in ſuch a priſon.
Prof. It workes: Come on.
Thou haſt done well, fine *Ariell:* follow me,
Harke what thou elſe ſhalt do mee.
Mira. Be of comfort,
My Fathers of a better nature (Sir)
Then he appeares by ſpeech: this is vnwonted
Which now came from him.
Prof. Thou ſhalt be as free
As mountaine windes; but then exactly do
All points of my command.

575. *nor*] *and* Rowe+, Ktly, Huds. *or* Cap. Steev. Mal. Var. Knt, Sing. *nay* Ktly conj. *now* Wagner (Jhrb. xiv).
576. *are*] *were* Theob. Warb. Johns.
576. *but*] Om. Cartwright, Huds.
581. *It workes*] As an Aside. Cap.
582. [To Ariel. Theob.
588. [To Ariel. Han.

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570. **Nerues**] Cotgrave, cited by WRIGHT, has: 'Nerf: A Synnow; (and thence, might, strength, force, power).'

573. **as in a dreame**] WRIGHT refers to Virgil, *Aeneid*, xii, 908–912: 'Ac veluti in somnis,' &c.

575. **nor**] W. A. WRIGHT: 'Nor' is used inaccurately where *and* or *or* would be in place. The origin of the error is probably a confusion of two constructions, Shakespeare intending perhaps at first to employ some such word as *heavy*, and then substituting 'but light.' It is analogous to the use of the double negative. [It may be, possibly, an instance of the not infrequent omission of *neither* before 'nor' (for examples see ABBOTT, § 396), and 'but' is used in the sense of *otherwise than*, just as Hamlet says, 'It cannot be *but* I am pigeon-liver'd.' Neither the wreck of my friends nor this man's threats are otherwise than light to me, &c.—ED.]

578. STEEVENS quotes a passage, corresponding in meaning and in charm, from Chaucer, *Knight's Tale*, line 1230.

586. **by speech**] GREY'S emendation (i, 15) of '*by's* speech for *by his*' is clearly right; it is a common case of absorption. Miranda, moreover, refers to her father's speech on this special occasion, not to his speech in general.—ED.

Ariell. To th'ſyllable. 591
Proſ. Come follow: ſpeake not for him. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Franciſco, and others.

Gonz. Beſeech you Sir, be merry; you haue cauſe,
(So haue we all) of ioy; for our eſcape 5
Is much beyond our loſſe; our hint of woe
Is common, euery day, ſome Saylors wife,
The Maſters of ſome Merchant, and the Merchant 8

591. *To th'*] *To the* Cap.
2. Another Part of the Island. Pope.
6. *hint*] *stint* Warb. *dint* Weston, Bulloch.
7. *common,*] *common;* Pope.
8. *Maſters*] *master* Johns. Cap. Steev. '85, Walker, Dyce ii, iii, Huds. Dtn. *master's* Cam. i conj. Ktly. *mariners* Bulloch.
ſome Merchant] *some vessel* Ktly.

5. KEIGHTLEY (*Expositor*, p. 210): I make the transposition 'you have cause of joy, —so have we all' boldly; for surely neither Shakespeare nor any other writer would put a parenthesis between a noun and its genitive. Gonzalo is speaking quite calmly. We have an exactly similar printer's error in 'Add more, from thine invention, offers.' —*Ant. & Cleop.* III, 10.

6. **hint**] See I, ii, 157. JOHNSON: 'Hint' is that which recalls to the memory. The cause that fills our minds with grief is common. [When Warburton submitted his far-fetched *stint* to Theobald, the latter mildly reminded him (Nichols's *Illust.* ii, 244) that in many passages Shakespeare uses 'hint' for *argument, theme, cue*, &c.; wherein Theobald was exactly right. COLLIER says, 'Gonzalo seems to call it a "hint of woe," in reference to its comparative triflingness and ordinary occurrence,' which, I think, is doubtful. M. H. (*Gent. Maga.* Apr. 1790) proposes *hin*, a Hebrew measure; and WESTON (p. 1) 'makes no doubt but that it was once our *dint* of woe; that is, the impression of woe upon us is common and ordinary.'—ED.

8. **Masters of some Merchant**] STEEVENS: If the passage be not corrupt (as I suspect it is) we must suppose that by 'masters' our author means the *owners* of a merchant's ship, or the *officers* to whom the navigation of it had been trusted. I suppose, however, that our author wrote, 'The *mistress* of some merchant.' *Mistress* was anciently spelt *maistresse* or *maistres*.—CHALMERS (*Apology*, p. 589): I presume to think Shakespeare intended it should be understood: 'The master of some merchant-man; the merchant'; Shakespeare was thinking, in the concrete form, of the sailor's wife, not *wives;* of the merchant, not *merchants;* and if propriety require that we should continue his concatenation of thought, we must say *the master* of some *merchant-man*, not *masters* of some *merchant-men*. *Merchant-man* was misprinted 'merchant and.' [In a foot-note Chalmers acknowledges that he cannot find authority for *merchant-man* in the nautical language of the day, but he attributes the com-

Haue iuſt our Theame of woe: But for the miracle,
(I meane our preſeruation) few in millions
Can ſpeake like vs: then wiſely (good Sir) weigh
Our ſorrow, with our comfort.
Alonſ. Prethee peace.

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pound to the genius of Shakespeare, who 'improved, with his usual happiness, the existing phraseology.']—MALONE: *Merchant* was used for a *merchant-man*. So, Dryden, in his *Parallel of Poetry and Painting*, 'Thus as convoy-ships either accompany or should accompany their merchants.'—*Prose Works*, 1801, iii, 306.—KEIGHTLEY: The word 'merchant' occurs here in two different senses; and when this play was written Shakespeare had long since abstained from such practices. One of them, therefore, must belong to the printer; if the first, then we might, and, I think, should, read *vessel*, if the second, *owner*. 'Merchant' certainly occurs in the sense of merchantman. See B. and Fl. *Coxcomb*, I, iii [p. 132, ed. Dyce].—HALLIWELL (p. 31) quotes from *The Lover's Melancholy*, 'A young lady . . . . was conveyed like a shipboy in a merchant, from the country where she lived.'—[II, i, p. 36, ed. Dyce, who remarks in a foot-note: 'This is the expression which so greatly perplexed Steevens, who has made woeful work with it in *The Tempest*.']—W. A. WRIGHT adds another example, from Marlowe, *First Part of Tamburlaine*, I, ii [p. 27, ed. Dyce], 'And Christian merchants, that with Russian stems Plough up huge furrows in the Caspian Sea, Shall vail to us,' &c.

9. **of woe**] STEEVENS: These words appear to me as an idle interpolation. Three lines before we have 'our hint *of woe*.'—DYCE agrees with Steevens.—STAUNTON (*Athenæum*, 16 Nov. 1872): The iteration of 'woe' here is intolerable, and is due, no doubt, to the appearance of the word three lines above. Should we not read 'of *grief*'?

13–105. POPE: All that follows after the words 'Prethee peace' to the words 'You cram these words,' &c. seems to have been interpolated (perhaps by the Players), the verses there beginning again; and all that is between in prose, not only being very impertinent stuff, but most improper and ill-plac'd drollery in the mouths of unhappy, shipwreckt people. There is more of the same sort interspers'd in the remaining part of the Scene.—THEOBALD had the temerity, for which he paid dearly enough, to pronounce 'Mr Pope's criticism injudicious and unweigh'd,' by showing that, without this passage, the reference to the marriage of Alonso's daughter '*there*' would be unintelligible, and that the 'dialogue was design'd to be of a ridiculous stamp to divert and unsettle the king's thoughts from reflecting too deeply on his son's suppos'd drowning.'—CAPELL: Pope's charges 'lye against [the passage] most certainly almost beyond palliating: but of it's authenticity, we have other-guess evidence; and in that very speech first, which, according to this opinion, should follow the present speech: For what can be made without it (as is said by the next modern [i. e. Theobald]) of that wish which begins in his second line, by readers who, but in what intervenes, have heard nothing of any "daughter" he has, or where she's "married" to? The condemn'd passage is not without other proofs of authentickness, but this one is sufficient: And in case of what is objected to it, it may be observ'd,—that the levities of Sebastian and partner open to us their characters, and prepare us for what is coming; showing them nothing touch'd with their own and their king's deliverance, and their common condition; and their behaviour on this

Seb. He receiues comfort like cold porredge.
Ant. The Viſitor will not giue him ore ſo.
Seb. Looke, hee's winding vp the watch of his wit,
By and by it will ſtrike.
Gon. Sir.
Seb. One: Tell.
Gon. When euery greefe is entertaind,
That's offer'd comes to th'entertainer.

14–49. Crossed out by Coll. MS.
15. *Viſitor*] *adviser* Han. *'viser* Warb. *adversary* Quincy MS.
him] Om. Rowe+.
16, 17. As prose, Pope.
18. *Sir.*] *Sir,*— Theob.
19. *One*] *On* Ff, Rowe, Pope, Han.
20, 21. *When...offer'd*] One line, Cap. As prose, Pope.
21. *offer'd*] *offer'd;* Pope+. *offer'd,* Cap.
entertainer.] *entertainer*— Rowe.

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occasion sets off and heightens the love, loyalty, and sobriety of the other parties attending, and chiefly Gonzalo's.'—HOLT refers to lines 178–185 of this Scene, and then asks: 'Who does not see this evidently satirizes that fault for which the poet has been so often unjustly upbraided?'—JEPHSON: No poet of genius inferior to Shakespeare's would have ventured to introduce so comic a scene in circumstances so tragical. It is indeed true to life, but it would not have occurred to any one who had not observed the apparent inconsistency of human nature. Men of noble disposition and of high birth and breeding can be cheerful and even witty under misfortunes that would bow inferior natures to the earth; as, for instance, Cæsar among the Cilician pirates, Sir Thomas More on the scaffold, and Lord Balmerinoch in the Tower; but to make unfeeling jests upon better men, while it argues perhaps the daring spirit which is fostered by high rank, is the part of the reckless and the wicked, such as were Sebastian, who soon after plots to murder his brother, and Antonio, who had abused his brother Prospero's confidence to dethrone him. [See Coleridge, note on line 207.]

15. **Visitor**] JOHNSON: Why Dr Warburton should change 'visitor' to *'viser*, for *adviser*, I cannot discover. Gonzalo gives not only advice but comfort, and is therefore properly called 'the visitor,' like others who visit the sick or distressed to give them consolation. In some of the Protestant churches there is a kind of officers termed consolators for the sick. [Compare *Matthew* xxv, 36: 'I was sick and ye visited me.']

16, &c. COLERIDGE (p. 89): In this play are admirably sketched the vices generally accompanying a low degree of civilisation; in this Scene, as in many other places, Shakespeare has shown the tendency in bad men to indulge in scorn and contemptuous expressions as a mode of getting rid of their own uneasy feelings of inferiority to the good, and also, by making the good ridiculous, of rendering the transition of others to wickedness easy. Shakespeare never puts habitual scorn into the mouths of other than bad men, as here in the instances of Antonio and Sebastian.

17. **strike**] W. A. WRIGHT: The invention of striking watches is ascribed to Peter Hele, of Nuremberg, about the year 1510.

19. **Tell**] That is, count. PHILLPOTTS: Compare 'the tale of bricks,' &c. 'Every shepherd *tells* his *tale*.' So *Psalm* xlviii, 12: 'Tell ye the towers thereof'; and the *tellers* of a division in Parliament [and the 'paying-teller' of a bank].

Seb. A dollor.
Gon. Dolour comes to him indeed, you haue ſpoken truer then you purpos'd.
Seb. You haue taken it wiſelier then I meant you ſhould.
Gon. Therefore my Lord.
Ant. Fie, what a ſpend-thrift is he of his tongue.
Alon. I pre-thee ſpare.
Gon. Well, I haue done: But yet
Seb. He will be talking.
Ant. Which, of he, or Adrian, for a good wager,

22. *dollor*] *dollar* Cap. et seq.
24. *purpos'd*] *propos'd* Rowe ii, Pope, Han. Theob. Warb. *he propos'd* Han. ii (misprint?).
27. *Lord.*] *lord*— Theob.
28. *is he*] *he is* Han. ii, Steev.'85.
29. *ſpare*] *spare me* Walker, Huds.
32. *Which, of he,*] F_2F_3. *Which of he,* F_4, Rowe i. *Which of them, he,* Rowe ii+, Cap. Steev. Mal. Var. Coll. i. *Which, or he* Coll. ii, iii (MS). *Which of him and* S. Verges.
32, 33. As prose, Pope.

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21. **entertainer**] JEPHSON: At this point Sebastian, taking advantage of the equivocal meaning of 'entertain' and 'entertainer,' and pretending to suppose that Gonzalo means by 'entertainer' an *inn-keeper*, interrupts him by saying 'A dollar.'

23. **Dolour**] In two other places, according to Schmidt's *Lex.*, there are similar puns on these words, *Meas. for Meas.* I, ii, 50, and *Lear*, II, iv, 54.

32. **Which, of he, or**] STAUNTON: See *Mid. N. D.* III, ii, 337, 'try whose right, Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.'—WALKER (*Crit.* ii, 353), in a paragraph on the use of *former*, the comparative to which *foremost* is the superlative, quotes this passage from Sidney's *Arcadia*, B. i, p. 63: 'the question arising, who should be the former against Phalantus, of the blacke, or the ill-apparelled knight,' &c., 'i. e.' explains Walker, 'whether the black or the, &c. should be the first to wage combat with Phalantus.' Whereupon LETTSOM, Walker's editor, remarks that this example 'shows that the first Folio is right in Which *of* he *or*.'—PHILA. SH. SOC.: Like the French: Lequel préférez-vous *de* Corneille ou *de* Racine.—ABBOTT, § 206, says of this passage merely 'he for *him*.' In V, i, 19 we have 'him' for *he*.

32–41. M. MASON: The meaning is this: Antonio lays a wager with Sebastian that Adrian would crow before Gonzalo, and the wager was a laughter. Adrian speaks first, so Antonio is the winner. Sebastian laughs at what Adrian had said, and Antonio immediately acknowledges that by his laughing he has paid the bet. '*You'r* paid' [of the Folio, instead of '*You've* paid'] will answer as well if these words be given to Sebastian [as Theobald had given them] instead of to Antonio.—KNIGHT followed the Folio, although agreeing with Theobald, that 'you're paid' belongs to Sebastian.—GRANT WHITE (ed. i): Antonio won the wager, and was paid by having the laugh against Sebastian. The prefixes were misplaced in the Folio. [White, in the text of this, his first ed., prefixes *Ant.* to l. 40 and *Seb.* to l. 41.] It did not occur (he goes on to say) to those who proposed that both speeches should be given to Sebastian [among whom was White himself, in his second edition] that he

Firſt begins to crow?
Seb. The old Cocke.
Ant. The Cockrell.
Seb. Done: The wager?
Ant. A Laughter.
Seb. A match.
Adr. Though this Iſland ſeeme to be deſert.
Seb. Ha, ha, ha.
Ant. So: you'r paid.
Adr. Vninhabitable, and almoſt inacceſſible.
Seb. Yet
Adr. Yet
Ant. He could not miſſe't.
Adr. It muſt needs be of ſubtle, tender, and delicate temperance.
Ant. *Temperance* was a delicate wench.
Seb. I, and a ſubtle, as he moſt learnedly deliuer'd.
Adr. The ayre breathes vpon vs here moſt ſweetly.
Seb. As if it had Lungs, and rotten ones.
Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a Fen.
Gon. Heere is euery thing aduantageous to life.
Ant. True, ſaue meanes to liue.

39. *deſert.*] *desert*— Rowe. *desart*— Han.
40, 41. One line, spoken by Seb. Theob. Warb. Johns. Hal. Dyce, Cam. Glo. Sta. Ktly, Huds. Dtn.
41. *you'r*] *you've* Cap. Steev. Mal. Var.
42. *inacceſſible.*] *inaccessible*— Rowe.
45. *miſſe't*] *miss it* Mal.

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who lost the wager was of course not to laugh, but to be laughed at; according to the old proverb: 'Let them laugh that win.'—BR. NICHOLSON (*N. & Qu.* 3d S. ix, 27), anticipated by Grant White in this transposition of names, paraphrases: 'Ha, ha! laughs Antonio, gleeful at having backed the right. As you have taken the laugh, says Sebastian, you may keep it in payment.'—KRAUTH (*Phila. Sh. Soc.* p. 24): Theobald's text should stand, on the ground, that Antonio had won the laugh at Sebastian's expense, but Sebastian pretends to take it as if he were to pay by laughing at Antonio. —INGLEBY (*Still Lion*, 157): 'Laughter' may be the cant name for some small coin (a doit or a denier) commonly *laid* in betting. At present the only meaning of the word (*laughter*, *lafter*, *lawter*) is a setting of eggs laid at one time.

45. **misse't**] HUNTER (*Longman's Series*): That is, 'yet' was sure to be the next word. [Is not 'misse' here used as Prospero uses it when he says of Caliban, 'we cannot misse him,' I, ii, 368? Uninhabitable as this island is, neither Adrian nor the rest could do without it just then.—ED.]

47. **temperance**] STEEVENS: That is, temperature; in the next line it is a proper name.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.
Gon. How luſh and luſty the graſſe lookes?
How greene?
Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.
Seb. With an eye of greene in't.
Ant. He miſſes not much.
Seb. No: he doth but miſtake the truth totally.
Gon. But the rariety of it is, which is indeed almoſt beyond credit.
Seb. As many voucht rarieties are.
Gon. That our Garments being (as they were) drencht in the Sea, hold notwithſtanding their freſhneſſe and gloſſes, being rather new dy'de then ſtain'd with ſalte water.

56. *luſh*] *fresh* Wilson.
56, 57. One line, Pope.
61. *doth*] *does* Rowe ii+.
62, 64. *rariety ... rarieties*] *rarity ...* *rarities* F_3F_4.
63. *credit.*] *credit*— Rowe.
67. *gloſſes*] *gloss* Jervis, Dyce ii, iii, Huds.

56. **lush**] MALONE: That is, *juicy, succulent;* as appears from the following in Golding's *Ovid*, 1587, *Met.* xv: 'Then greene, and voyd of strength, and lush, and foggye, is the blade, And cheeres the husbandman with hope' [p. 189]; where the original is: 'Tunc herba recens, et roboris expers, Turget, et insolida est, et spe delectat agrestem.'—DIRRILL: If we might read *lusk*, it would then signify *gramen pingue*.—DEIGHTON: Skeat (s. v. *luscious*) having observed that Chaucer uses the M. E. *lusty* (which with the suffix *-ous* becomes *lusti-ous* and so *luscious*) in the sense of *pleasant, delicious*, goes on: 'Shakespeare has *lush* (short for *lush-ious*) in the sense of luxuriant in growth, where Chaucer would certainly have said *lusty;* the curious result being that Shakespeare uses both words together. . . . . The equivalence of the words could not be better exemplified.'

59. **eye of greene**] STEEVENS: An 'eye' is a small shade of colour. Thus, in Sandys's *Travels*, lib. i: 'His under an upper garments are lightly of white sattin, or cloth of silver tissued with and eye of green, and wrought in great branches' [p. 57, ed. 1615].—MALONE: 'Eye' was anciently used for a small portion of anything. So in *A True Declaration of the Estate of the Colonie in Virginia*, 1600, p. 44: 'Not an eye of sturgeon as yet appeared in the river.'—HUNTER (*Longman's Series*): Here intended to include a quibbling reference to green-eyed credulity or simplicity. —PHILLPOTTS: The jesting pair mean that the grass is really tawny (*tanned, dried up*), and that the only 'green' spot in it is Gonzalo himself.

66. **freshnesse**] PHILA. SH. SOC.: This is plural. Walker's rule (*Vers.* p. 243) here applies. The plural affix is sometimes added in the First Folio where the metre shows that it is not to be pronounced, and it is sometimes omitted in printing where the sense requires it to be supplied. [I now doubt whether Walker's rule applies here. If it applies, I think we should have had *gloss* instead of 'glosses.' Dyce, who was quite as ready as anyone to apply Walker's rule, failed to see its present application. See next note.—ED.]

Ant. If but one of his pockets could ſpeake, would it not ſay he lyes?

Seb. I, or very falſely pocket vp his report.

Gon. Me thinkes our garments are now as freſh as when we put them on firſt in Affricke, at the marriage of the kings faire daughter *Claribel* to the king of *Tunis*.

Seb. 'Twas a ſweet marriage, and we proſper well in our returne.

Adri. *Tunis* was neuer grac'd before with ſuch a Paragon to their Queene.

Gon. Not ſince widdow *Dido's* time.

Ant. Widow? A pox o'that: how came that Widdow in? Widdow *Dido!*

Seb. What if he had ſaid Widdower *Æneas* too? Good Lord, how you take it?

Adri. Widdow *Dido* ſaid you? You make me ſtudy of that: She was of *Carthage*, not of *Tunis*.

Gon. This *Tunis* Sir was *Carthage*.

Adri. *Carthage?* *Gon.* I aſſure you *Carthage*.

Ant. His word is more then the miraculous Harpe.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houſes too.

88, 89. *His...too.*] Given to Seb. Cam. i, Glo. Ktly, Wh. ii, Dtn.

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67. **glosses**] DYCE (eds. ii, iii): This is manifestly an error for the old spelling of the singular, *glosse* (which the Folio has in *Macb.* I, vii: 'in their newest glosse'). This correction was suggested to me by Mr Swynfen Jervis.

69. **pockets**] ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.*): Not that there was anything in the state of the pockets, in particular, to give the lie to Gonzalo's assertion of a universal dryness, but because the pocket, at its opening, looked like a *mouth*, and was therefore qualified to be the spokesman for the whole of the garment—DEIGHTON: In the drenching his pockets would have become so full of mud, &c. that they would give the lie to Gonzalo's remark. Anthonio's remark is probably made for the sake of bringing in the quibble in Sebastian's answer. [Neither of these explanations carries conviction; albeit Deighton's last remark points to a practice in which we all know Shakespeare indulged, in his humorous dialogues.—ED.]

78. **to their Queene**] See III, iii, 75, 'hath to instrument,' or *Luke* iii, 8: 'We have Abraham to our father,' or for other examples, see ABBOTT, § 189.

81. **Widdow Dido**] RITSON (p. 236) has a note to show that a ballad called 'Queene Dido' was a 'great favourite with the common people.'

85. **of that**] For other examples of this use, where 'of' means *about*, *concerning*, see ABBOTT, § 174.

88, 89. PHILLPOTTS: If Gonzalo makes Carthage and Tunis into *one* city, his word has more power than Amphion's harp, which raised the walls of Thebes.—Or, as W.

Ant. What impoſsible matter wil he make eaſy next?
Seb. I thinke hee will carry this Iſland home in his pocket, and giue it his ſonne for an Apple.
Ant. And ſowing the kernels of it in the Sea, bring forth more Iſlands.
Gon. I. *Ant.* Why in good time.
Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments ſeeme now as freſh as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queene.
Ant. And the rareſt that ere came there.
Seb. Bate (I beſeech you) widdow *Dido*.
Ant. O Widdow *Dido*? I, Widdow *Dido*.
Gon. Is not Sir my doublet as freſh as the firſt day I wore it? I meane in a ſort.
Ant. That ſort was well fiſh'd for.

95. [To Adr. C. Clke. *I.*] *Ay*. Rowe. *I*— Johns. *Ay?* Cap. Given to Alon. Sta. Dyce ii, iii, Huds. (who reads *Ah!*) Hunter, Dtn.
95. [To Adr. Clke.
96. [To Alon. Clke.
102. *Sir my doublet*] *my doublet Sir* Ff, Rowe+.

A. WRIGHT says, 'the reference may be to the harp of Apollo, which raised the walls of Troy.'

95. **I**] STAUNTON: This sigh or exclamation, which the two next speeches show indisputably to have been uttered by the king upon awaking from his trance of grief, has, hitherto, been assigned to Gonzalo. [See Text. Notes.]—W. A. WRIGHT: But it seems appropriate to Gonzalo, who is not quite certain what these running comments of Sebastian and Antonio mean, and makes a half-enquiring exclamation.—COWDEN-CLARKE: We take this to be said by Gonzalo in confirmation of his assurance to Adrian of Tunis being Carthage. The speakers are to be supposed as arranged in two separate groups: Gonzalo engaged with King Alonso and the rest, while Sebastian and Antonio remain apart together, commenting sneeringly on the others.

96. **talking, that**] ABBOTT, § 200: here used like *saying that*.

104. **That sort**] DIRRILL: This is an example of Mr Whiter's doctrine of association. Any person who has ever observed the fishermen drawing their nets will readily see that the words 'sort' and 'fresh' in Gonzalo's speech convey'd the idea to Shakespeare of making Antonio say 'well fish'd for.' When the net is drawn, the fish are always, what they term, *sorted;* some are thrown back again into the water, and other are carried *sorted* to market.—HUNTER (*Longman's Series*): There is here a punning allusion to *chance* or *luck* as one of the meanings of the word 'sort.'—HUDSON: A punning allusion, probably, to one of the meanings of 'sort,' which was *lot* or *portion;* from the Latin *sors*.—PHILLPOTTS: You did well to qualify your statement by 'in a sort'; 'fished for,' of course, having the double meaning of 'bringing in the word' and 'recovering,' in allusion to his ducking.—DEIGHTON: You fished a long time before you succeeded in catching that word 'sort'; you have

Gon. When I wore it at your daughters marriage.
Alon. You cram theſe words into mine eares, againſt
the ſtomacke of my ſenſe : would I had neuer
Married my daughter there : For comming thence
My ſonne is loſt, and (in my rate) ſhe too,
Who is ſo farre from *Italy* remoued,
I ne're againe ſhall ſee her : O thou mine heire
Of *Naples* and of *Millaine*, what ſtrange fiſh
Hath made his meale on thee?
Fran. Sir he may liue,
I ſaw him beate the ſurges vnder him,
And ride vpon their backes ; he trod the water
Whoſe enmity he flung aſide : and breſted
The ſurge moſt ſwolne that met him : his bold head
'Boue the contentious waues he kept. and oared
Himſelfe with his good armes in luſty ſtroke
To th'ſhore ; that ore his waue-worne baſis bowed
As ſtooping to releeue him : I not doubt

114. Fran.] Gon. Rann conj.
120. *ſtroke*] *ſtrokes* F_4, Rowe+.
122. *releeue*] *receive* Ktly conj.

repeatedly tried to make out that our garments are as fresh as if they had never been immersed in the sea, and now at last you qualify your assertion by the word 'sort.' In 'fished' there is possibly an allusion also to their difficulty in fishing themselves out of the water.

107. **sense**] STEEVENS: That is, both *reason and natural affection*.—MONCK MASON: In this place 'sense' means *feeling*.—W. A. WRIGHT: But surely Alonzo only intends to say that these words of Gonzalo are forced into his ears without his wishing to hear them, as food is crammed into the mouth of one who has no desire to eat.

109. **rate**] Estimation, opinion. See I, ii, 110.

114. **Fran.**] KINNEAR (p. 11) refers to ll. 251–255, where Gonzalo is spoken of as having 'almost persuaded the king his son's alive,' as proof that this present speech should be given to Gonzalo, 'who alone gave utterance to such a belief. At the end of the scene he again says, "For he [Ferdinand] is sure i' the island." Francisco, a mere attendant, does not speak during the scene, and utters only three words during the entire play, III, iii, 55, and those probably belong to Antonio.'

115–123. It is difficult, if not impossible, to believe that Shakespeare wrote these lines, in which there seems to be but one trace of him, and that is 'oared.' I cannot but think that, if anywhere, we have a survival of the old play here.—ED.

119. **oared**] Compare Milton, *Par. Lost*, vii, 438: '—the swan, with arched neck Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows Her state with oary feet,' whereupon PECK (*Memoirs*, &c. p. 184) observes: '"Oarie," a new-made word; but none of our author's mintage. He owes it to Shakespeare's [*Tempest*].'

He came aliue to Land.
Alon. No, no, hee's gone.
Seb. Sir you may thank your ſelfe for this great loſſe,
That would not bleſſe our Europe with your daughter,
But rather looſe her to an Affrican,
Where ſhe at leaſt, is baniſh'd from your eye,
Who hath cauſe to wet the greeſe on't.
Alon. Pre-thee peace.
Seb. You were kneel'd too, & importun'd otherwiſe
By all of vs: and the faire ſoule her ſelfe
Waigh'd betweene loathneſſe, and obedience, at
Which end o'th'beame ſhould bow: we haue loſt your
I feare for euer: *Millaine* and *Naples* haue (ſon,

127. *looſe*] *lose* Rowe.
129. *wet*] *whet* Rann conj. *weigh* Wilson.
133. *Waigh'd*] *Swayed* S. Verges.
at] *as* Coll. ii (MS), Om. Ktly.
134. *o'th'*] *the* Rowe ii+, Cap. Steev. '85, Ktly. *o''t th'* Spence (N. & Qu. V, viii, 504).
134. *ſhould*] *she'd* Cap. conj. Mal. Steev. Knt, Coll. i, Hal. Sing. Wh. Dyce, Sta. C. Clke.
we haue] *we've* Pope+, Dyce ii, iii.

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122. **not doubt**] See 'the ewe not bites,' V, i, 45; 'I not know,' Ib. line 128; 'I not doubt,' Ib. line 357; or ABBOTT, § 305.

129. **Who**] For instances of *who* personifying irrational antecedents, see Shakespeare, *passim*, or, if necessary, ABBOTT, § 264. In the present case 'who' may refer either to 'eye' or 'she.'

131. **You were**] WALKER (*Crit.* ii, 202): *Thou wert* (sometimes written in the old poets *Th' wert*), *you were*, *I was*, &c. occur frequently both in Shakespeare and contemporary dramatists in places where it is clear they must have been pronounced as one syllable, in whatever manner the contraction was effected. [As in the present instance. See also *Ham.* IV, v, 14; *Oth.* I, ii, 34; *Mer. of Ven.* II, viii, 36, of this ed.—ED.]

134. **should bow**] CAPELL (63 *a*): You may read '*she'd* bow,' i. e. she would bow; in which reading *bow* is a verb reciprocal; in either 'weigh'd' will have the sense of—consider'd, ponder'd, was a long time ere she could determine. [Malone has always received the credit of this emendation; even the Third Cambridge Edition ascribes it to him. Indeed, so often does the toe of Malone come close to the heel of Capell, that it is almost impossible to believe that Malone was ignorant of his predecessor's presence.]—COLLIER (ed. ii) follows his MS in changing 'at,' in the preceding line, to *as*, and then observes: 'The meaning is now clear that she balanced between lothness and obedience, *as to* which end of the beam should bow down.—ABBOTT, § 400: In this line either *she* is omitted, or 'should' is for *she would*, or 'o'' has been inserted by mistake.—W. A. WRIGHT: The text is probably correct, *it* being omitted, as is not uncommonly the case in Shakespeare. See ABBOTT, §§ 399, 404. The antecedent of this omitted *it*, is the balancing or indecision of Claribel described in the preceding line. [I incline to think that Capell's solution is the best after all.—ED.]

Mo widdowes in them of this buſineſſe making,
Then we bring men to comfort them:
The faults your owne.
Alon. So is the deer'ſt oth'loſſe.
Gon. My Lord *Sebaſtian*,
The truth you ſpeake doth lacke ſome gentleneſſe,
And time to ſpeake it in: you rub the ſore,
When you ſhould bring the plaiſter.
Seb. Very well. *Ant.* And moſt Chirurgeonly.
Gon. It is foule weather in vs all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy.
Seb. Fowle weather? *Ant.* Very foule.

136. *Mo*] *More* Rowe.
137. *them:*] *them withal* Anon. (ap. Grey).
137, 138. *Then ... faults*] One line, Han. Steev. Mal. Coll.
One line, Cap.
139. *oth'*] *of the* Han. Mal. Steev. Var. Knt, Coll. Hal. Sing.
139, 140. One line, Cap.
142. *time to*] *th' time you* Han.
147–190. Crossed out, Coll. MS.

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136. **Mo**] W. A. WRIGHT: This is of frequent occurrence in the *Authorised Version*, but is changed to *more* in modern editions. See *Numbers* xxii, 15, 'And Balak sent yet againe Princes, moe, and more honourable than they.'

137. **Then we bring**] JOHNSON: It does not clearly appear whether the king and these lords thought the ship lost. This passage seems to imply that they were themselves confident of returning, but imagined part of the fleet destroyed. Why, indeed, should Sebastian plot against his brother in the following Scene, unless he knew how to find the kingdom he was to inherit?

137, 138. ABBOTT, § 495, follows Capell in reading these two lines as one, and scans the line thus made by supposing that two extra syllables are inserted at the end of the third foot: 'Than we | being men | to com*fort them* ('*em*). | The fault's | your own.'

139, 140. WALKER (*Vers.* 169), not knowing that he had been anticipated not only by Capell, but by the Folio itself, proposed to divide these lines, and contract 'deer'st oth'' as it stands in the text.

139. W. A. WRIGHT: In the same intensive sense 'dearest' is used in *Ham.* I, ii, 182, 'Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven.' But a still more instructive passage is *Rich. III:* V, ii, 21, which is printed thus on the authority of the Quartos: 'Which in his greatest need will shrink from him'; while the First Folio, followed by the rest, has, 'Which in his deerest neede will flye from him.' [In a note on *Ham.* I, ii, 182, CALDECOTT well defines the use of 'dear' as importing the excess, the utmost, the superlative of that to which it may be applied; and, even more concisely, W. A. WRIGHT observes, in a note on the same passage: 'dear' is used of 'whatever touches us nearly, either in love or hate, joy or sorrow.' The notes on this word by Horne Tooke, Singer, Caldecott, Dyce, and Craik are given in this edition, on *Rom. & Jul.* V, iii, 32.—ED.]

147. **Very foule**] BR. NICHOLSON (MS) suggests *Water fowl* as 'a tentative

Gon. Had I plantation of this Iſle my Lord.
Ant. Hee'd ſow't vvith Nettle-ſeed.
Seb. Or dockes, or Mallowes.
Gon. And were the King on't, what vvould I do?
Seb. Scape being drunke, for want of Wine.
Gon. I'th'Commonwealth I vvould (by contraries)
Execute all things: For no kinde of Trafficke

148. *plantation*] *the plantation* Rowe +, Steev.'85. *the planting* Han. Quincy MS.
Lord.] *lord*— Pope.
151. *on't*] *of it* Han. Cap. Steev. Mal. Knt.
I] *I not* Wagner (Sh. Jhrb. xiv, 291).

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change.' 'In the true shipwreck they were partly fed by the great quantities of sea fowl which they caught. In Jourdan's Statement (p. 408, Var.'21) the second paragraph begins: "Another sea-fowle there is," words which show that the previous "There is fowle" means, There is sea-fowle. Secondly, it gave Shakespeare an opportunity of introducing one of his quibbles or puns, while otherwise I see no relevancy nor sense. Sebastian looking upward at the now bright sky says mockingly, "Foul weather?" and Shakespeare supposing them to have seen these frequent flights of sea fowl, or at that moment to witness them somewhere beyond the then stage, says by Anthonio "Water-fowl," he continuing, but in a different way, Sebastian's mocking allusion to Gonzalo's words. Thirdly, besides punning, Shakespeare, to some at least of his audience, shows that he is alluding to the shipwreck of Somers.'

148. **plantation**] GRANT WHITE: That is, had I the colonization, not the planting, of this isle. See Bacon's Essay *Of Plantations*. [Sebastian and Anthonio take it of course in its ordinary sense.—ED.]

154, &c. CAPELL (63*b*): This speech, and one that comes after it, prove the writer's acquaintance with one he has not been trac'd in by any, annotator or editor; for thus old Montaigne, speaking of the Indian discovery and of the new people's manners: 'C'est une Nation, diray-je a Platon, en laquelle il n'y a aucune esperance de trafiq, nulle cognoissance de Lettres, nulle science de nombres, nul nom de Magistrat, ny de superioritié politique, nul usage de service, de richesse, ou de pauvreté, nuls contracts, nulles successions, nuls partages, nulles occupations qu' oysives, nul respect de parenté que commun, nuls vestements, nulle agriculture, nul metal, nul usage de vin ou de bled. Les paroles mesmes, qui signifient le mensonge, la trahison, la dissimulation, l'avarice, l'envie, la detraction, le pardon, inouyes.'—*Essais de Montaigne*, vol. i, p. 270, Bruxelles, 1659. The person who shall compare this passage with the translations of it that were extant in Shakespeare's time will see reason to think he read it in French. [The general belief now is that Shakespeare, in this instance, did not go to the original French, but to Florio's translation, which, as given by W. A. WRIGHT, is as follows: 'It is a nation, would I answer Plato, that hath no kinde of traffike, no knowledge of Letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politike superioritie; no vse of service, of riches, or of povertie; no contracts, no successions, no partitions, no occupation but idle; no respect of kinred, but common, no apparell but naturall, no manuring of lands, no vse of wine, corne, or mettle. The very words that import lying, falshood, treason, dissimulations, covetousness, envie, detraction, and pardon were never heard of amongst them.'—Bk i, c.

Would I admit: No name of Magiſtrate: 155
Letters ſhould not be knowne: Riches, pouerty,
And vſe of ſeruice, none: Contract, Succeſsion,
Borne, bound of Land, Tilth, Vineyard none: 158

156. *Riches*] *wealth* Pope+. *no riches* Wagner.
Riches, pouerty] *poverty, riches* Cap. *riches, and poverty* Anon. (ap. Cam.).
158. *Borne*] *Bourn* Rowe. *Boürn,* *or* Ktly.
158. *bound*] *boundary* Wagner (Sh. Jhrb. xiv, 291).
Tilth] *tilth, meadow* Hal. conj.
Vineyard] *vineyard, olives* Han. *vineyard, olive* Cap.

30, p. 102. RUSHTON (*Sh. Illust. by Old Authors*, i, 51) gives extracts from the *Ecclesiazusae* (588–606) of Aristophanes, which are parallel in thought and expression to Gonzalo's description of his ideal Commonwealth.—HENSE (*Sh. Jahrbuch*, xv, 134) supposes that Shakespeare made use also of Ovid's description of the Golden Age (*Met.* i, 98–102), but this is unlikely, I think; had he done so, we should have found some traces of Golding, and none, I think, can be detected. There is a large erasure here, from line 145 to line 190, in Collier's MS, which MOMMSEN (*Perkins-Shakespeare*, p. 407) takes to be an indication that, in the time of Collier's annotator, the description of Gonzalo's commonwealth had ceased to be amusing, derived as it was from a book that was becoming antiquated.—ED.]

156–158. STEEVENS, '93, thus regulates and changes these lines: 'Letters should not be known; no use of service, | Of riches, or of poverty; no contracts, | Successions; bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none,' and justifies his work by a reference to the phraseology of the extract from Florio, adding: Probably Shakespeare first wrote (in the room of *partition*, which did not suit the structure of his verse) *bourn;* but, recollecting that one of its significations was a rivulet, and that his island would have fared ill without fresh water, he changed *bourn* to *bound of land*, a phrase that could not be misunderstood. At the same time he might have forgot to strike out 'bourn,' his original word, which is now rejected; for if not used for a *brook* it would have exactly the same meaning as 'bound of land.' There is, therefore, no need of the dissyllabical assistance recommended [by Malone, who suggests: 'And use of service, none; succeſsion | Contract, bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none.' In Malone's ed., 1790, he proposed: 'And use of service, contract, succession | None; böurn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none,' but as this was not repeated in 1821 we may charitably suppose that it was withdrawn.—WALKER (*Crit.* ii, 16) suggests that 'after "tilth," *pasture*, or some synonymous word, seems to have been lost.'—ED.]—ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.* p. 27): Steevens, Malone, Walker, and Keightley have tampered so violently with this verse only because they had not observed the use which Shakespeare makes of what classical metricians know as *moræ vacuæ* (empty times), i. e. the omission of the unaccented syllable of a foot and accepting a pause or rest of the same length instead. The Camb. Edd. (vol. i, p. xvii) have noted the fact that 'there is a large number of [Shakespeare's] verses which a modern ear pronounces to want their *first* unaccented syllable.' This (I would add) takes place not only when the preceding verse ends with a superfluous *unaccented* syllable (in which case the two verses are still to the *ear* two normal Iambics), as *ante*, I, ii, 373, 374: 'Come forth I ſay! there's other buſiness fór thee: Cóme, thou tortoiſe! when?' but also when the concurrence of the *accented* syllable at the end of the preceding verse with that at

No vſe of Mettall, Corne, or Wine, or Oyle:
No occupation, all men idle, all:
And Women too, but innocent and pure:
No Soueraignty.
Seb. Yet he vvould be King on't.
Ant. The latter end of his Common-wealth forgets the beginning.
Gon. All things in common Nature ſhould produce
Without ſweat or endeuour: Treaſon, fellony,
Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or neede of any Engine
Would I not haue: but Nature ſhould bring forth
Of it owne kinde, all foyzon, all abundance

163. *Yet*] *And yet* Pope+, Steev. Mal. 170. *it*] F_2, Ktly. *it's* F_3, Cap. *its* F_4.

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the beginning of the second creates a pause and compels the ear to take notice of the solution of continuity, as in *ante*, I, ii, 274, 275: 'And are upon the Mediterranean flóte Boúnd ſádly home for Naples.' But the Camb. Edd. do not appear to have noted that in the verse, which is thus practically made Trochaic, Shakespeare sometimes omits also the first unaccented syllable *after* the beginning, as in that just cited, in which the omission of the unaccented syllable between 'Bound' and 'ſadly' induces a pause precisely as long as the *Thesis* of a Trochee; and such is the only peculiarity—a perfectly legitimate one—of the verse in question, 'Boúrn, boúnd of lásuch, tilth, víneyard, nóne.' A very interesting exemplification of this process is given in *Much Ado*, V, iii, 12–21, a Song, in which four Trochaic dimeter catalectic verses are followed by two tristichs; whereof the two first verses are precisely like the first four of the song, in rhythm, and differ only in the fact that the *Thesis* of the first Trochee is omitted and replaced by a pause; while the *third* verse, which *looks* a great deal shorter than its predecessors of either kind, is still the same in rhythm, with the *Thesis* of the *second* Trochee omitted, e. g. 1. Párdon, góddeſs óf the níght. 2. Hélp ús to ſígh and gróan. 3. Héavilý, heávilý!—Shakespeare has thus written *Bacchiacs* and *Cretics* without knowing it.

156. ABBOTT, § 471, scans this line by pronouncing 'riches' as a monosyllable. See I, ii, 204.

165. WARBURTON: All this dialogue is a fine satire on the Utopian treatises of government, and the impracticable, inconsistent schemes therein recommended.—HOLT (p. 41): It may with greater justice be regarded as a compliment to Sidney's *Arcadia* and Bacon's *New Atlantis;* the praises being put in the mouth of Gonzalo, a good and wise man, and the sneers in those of Sebastian and Antonio, two no very favourable characters.

167. **endeuour**] W. A. WRIGHT: In the time of Shakespeare this word had much more the idea of laborious effort attached to it than now. See Trench, *On the Authorised Version of the New Testament*, p. 44.

168. **Engine**] STEEVENS: An instrument of war, or military machine.

170. **it owne**] See I, ii, 113.

170. **foyzon**] Cotgrave: '*Foison: f.* Store, plentie, abundance, great fullnesse, enough.' According to Skeat (s. v.), from the Latin *fusionem*, acc. of *fusio*, a pour-

To feed my innocent people.
Seb. No marrying 'mong his ſubiects?
Ant. None (man) all idle ; Whores and knaues,
Gon. I vvould vvith ſuch perfection gouerne Sir :
T'Excell the Golden Age.
Seb. 'Saue his Maieſty. *Ant.* Long liue *Gonzalo.*
Gon. And do you marke me, Sir? (me.
Alon. Pre-thee no more: thou doſt talke nothing to
Gon. I do vvell beleeue your Highneſſe, and did it to miniſter occaſion to theſe Gentlemen, who are of ſuch ſenſible and nimble Lungs, that they alwayes vſe to laugh at nothing.
Ant. 'Twas you vve laugh'd at.
Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you : ſo you may continue, and laugh at nothing ſtill.

176. *'Saue*] *Save* F_4. *God save* Walker, Huds.
Gonzalo] *King Gonzalo* Elze.
177. *And*] *And*— Dyce ii, iii.
178. Two lines, Cap.
185. *nothing*] *nothiog* F_4.

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ing out, hence, profusion.—W. A. WRIGHT quotes Forby's *Vocabulary of East Anglia*, where it is defined as 'Succulency; natural nutritive moisture, as in herbage.'—Col. MALLERY (*Phila. Sh. Soc.*) suggests that '"abundance" here is but a translation of the archaic "foyzon," a process to which poets and orators habitually resort.'

175. **T'Excell**] For other examples of the omission of *as*, see ABBOTT, § 281.

176. **'Saue**] WALKER (*Crit.* i, 215) connects this exclamation of Sebastian with Antonio's echo as a possible verse, and suggests that the former originally said: '*God* save his majesty,' but that 'the name of God was omitted by the editor of the Folio out of deference to the well-known act of Parliament against profaneness.'—[1 Jac. c. 21. It militates slightly against Walker's suggestion that line 175 is so carefully printed that 'To excell' is abbreviated to 'T'excell,' which looks as though it were intended to connect that line with Sebastian's exclamation. In either case Walker's suggestion of the omitted name holds good, and 'save his majesty' may be regarded as a fair example of what ABBOTT happily styles (§ 513) an *amphibious* verse, which may serve duty both as the end of one verse and as the beginning of the next. Hudson followed Walker's suggestion and division of the lines.—ED.]

177. **And**] W. A. WRIGHT, in the Third Cambridge Edition, conjectures that this, although spoken by Gonzalo, should be printed after 'age' in line 175; 'T'excell the Golden Age, and—' hereby indicating the boisterous and unmannerly interruption of Sebastian and Antonio. Gonzalo then resumes: 'Do you mark,' &c.

178. **talke nothing**] PHILA. SH. SOC.: The *οὐδὲν λέγεις* of Greek,—thou sayest that which has in it no reality, what is false, or nothing to the purpose.

181. **sensible**] That is, sensitive; thus frequently used. W. A. WRIGHT compares this expression of 'sensible and nimble' to the lungs that are 'tickle o' the sere' in *Ham.* II, ii, 317.

Ant. What a blow vvas there giuen? 186
Seb. And it had not falne flat-long.
Gon. You are Gentlemen of braue mettal: you would lift the Moone out of her ſpheare, if ſhe would continue in it fiue weekes vvithout changing. 190

Enter Ariell playing ſolemne Muſicke.

Seb. We vvould ſo, and then go a Bat-fowling. 192

187. *And*] *An* Pope et seq. Rowe i.
188. *of braue*] *of a brave* F_3F_4, 191. Om. Pope. Solemn Musick. Cap.

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187. **And**] This, of course, is equivalent to *if*. It is almost always thus written in the Folio, and is quite needlessly, I think, changed to *an* in modern editions. See II, ii, 123, where 'and if' occurs on the same principle probably as 'most unkindest.' —ED.

187. **flat-long**] MORRIS (*Eng. Accidence*, § 311, referred to by W. A. Wright): There were some adverbs in Old English, originally dative feminine singular, ending in *-inga*, *-unga*, *-linga*, *-lunga*. A few of these, without the dative suffix, exist under the form *-ling* or *-long*, as *head-long*, *sideling*, *sidelong*, *darkling*, *flatling*, and *flatlong*. —W. A. WRIGHT quotes Hollyband's *Dictionarie:* 'Frapper du plat de l'espée, to strike with a sword flatling.' And Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, V. v, 18: 'Tho' with her sword on him she flatling strooke.' [In Sidney's *Arcadia*, iii, 310, ed. 1598, we read, in the description of Pamela's execution, that 'the pittilesse sworde had such pittie of so precious an object [i. e. Pamela's neck] that at first it did but hit flatlong.'—ED.]

189. **if she would**] I doubt if strict rules can be laid down in regard to Shakespeare's use of *should* or *would*. If we can be assured that the language is really Shakespeare's, and not his printer's, we might perhaps detect in every instance some subtle reason for his use of the one or the other. *Should* is, frequently, more difficult to explain than *would*, wherein the idea of *will* or *duty* can be almost always discerned; see *Mer. of Ven.* III, ii, 289: 'Besides, it should appear, that if he had the present money,' &c.; *As You Like It*, I, ii, 220: 'Thou shouldst have pleased me better,' &c.—ABBOTT, § 329, says 'it is a natural and common mistake to say *would* is used for *should* by Elizabethan writers.'—W. A. WRIGHT, in a note on this present passage, says '"would" here is certainly used for the conditional *should*,' and after quoting the foregoing remark of Abbott, adds: 'But it cannot be denied that Elizabethan writers employed *would* in constructions in which we now use *should*.' Indeed, it is not unnatural that it should have been so in days when the usage of words was less rigid than now. Can it be, however, in the present case that 'would' is not Shakespeare's word, but the printer's? And that it is due to the 'would' in the line almost directly above it? We admit this error by proximity in many another case, and why may we not admit it here? There is to me always a lurking weakness in such an explanation, I confess, and yet if it be ever allowable, it might surely be permitted here, where the use of 'would' is almost inexplicable.—ED.

191. **Ariell**] COLLIER'S MS adds *above*, *invisible*, which 'accords,' says Collier (ed. ii), 'with Prospero's direction that the spirit was not to be seen. We must suppose that, by some contrivance, Ariel floated above the actors.'

192. STAUNTON: The instructions for 'Bat-fowling' in Markham's *Hunger's Prevention*, &c. afford an accurate description of this sport: 'For the manner of *Bat-*

Ant. Nay good my Lord, be not angry. 193

Gon. No I warrant you, I vvill not aduenture my diſcretion ſo weakly : Will you laugh me aſleepe, for I 195
am very heauy.

Ant. Go ſleepe, and heare vs. 197

197. *vs.*] *us not* Ktly. 197. [Gon. Adr. Fra. and Train, sleep. Cap.

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fowling it may be vsed either with Nettes, or without Nettes: If you vse it without Nettes (which indeede is the most common of the two) you shall then proceede in this manner: First, there shall be one to cary the Cresset of fire (as was shewed for the *Lowbell*) then a certaine number as two, three, or foure (according to the greatnesse of your company), and these shall haue poales bound with dry round wispes of hay, straw, or such like stuffe, or else bound with pieces of Linkes or Hurdes, dipt in Pitch, Rosen, Grease, or any such like matter that will blaze.—Then another company shal be armed with long poales, very rough and bushy at the vpper endes, of which the Willow, Byrche, or long Hazell are best, but indeed according as the country will afford so you must be content to take.—Thus being prepared and comming into the Bushy, or rough ground where the haunts of Birds are, you shall then first kindle some of your fiers as halfe, or a third part, according as your prouision is, and then with your other bushy and rough poales you shall beat the Bushes, Trees, and haunts of the Birds, to enforce them to rise, which done you shall see the Birds which are raysed, to flye and play about the lights and flames of the fier, for it is their nature through their amazednesse, and affright at the strangenes of the light and the extreame darknesse round about it, not to depart from it, but as it were almost to scorch their wings in the same; so that those who have the rough bushye poales, may (at their pleasures) beat them down with the same, & so take them. Thus you may spend as much of the night as is darke, for longer is not conuenient; and doubtlesse you shall finde much pastime, and take great store of birds, and in this you shall obserue all the obseruations formerly treated of in the *Lowbell;* especially, that of silence, vntill your lights be kindled, but then you may vse your pleasure, for the noyse and the light when they are heard and seene a farre of, they make the birds sit the faster and surer' [1621, pp. 98–100.—W. A. WRIGHT].—According to THORNBURY, this practice gave its name to a thieves' trick. 'Bat-fowling,' he says (*Sh.'s England*, i, 339), 'was practised about dusk, when the rogue pretended to have dropped a ring or a jewel at the door of some well-furnished shop, and, going in, asked the 'prentice of the house to light his candle to look for it. After some peering about, the bat-fowler would drop the candle as if by accident. "Now, I pray you, good young man," he would say, "to do so much as light the candle again." While the boy was away the rogue plundered the shop, and having stole everything he could find, stole away himself.' [Thornbury's book would be extremely valuable if his authorities were only given—ED.]

194, 195. **aduenture . . . weakly**] PHILA. SH. SOC.: I will not shew myself so weak, as thus to risk [my character] for discretion.

197. **heare vs**] KEIGHTLEY (*Exp.* 211): A negative has been effaced or omitted. Surely the very last thing that Anthonio could have wished was that he should hear them; and how could he if he went to sleep? [Coleridge supposes that

Alon. What, all ſo ſoone aſleepe? I wiſh mine eyes
Would(with themſelues) ſhut vp my thoughts,
I finde they are inclin'd to do ſo.
Seb. Pleaſe you Sir,
Do not omit the heauy offer of it:
It ſildome viſits ſorrow, when it doth, it is a Comforter.
Ant. We two my Lord, will guard your perſon,
While you take your reſt, and watch your ſafety.
Alon. Thanke you: Wondrous heauy.
Seb. What a ſtrange drowſines poſſeſſes them?

199, 200. *Would...I finde* One line, Pope et seq.

203. *It ſildome*] *It ſeldome* F_3. *It ſeldom* F_4. *Sleep seldom* Grey.

ſorrow,] *ſorrow;* F_4.

It...Comforter] One line, Rowe ii+, Cap.

204, 205. *will...reſt*] One line, Rowe ii et seq.

206. *Wondrous*] *I'm wondrous* Grey.

[All sleep but *Seb.* and *Ant.* Rowe. Alonso sleeps. Cap. Exit Ariel. Mal.

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there was as yet no thought of a conspiracy.—ED.] *Not* we may also see is required by the metre. The latter part may be a half-aside.—W. (*N. & Qu.* 3d S. ix, 254) suggests that perhaps Anthonio's reply refers directly to Gonzalo's 'Will you *laugh* us asleep?' and is to be interpreted, 'Go sleep and hear us' (*laugh* understood).—PHILA. SH. SOC. (p. 28): Gonzalo's question may be, perversely, construed to mean: 'Will you laugh [at] me while asleep?' Antonio accordingly answers, 'Go to sleep, and then you will hear whether we laugh [at] you in your sleep or not.' [See Coleridge, in line 207.]—HALLIWELL (p. 32): A very obscure speech. Gonzalo asks them to laugh him to sleep, for he is very drowsy. Antonio replies, 'Go to sleep and hear us laugh,' the sound of which laughter, from a little distance, would soothe the drowsy counsellor into slumber. Antonio's speech, by the common idiom of inversion, is equivalent to, 'Hear us, and go sleep.'

202. **heauy offer**] W. A. WRIGHT: 'Heavy' is here used proleptically, or by anticipation. 'The heavy offer' is the offer which brings drowsiness or heaviness.

207, &c. COLERIDGE (*Seven Lectures*, p. 122): How well the poet prepares the feelings of the reader for this plot, which was to execute the most detestable of crimes, and which, in another play, Shakespeare has called 'the murder of sleep.' Antonio and Sebastian at first had no such intention; it was suggested by the magical sleep cast on Alonzo and Gonzalo; but they are previously introduced scoffing and scorning at what was said by others, without regard to age or situation,—without any sense of admiration for the excellent truths they heard delivered, but giving themselves up entirely to the malignant and unsocial feeling which induced them to listen to everything that was said, not for the sake of profiting by the learning and experience of others, but of hearing something that might gratify vanity and self-love, by making them believe that the person speaking was inferior to themselves.—This, let me remark, is one of the grand characteristics of a villain; and it would not be so much a presentiment, as an anticipation of hell, for men to suppose that all mankind were as wicked as themselves, or might be so, if they were not too great fools. Pope objected

Ant. It is the quality o'th'Clymate.
Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids ſinke? I finde
Not my ſelfe diſpos'd to ſleep.
Ant. Nor I, my ſpirits are nimble:
They fell together all, as by conſent
They dropt, as by a Thunder-ſtroke: what might
Worthy *Sebaſtian?* O, what might? no more:
And yet, me thinkes I ſee it in thy face,
What thou ſhould'ſt be: th'occaſion ſpeaks thee, and

208–212. Lines end, *it...myself...nimble*, Elze.
210, 211. *Doth...Not*] One line, Rowe ii et seq.
213, 214. *all,...conſent...dropt,*] *all... consent,...dropt* Pope.
214. *what might*] F_2, Cap. Hal. *what might:* F_3. *what might*, F_4 et cet.
215. Sebaſtian?...*might?*] Sebastian —...*might*— Rowe.
217. *th'occaſion*] *The occasion* Rowe, Johns. Cap. Steev. Mal. Dyce, Cam.

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to this conspiracy [see note on line 13, above], but in my mind, if it could be omitted, the play would lose a charm which nothing could supply.

214. **Thunder-stroke**] HOLT (p. 42, suggesting, 'They fell together, all as by Consent; They dropt, as' &c.): A preternatural cause seems manifestly intended by introducing Ariel with solemn music, which was to have only that somniferous effect, there being nothing consequent following on his entrance but the sudden drowsiness which seizes Gonzalo, Alonzo, Adrian, and Francisco.

215, &c. COLERIDGE (*Lectures*, &c. p. 89): The scene of the intended assassination of Alonzo and Gonzalo is an exact counterpart of the scene between Macbeth and his lady, only pitched in a lower key throughout, as designed to be frustrated and concealed, and exhibiting the same profound management in the manner of familiarising a mind, not immediately recipient, to the suggestion of guilt, by associating the proposed crime with something ludicrous or out of place,—something not habitually matter of reverence. By this kind of sophistry the imagination and fancy are first bribed to contemplate the suggested act, and at length to become acquainted with it. Observe how the effect of this scene is heightened by contrast with another counterpart of it in low life,—that between the conspirators Stephano, Caliban, and Trinculo, in which there are the same essential characteristics.—MACDONALD (*The Imagination*, p. 126) calls attention to the different treatment of the same subject in *Macbeth;* in *King John*, where the king tempts Hubert to kill Arthur; in *As You Like It*, in the scene between Oliver and Charles the wrestler; and in *Hamlet*, where Claudius urges Laertes to kill Hamlet.

217. **should'st**] The meaning of *ought* is here clear enough, as it is in *Macb.* I, iii, 45, 'You should be women.' See ABBOTT, § 323, for other examples.

217. **speaks thee**] PHILA. SH. SOC.: Delius understands: the occasion *expresses* thee, i. e. shows thee as what thou *canst* be and what (in *posse*) thou art *now*. Rather, perhaps: the occasion (Greek *καιρός*, Lat. *occasio*, a critical or favourable moment) speaks [to] thee [and orders thee to act as it suggests], and,—as a consequence of such obedience to occasion,—I see a crown on thy head. The use, however, of

My ſtrong imagination ſee's a Crowne
Dropping vpon thy head.
Seb. What? art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not heare me ſpeake?
Seb. I do, and ſurely
It is a ſleepy Language; and thou ſpeak'ſt
Out of thy ſleepe: What is it thou didſt ſay?
This is a ſtrange repoſe, to be aſleepe
With eyes wide open: ſtanding, ſpeaking, mouing:
And yet ſo faſt aſleepe.
Ant. Noble *Sebaſtian*,
Thou let'ſt thy fortune ſleepe: die rather: wink'ſt
Whiles thou art waking.
Seb. Thou do'ſt ſnore diſtinctly,
There's meaning in thy ſnores.
Ant. I am more ſerious then my cuſtome: you
Muſt be ſo too, if heed me: which to do,
Trebbles thee o're.
Seb. Well: I am ſtanding water.
Ant. Ile teach you how to flow.

218. *ſee's*] *ſees* F_4.
230, 242. *Whiles*] *Whilst* Rowe+.
234. *ſo too*] *so* Pope, Han.
if heed] *if you heed* Rowe, Pope, Han. Ktly. *if ye heed* Hunter.
235. *Trebbles thee o're*] *Troubles thee o'er* Rowe ii, Pope. *Troubles thee not* Han. *Troubles thee sore* Quincy MS.

'speak' in the sense of *to call* or *order* seems to require confirmation. There is, to be sure, the sea-phrase to *speak a ship*. Something like a parallel may be found in I, ii, 46: 'The very minute bids thee ope thine ear.'

231. **distinctly**] That is, articulately, with separate tones. See I, ii, 233.

234. **if heed me**] See, for a similar ellipsis, I, ii, 521.

235. **Trebbles thee o're**] THEOBALD: That is, makes thee thrice what thou now art. Compare, 'I would be trebled twenty times myself.'—*Mer. of Ven.* III, ii, 154. —PHILA. SH. SOC.: There appears to be here somewhat of zeugma, or suggestive construction, i. e. the idea of necessity expressed by 'must' suggests a similar filling up before 'heed.' 'To do' also may be emphatically antithetic to another verb connected in sense with 'heed.' Thus: you, too, must be serious, if you [are to] heed me [in telling] that, to do which trebles thee o'er.—WILSON (*Caliban*, p. 230) would read thus: 'you Must be so too, if—heed me,—which to do 't Rebels thee o'er,' and expounds as follows: 'The previous talk with Gonzalo, and the darker hints since, have been carried on with quip, pun, and inuendo. If we understand Sebastian's reply, "Well, I am standing water," as a play on the word "rebels," i. e. "ripples thee o'er," it is no worse pun than others which have preceded it; and hence follows metaphorical talk of flowing, ebbing, and running near the bottom.'

Seb. Do ſo : to ebbe
Hereditary Sloth inſtructs me.
Ant. O !
If you but knew how you the purpoſe cheriſh
Whiles thus you mocke it : how in ſtripping it
You more inueſt it : ebbing men, indeed
(Moſt often) do ſo neere the bottome run
By their owne feare, or ſloth.
Seb. 'Pre-thee ſay on,
The ſetting of thine eye, and cheeke proclaime
A matter from thee ; and a birth, indeed,
Which throwes thee much to yeeld.
Ant. Thus Sir :
Although this Lord of weake remembrance; this
Who ſhall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almoſt perſwaded
(For hee's a Spirit of perſwaſion, onely
Profeſſes to perſwade) the King his ſonne's aliue,

244. *ſo...bottome*] *so,...bottom*, Rowe.
247. *proclaime*] *proclaims* Ktly.
249. *throwes*] *throws* F_4, Rowe. *throes* Pope.
250. *Thus Sir :*] *Why then thus Sir :* Han. *Thus, sir, I say* Ktly conj.
254. *hee's*] *he'as* Han. i.
255. *perſwade) the King*] *persuade the King*, Johns.

241–243. STEEVENS: A judicious critic in *The Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786, offers the following illustration of this obscure passage: 'O if you but knew how much even that metaphor, which you use in jest, encourages to the design which I hint at; how in stripping the words of their common meaning, and using them figuratively, you adapt them to your own situation!'—PHILLPOTTS: The more Sebastian, by putting forward his natural indolence, seems to decline entering into Antonio's counsels, the more, as Antonio can perceive, he is really inclined to slip into them as into a garment.

236. **standing water**] JEPHSON: The meaning seems to be, 'I am stagnant, slow of understanding and action'; for Antonio follows up the metaphor by saying he will teach Sebastian how 'to flow,' and Sebastian rejoins that his natural or hereditary slothfulness teaches him rather 'to ebb.'

251. **this Lord**] JOHNSON: This lord, who being now in his dotage, has outlived his faculty of remembering; and who, when once laid in the ground, shall be as little remembered himself, as he can now remember other things.

255. **Professes to perswade**)] CAPELL: That is, persuading is his profession, his only profession; the words are spoke of Francisco.—JOHNSON: Of this entangled sentence I can draw no sense from the present reading, and therefore imagine that the author gave it thus: 'For *he*, a spirit of persuasion, only Professes to persuade *the king*, *his son's alive*,' of which the meaning may be either that 'he alone, who is a spirit of persuasion, professes to persuade the king,' or that 'he only professes to per-

[255. Professes to perswade)]

suade'; that is, 'without being so persuaded himself, he makes a show of persuading the king.'—KENRICK (p. 11): There is no necessity for altering the text any farther than to transpose the comma, placed after 'persuasion,' to the end of the line. The meaning then is: 'He hath *almost* [not quite] persuaded the king; for he is the *spirit* of persuasion only, he professes to persuade'; that is, 'He has only *almost* persuaded the king; he hath no solid argument or weighty reason to enforce what he says; he hath only the mere volatile *spirit* of persuasion; that superficial vapour of words which exhales and carries with it only the appearance, the mere show or profession of persuading.'—MONCK MASON: The obscurity here arises from the word 'he's,' which is not an abbreviation of *he is*, but of *he has*, and partly from the omission of the pronoun *who* before 'professes,' by a common poetical ellipsis. Supply the deficiency and the sentence will run thus: 'hath here almost persuaded (For *he has* a spirit of persuasion, *who* only Professes to persuade), the king, his son's alive.'—STEEVENS: I cannot help regarding the words 'professes to persuade' as a mere gloss or paraphrase on 'he has a spirit of persuasion.' This explanatory sentence, being written in the margin of an actor's part, or playhouse copy, was afterwards injudiciously incorporated with our author's text. Read the passage without these words, '—almost persuaded (For he's a spirit of persuasion only), The king, his son's alive; 'tis as impossible,' &c., and nothing is wanting to its sense or metre. [Steevens adopted this reading in his 'own edition' of 1793.]—DYCE says of this passage, 'something is surely wrong here,' and quotes, without dissent, Steevens's note.—STAUNTON goes further and adopts Steevens's idea that the entanglement may have arisen from the retention of Shakespeare's first, as well as his reconsidered, thought. —[I cannot agree with Dyce that something is surely wrong. Antonio, at the very outset, must counteract in Sebastian's mind all belief in Ferdinand's escape which has just been so positively asserted to the king. If Ferdinand has survived, Sebastian is not the heir to the throne, and the conspiracy will come to naught. He therefore, parenthetically, weakens these assertions by saying that their author, when he made them, was merely exercising his calling, as a courtier and as a counsellor, in the arts of persuasion; 'he is the very soul of persuasion,' he says, 'and, to practise it, his only profession.' If under the word 'professes' we can detect an insidious hint that it is insincere lip-service, all the better. What is to me somewhat more puzzling here than this 'entanglement' is, to whom is Antonio referring, to Gonzalo or to Francisco? I had never a doubt on the subject until I found that Capell, whom we can never afford to overlook, asserted positively that it is Francisco; and he is followed by Hunter (of *Longman's Series*) and Hudson. On the other hand, Jephson and Phillpotts say that it is Gonzalo; all other editors are silent in this regard, but from their references to the 'dotard,' &c. it is to be inferred that they mean Gonzalo. Unquestionably, it is Francisco who gives the florid account of Ferdinand's remarkable swimming (and, indeed, it is to the rhetorical flourishes in this speech that Jephson thinks Antonio here refers as proofs that Francisco was merely exercising his profession), but Francisco is such a very subordinate character that this prominence can scarcely be given to him here. The description of Ferdinand's swimming is his sole utterance throughout the play, except three words, 'They vanished strangely,' in the Fourth Act. Whereas, to show how prominent Gonzalo is, would be mere waste time. I cannot but think that 'this lord of weak remembrance,' who will be forgotten as soon as 'he is earth'd,' is identical with 'this ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence,' whom Antonio afterwards incites Sebastian 'to put for aye to the perpetual wink.'—ED.]

'Tis as impoſsible that hee's vndrown'd,
As he that ſleepes heere, ſwims.
Seb. I haue no hope
That hee's vndrown'd.
Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope haue you? No hope that way, Is
Another way ſo high a hope, that euen
Ambition cannot pierce a winke beyond
But doubt diſcouery there. Will you grant with me

261. *that way, Is*] *that way : Is* Ff.
262. *a hope*] *an hope* Rowe+, Steev. Mal. Var.
264. *But ... diſcouery*] *What ... discovers* Orger.
264. *doubt*] Ff, Rowe+, Cam. Glo. Jeph. Wrt, Huds. Wh. ii, Dtn. *drops* Han. *drowns* Herr. *doubts* Cap. et cet.
with] Om. Gould.

263. **winke**] DEIGHTON: As the eye of ambition is alluded to, distance is here appropriately measured by a 'wink'; so in V, i, 34: 'My purpose doth extend Not a frown further.'

264. **But . . . there**] WARBURTON: The meaning is, that Ambition would be so affected with the pleasing prospect that it would doubt whether the discovery it there made, of future greatness, was a real representation, or only what Shakespeare, in another place, calls a *Dream of Advantage*.—HEATH: Ambition, which cannot carry its utmost view beyond the prospect this 'no hope' opens to it, doubts even the discovery which it actually makes, or may make, if it pleases. In saying which Antonio alludes to the difficulty he found in making Sebastian comprehend, or at least to own he comprehended, the scope he had been so long aiming at.—CAPELL: 'There' is—beyond the object alluded to, i. e. a crown: 'no hope, that way (says the speaker) is another way so high a hope, that even ambition *cannot, with all its efforts, discover glimpse of anything desirable beyond it, and even* doubts *whether there is anything to be discover'd.*' In making 'doubts' *drops*, [Hanmer] shews his having taken the passage in nearly the same way; and, in truth, his change receives some authority from the discretive particle 'But,' with which 'doubts' has not that accordance that might be wish'd.—JOHNSON: This is the utmost extent of the prospect of ambition, the point where the eye can pass no further, and where objects lose their distinctness, so that what is there discovered is faint, obscure, and doubtful.—JEPHSON: That is, must be uncertain of discovering or discerning anything there; the prospect is so beyond the reach of human sight.—W. A. WRIGHT: To 'doubt discovery there' must mean to be uncertain about what it finds there; the point being at the extreme limit of ambition's vision.—HUDSON bravely confesses that the passage 'has long been a poser' to him, and that he has met with no sufficient explanation of it. 'Possibly,' he adds, 'we ought to read, "*Nor aught discover there.*"'—PHILA. SH. SOC.: 'But doubt' can be considered as equal to *without doubting*, or the 'cannot' is mentally carried on: 'cannot pierce a wink beyond—[cannot] but doubt discovery there.' [This last interpretation seems to be the best way of dealing with the adversative 'but,' and even this is far from satisfactory. It seems to me that the sense requires a word akin either to *finds* or to Hanmer's *drops*. The Cambridge Edition records the conjecture, *douts*, by Br. Nicholson, a conjecture which vanity forces me to think

That *Ferdinand* is drown'd.
Seb. He's gone.
Ant. Then tell me, who's the next heire of *Naples?*
Seb. *Claribell.*
Ant. She that is Queene of *Tunis:* ſhe that dwels
Ten leagues beyond mans life : ſhe that from *Naples*
Can haue no note, vnleſſe the Sun were poſt:
The Man i'th Moone's too ſlow, till new-borne chinnes

267. *who's*...Naples ?] One line, Pope. 271. *poſt :*] *post*, Rowe.

well of; it occurred to me independently. *Dout*, of course, is equivalent to *doff*. Nicholson's conjecture appears nowhere, I believe, in print; it was probably communicated in MS to the Cambridge Editors. When ambition has pierced to its furthest wink, there discovery ceases and the crown is found.—ED.]

270. **mans life**] STEEVENS: That is, at a greater distance than the life of man is long enough to reach.—CROFT ingeniously fixed the distance to be eighty leagues, because 'man's life' in Scripture is computed at seventy years.—HUNTER (i, 166): It seems, indeed, to me that there is one proof that *The Tempest* is a translated, not an original, composition [in this phrase], where *Man's Life* . . . . appears to be the name of some African city turned into English on the principle of translation which gives us 'Old Free-Town' in *Rom. & Jul.* and 'The Place of Depth' in *Com. of Err.*, and in *Mandevile* 'Evil Town,' and in *The Acts* 'Mars Hill.' And we find, accordingly, Leo Africanus speaking of a city south of Tunis, known by the name of *Zoa*, which may well be supposed to have been the place the name of which is thus represented on this erroneous principle of translation.—W. A. WRIGHT characterises this note of Hunter as a piece of 'curious ingenuity,' and adds: 'as if a distance of "thirty miles beyond Zoa" would be an appreciable distance in Antonio's inflated description.' [Moreover, Lampedusa, where Hunter is convinced that Antonio then was, is north of Tunis; to be consistent, therefore, should not Hunter have amended the text so as to read 'ten leagues this side o' Mans-Life'?—ED.]

271. **no note**] POPE'S comments are so rare that when he speaks we are prepared to find some intricate knot unloosed; he here observes that 'no note' means 'no advices by letter.'—HEATH: That is, no notice of any kind, by messenger or otherwise.—HOLT (p. 44) has here a long note showing how Antonio, in his strong propensity to mischief, forgets all the circumstances that make against him.—STEEVENS: Shakespeare's great ignorance of geography is not more conspicuous in any instance than in this, where he supposes Tunis and Naples to have been at such an immeasurable distance from each other.—W. A. WRIGHT: Steevens appears to have overlooked the fact that Antonio's language is intentionally exaggerated and that Sebastian is fully aware of it.—PHILA. SH. SOC.: Cf. Bacon, *Essays*, xlix, p. 442 (ed. Whately), where, under 'advantage be not taken of the note,' the Editor cites this passage from *The Tempest.*

272. **The . . . slow**] From Pope to the present day these words have been enclosed in a parenthesis. With this, in itself, BRAE (*Robinson's Epit. of Lit.* 15 Feb. 1879, p. 33) does not find fault, but condemns the oversight of not including in the same parenthesis 'unless the sun were post,' thereby disclosing, he alleges, the

Be rough, and Razor-able : She that from whom 273
We all were ſea-ſwallow'd, though ſome caſt againe,

273, 274. *Be... We*] One line, Huds.
273. *that from whom*] Ff, Hal. Ktly, Cam. Wrt. *for whom* Pope. *that for whom* Coll. MS. *from whom coming* Sing. *that from whom coming* Ktly. *that—from whom?* Spedding, Glo. *'twas for whom* Huds. *she's that from whom* Huds. conj. (withdrawn). *that from—whom* Furnivall (N. & Qu. 5, vii, 143). *from whom* Rowe et cet.
274. *We all were*] *We were* Pope+, Cap. *We were all* Steev. Knt, Hunter. *caſt*] *cast up* Ktly conj.

'humourous comparison between the sun's motion and that of the moon, the latter seeming to lag behind the sun by nearly an hour every day. But this little physical allusion is made nonsense of when the two members of the comparison are dissevered by one being inclosed in a parenthesis from which the other is excluded; the hyperbolical extravagance does not consist in the idea of sun being post, but in his being a better post than the man in the moon.'

273. **that from whom**] CAPELL: The place is most defectively worded; for we must supply in it—*in coming*,—'she *in coming* from whom'; nor is the sequel much perfecter; *are* is understood before 'cast,' and again after 'And,'—'though some *are* cast again And *are* (by that destiny),' &c.—MALONE: 'She *that* from whom' cannot be right. The compositor's eye probably glanced on a preceding line, 'she that from Naples.'—In *N. & Qu.* 5th S. vii, 324, 1877, J[ames] S[pedding] thus explains his proposed punctuation ('she that—From whom? We all,' &c.): The question 'from whom?' taken in connection with the four lines preceding, can mean nothing more or less than 'from whom *can she have note?*' which meaning is exactly to the purpose of the speaker. Ferdinand, son and heir to the King of Naples, being drowned, his sister Claribel, now Queen of Tunis, is next in succession; after her, Sebastian, the king's brother. Antonio suggests to Sebastian that if the king were dead he might take the crown, Tunis being so far off that Claribel would know nothing about it. 'From whom' could she hear the news, the ship having been lost, with all on board except themselves, and those whose silence they might now make sure of? He breaks off abruptly and changes his construction. But what he says is intelligible and to the purpose. To leave a sentence unfinished and begin another is common enough in English speech. But that any Englishman of any time, county, or education, if he meant to say 'she, in returning from whose house I was wrecked,' would say either '*whom* [Qu. *from whom?*] I was wrecked' or '*she that from whom* I was wrecked,' is to me incredible.—W. A. WRIGHT: If [the Folio] is correct, and there is no great reason to doubt it, there is a confusion of two constructions: Antonio beginning a fresh sentence as he had done the three previous ones with 'she that,' and then changing abruptly to 'from whom,' which made the preceding relative superfluous.—Mrs KEMBLE (*Notes*, &c. p. 141): It seems curious to me that no one bethought themselves of transposing 'She that' into *That she*, which would have been Shakespearian, and justified the retention of the otherwise incomprehensible 'that.'—HUDSON: The old text rather looks as if a full stop were intended at 'razorable,' and a new construction there to begin. At one time I thought of reading '*She's* that from whom,' which makes 'that' a demonstrative pronoun, and thus removes the absurdity of its being a relative pronoun. But it seems to me better to substitute '*twas*, 'She '*twas for* whom,' and so to get rid of 'that' altogether. Nor is the change at all

(And by that deſtiny) to performe an act
Whereof, what's paſt is Prologue ; what to come
In yours, and my diſcharge.
Seb. What ſtuffe is this ? How ſay you ?
'Tis true my brothers daughter's Queene of *Tunis*,
So is ſhe heyre of *Naples*, 'twixt which Regions
There is ſome ſpace.
Ant. A ſpace, whoſe eu'ry cubit

275. *And*] *May* Pope, Theob. Han. Warb. *Are* Wagner (Jhrb. xiv).
deſtiny] *destin'd* Holt, Musgrave, Steev.'93.
276. *paſt is*] *paſt in* Ff, Rowe.
277. *In*] *Is* Pope+. *'S in* Daniel.
diſcharge.] *discharge*— Rowe.

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violent. And my theory is that 'she that from' got repeated from the third line above. As to the change of 'from' into *for*, perhaps it is not strictly necessary, as 'from' may possibly yield the same meaning.

274. **cast**] This means not only *to throw*, but also, very often, *to throw up*, as here.—W. A. WRIGHT: 'Cast,' which, in theatrical language, is to assign their parts to actors, seems to have suggested the 'act' and 'prologue' which follow. [To these theatrical terms the PHILA. SH. SOC. added 'discharge,' in line 277; see *Mid. N. D.* I, ii, 95: 'I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard,' &c.]

275, 276. CAPELL: These are soundings of Sebastian, and have a darkness intentional which the deficiencies [of expression] heighten; the pointing of his reply [i. e. a dash after 'this' in line 278] is calculated to convey an idea of the suddenness of his perception of the tendency of what he calls 'stuff,' a suddenness that requires a start in the actor.

275. **And . . . destiny**] HOLT (p. 47): These words want no alteration, unless the noun 'destiny' is made a verb, *destin'd*. [This emendation Steevens adopted in his edition of 1793, but attributed it to 'the late Dr Musgrave,' and to Dr Musgrave it has been attributed ever since. There is no need to suppose that either Steevens or Musgrave acted otherwise than in good faith, and it is possible that Musgrave antedated Holt. I do not know where Musgrave's note is to be found except on Steevens's page in 1793; Holt's note was printed in 1749. In adopting this emendation Steevens properly printed the phrase: 'And, by that, destin'd,' &c., and it was so punctuated in Reed's *Variorum* of 1803 and 1813; when Boswell printed Malone's *Variorum* in 1821 he returned to 'destiny,' but he overlooked the commas, so that the phrase in that edition now appears as 'And, by that, destiny,' &c., clearly a misprint, although it is not specified in the list of Errata.—ED.]—JOHNSON: Perhaps we might better say, 'And *that by* destiny.' It being a common plea of wickedness to call temptation destiny. [In this conjecture Staunton, who has generally received the credit for it, was anticipated by Johnson.]—PHILA. SH. SOC.: The conjecture *destin'd* is needless; the sense thereby given is equally to be elicited from the text as it stands, *i. e.* the verb 'were' *crops out* again after 'destiny,' with the expression of necessity; 'by that destiny [we are] to perform an act,' &c.

277. **In . . . discharge**] STEEVENS: That is, depends on what you and I are to perform. [For the use of the pronoun 'yours,' see note on III, iii, 117.]

Seemes to cry out, how ſhall that *Claribell*
Meaſure vs backe to *Naples* ? keepe in *Tunis*,
And let *Sebaſtian* wake. Say, this were death
That now hath ſeiz'd them, why they were no worſe
Then now they are : There be that can rule *Naples*
As well as he that ſleepes : Lords, that can prate
As amply, and vnneceſſarily
As this *Gonzallo* : I my ſelfe could make
A Chough of as deepe chat : O, that you bore
The minde that I do ; what a ſleepe were this
For your aduancement ? Do you vnderſtand me ?
Seb. Me thinkes I do.
Ant. And how do's your content
Tender your owne good fortune ?

283, 284. *how*...Naples?] As a quotation, Steev. Mal. Var. Knt, Coll. Hal. Sing. Dyce.
283, 285. *how...wake*] As a quotation, Wh. Sta. Cam. Jeph. Glo. Clke, Wrt, Rlfe, Huds. Dtn.
283. *ſhall that*] *shalt thou* Han.
284. *Meaſure vs*] *Measure it* Han.
backe to] *backe by* Ff, Rowe.
keepe] *sleep* Johns. conj. *keep her* Herr.
291. *of as*] *give as* Wilson.
292. *were*] *was* Theob. ii, Warb. Johns.

283–285. BRAE (*Rob. Epit. of Lit.* 15 Feb. 1879): This may be reclaimed by simple transposition of the existing words: 'seems to cry out "*How measure us back to Naples?*" That Claribel shall keep in Tunis, and—Let Sebastian wake!' The line before 'Let Sebastian wake' breaks off suddenly by *aposiopesis*.

283–285. **how . . . wake**] Unquestionably, all this is what every cubit cries out, and should, of course, be printed as a quotation.

284. **to Naples**] TYRWHITT, misled by the later Folios and Rowe, emended what he supposed to be the true text by what he called a 'spirited turn.' 'How shall that Claribel Measure us back? B'w'y', Naples; keep in Tunis,' &c. '*B'w'y*',' he explains, 'is a common corruption, in conversation, of *good b'w'y*'.'

291. **Chough**] HARTING (p. 115): The Red-legged Crow,—the Cornish Chough as it is sometimes called. Instances, we believe, are on record of choughs being taught to speak, but Shakespeare appears to have entertained no great opinion of their talking powers. He speaks of 'Chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough,' *All's Well*, IV, i, 22, and [here in *The Tempest*].—JEPHSON: The meaning is, 'I myself could teach a chough to talk as deeply as this Gonzalo.' 'Chat' is used in contempt.

291. **chat**] W. A. WRIGHT: That is, able to talk as profoundly.

295, 296. DANIEL (p. 11): Why should Antonio ask Sebastian whether his content waited on a good fortune he did not possess? He is tempting him to join in an act which shall achieve that good fortune (the kingship of Naples), and to ask him whether he is satisfied already seems absurd. To ask him if he consents to join in an action which shall secure the object of his ambition is much more to the purpose. Read, therefore, 'And how? *do you consent T' endeav'r* your own good fortune?'

Seb. I remember
You did ſupplant your Brothet *Proſpero.*
Ant. True:
And looke how well my Garments fit vpon me,
Much feater then before: My Brothers ſeruants
Were then my fellowes, now they are my men.
Seb. But for your conſcience.
Ant. I Sir: where lies that? If 'twere a kybe
'Twould put me to my ſlipper: But I feele not
This Deity in my boſome: 'Twentie conſciences
That ſtand 'twixt me, and *Millaine*, candied be they,

298. *Brothet*] F_1.
300. *how well*] *how feat* Cap.
303. *conſcience.*] *conscience?* Glo. Wrt, Wh. ii, Dtn. *conscience*,— Theob. et cet. (subs.).
304–308. Lines end, *that?...ſlipper:... boſome.* ... Millaine, ... *molleſt* ... *Brother.* Pope+.
304. *where*] *but where* Cap. *and where* Dyce ii, iii, Huds.
304. *'twere*] *it were* Steev. Mal. Var. Sing. Coll. Hal. Dyce i, Sta.
306. *'Twentie*] *Ten* Pope+.
307. *That*] *Might* Jervis.
ſtand] *stood* Han.
307, 308. *candied...molleſt:*] *Candy'd were they, wou'd melt ere they molested.* Han.

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300. **how well**] CAPELL'S text here reads 'how *feat*'; I can find no reference whatsoever to the change in his *Notes*, his *Various Readings*, or in his *Errata*. It has entirely escaped the notice of every editor, I believe, from that day to this.—ED.

304. **kybe**] A chilblain, or chap in the heel.

306, 307. **'Twentie . . . stand**] KEIGHTLEY (p. 212): I must confess I do not understand this passage. Surely, as he was, as he had just said, in actual possession of Milan, his conscience could not 'stand' between him and it. Perhaps, however, we are to view 'stand' as in the conjunctive mood, and expressing a condition.

306. **'Twentie**] ELZE, in a note on *Ham.* II, ii, 160, has gathered (*Notes*, &c. 1889, p. 227–235) an interesting and valuable list of examples of the use of indefinite numbers, such as ten, twenty, forty.

306. **consciences**] WALKER (*Vers.* 251) cites this in his list of examples of words ending in a plural sound which are to be pronounced the same in both singular and plural. 'The termination *es*,' he says, 'was frequently added in writing, even where it was not pronounced.'

307. **candied**] UPTON (p. 202): We must read, *Discandy'd*, i. e. dissolved. 'Discandy' and 'melt' are used as synonymous terms in *Ant. & Cleop.* IV, xii, 22. 'Candied' is that which is grown into a consistency, as some sorts of confectionery ware. So in *Timon*, IV, iii, 225.—WARBURTON: That is, 'Ten consciences, now frozen up with cold, now dissolved with heat, should ne'er,' &c.—JOHNSON: I think we may safely read, 'Candied be they *or* melt.' That is, let my conscience be dried up and lie unactive, *or* melt and run quite away. [This was not repeated in the Variorum of 1773; in its place is the following:] I had rather read: '*Would* melt, ere they molest.' That is, Twenty consciences, such as stand between me and my hopes, though they were congealed, would melt before they could molest me, or prevent the execution of my purposes.—CAPELL: That is, though they were 'candy'd,'

And melt ere they molleſt : Heere lies your Brother, 308
No better then the earth he lies vpon,
If he were that which now hee's like (that's dead) 310
Whom I with this obedient ſteele (three inches of it)
Can lay to bed for euer : whiles you doing thus, 312

308. *And melt*] *Would melt* Johns. conj. Cap.
your] *you* F_4.
312. *whiles*] *whilst* Rowe, Om. Pope+.

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and (as is the nature of hard substances pressing upon the flesh) might be expected to give me trouble, yet, sooner than do so, they *would melt* [see Text. Notes]: *Would* written by its abbreviation *W'd* might very easily pass into 'And,' with compositors who attended rarely to sense.—MALONE: 'Let twenty consciences be first congealed and then dissolved, ere they,' &c.—KEIGHTLEY (p. 212): I do not see clearly the meaning of 'candied' and 'melt' in this place.—PHILA. SH. SOC.: Antonio has in mind some expression for the conscience equivalent to Pope's ('The God within the mind,') and cites it only to express his contempt for the opinion—the demonstrative 'this,' in its power to indicate that which is talked about and at the same time despised, being quite like the Greek *οὗτος*. What follows exhibits a process of what Wordsworth terms the Dramatic Imagination. Antonio would naturally have said, that this 'Deity in the boſom,' which weak men prate about, would not (were the deed to do again) stand 'twixt him and Milan, as it had not before—that were twenty *such* gods to plant themselves in his way, they should be to him but so many *statues* of deities formed by congelation, and (like them) should melt, before they could molest him. But—under the influence of an imaginative seizure—the villain (who but pretends to ease of conscience) conceives of the gods, whom he affects to despise, as in living presence barring his way, and he exclaims *to* them (as if *of* them) 'candied be they and melt!'—PHILLPOTTS: 'Candied' here seems to be 'turned to sugar so as to melt easily.'—JEPHSON, however, gives to 'candied' an entirely different interpretation, suggested by Chaucer's description of the 'Poor Parson of a Town' in Canterbury Tales: 'He waited after no pomp ne reverence, Ne maked him a *spicèd conscience*,' which he explains as meaning that the Poor Parson's conscience was 'not sophisticated by the subtleties of casuistry, compared to far fetched spices, but guided by the plain words of Scripture. So here Antonio means, "If twenty consciences stood .... let them be candied,"—that is, sophisticated; then the word suggests another metaphor, and he continues,—"and melt away." A spiced or candied conscience, in short, means what we should call a "nice conscience"—a conscience that can justify anything by subtle distinctions.' [I doubt if Antonio wished to hold any debate with his conscience, or to win it over by any subtle distinctions; it was entirely indifferent to him; twenty of them, let them be hard and let them be soft (for we have a right to suppose that 'melt' is an apocopated past participle), they would never molest him. —ED.]

310 (**that's dead**)] STEEVENS: These words (as Dr Farmer observes to me) are evidently a gloss or marginal note, which had found its way into the text. Such a supplement is useless to the speaker's meaning, and one of the verses becomes redundant by its insertion. [They are omitted in Steevens, 1793, Var. '03, '13, and 'Whom I,' from the next line, inserted.]

To the perpetuall winke for aye might put
This ancient morſell : this Sir Prudence, who
Should not vpbraid our courſe : for all the reſt
They'l take ſuggeſtion, as a Cat laps milke,
They'l tell the clocke, to any buſineſſe that
We ſay befits the houre.

Seb. Thy caſe, deere Friend
Shall be my preſident : As thou got'ſt *Millaine*,
I'le come by *Naples :* Draw thy ſword, one ſtroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paieſt,
And I the King ſhall loue thee.

Ant. Draw together :
And when I reare my hand, do you the like
To fall it on *Gonzalo.*

Seb. O, but one word.

Enter Ariell with Muſicke and Song.

Ariel. My Maſter through his Art foreſees the danger
That you (his friend)are in, and ſends me forth
(For elſe his proiect dies) to keepe them liuing.

317, 318. *buſineſſe ... houre*] *hour* ... *business* Farmer conj. (ap. Cam.).

327. *O,*] Om. Pope, Han.

[they talk apart. Cap.

328. Enter...] Re-enter... Mal. Ariel descends Coll. MS.

with...Song] invisible. Cap.

330. *you* (*his friend*)] *these, his friends*, Johns. conj. Steev.'93. *you, his friends*, Wh. ii. *his yon friends* Heath. *yon, his friends* Wagner (Jhrb. xiv).

331. *them*] *you* Han. Quincy MS. *thee* Hal. conj. Dyce, Clke, Rlfe, Huds.

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314. **morsell**] WARBURTON substitutes *Moral;* 'that is,' he explains, 'this man of old-fashioned honesty'; and Dr JOHNSON pronounced the substitution 'very elegant and judicious.' Unquestionably, it is a happy suggestion, but there is not the smallest justification for its insertion in a passage which is free from all difficulty.—HOLT: Used contemptuously, as in *Ham.* III, iv, 102: 'A king of shreds and patches.'—CAPELL: This may have allusion to Gonzalo's thin habit; as one reduc'd so by age that he was scarce a morsel to the devourer who was approaching.—JOHNSON: As we say *a piece of a man.*

315. **Should**] Here used for *would.* See line 189 above, or ABBOTT, § 322.

316. **suggestion**] JOHNSON: That is, any hint of villainy. See IV, i, 30.

316. **as a Cat,** &c.] 'That is,' says HALLIWELL (p. 33), 'quietly.' Rather, I think, readily, naturally.—ED.

326. **fall it**] For other instances of intransitive verbs used transitively, see Shakespeare, *passim;* or ABBOTT, § 291.

327. PHILA. SH. SOC.: This should be punctuated, 'O, but—one word,' i. e. 'but' is not used here in the sense of '*only* one word'; it indicates that a difficulty had arisen in the mind of Sebastian, to remove which he asks for one word apart.

Sings in Gonzaloes eare.
While you here do ſnoaring lie,
Open-ey'd Conſpiracie
His time doth take:
If of Life you keepe a care,
Shake off ſlumber and beware.

337. Shake off] Shake of F_3.

330, 331. **you (his friend) . . . them**] JOHNSON: The sense of the passage as it now stands is this: He sees *your* danger and will therefore save them. . . . . Ariel speaks to himself as he approaches: '—That *these* his friends are in.' *These*, written with a *y*, did not much differ from *you*.—STEEVENS [who adopted Johnson's emendation]: Ariel, finding that Prospero was equally solicitous for the preservation of Alonso and Gonzalo, very naturally styles them both his *friends* without adverting to the guilt of the former.—MALONE thinks that the confusion arises from the lack of a single letter, *s;* he therefore turns 'project' into *projects*, and to justify the verb in the singular after it he, almost needlessly, adduces examples of similar construction; 'to keepe *them* living,' therefore, refers to *projects*. This emendation Malone did not adopt in his text, but HALLIWELL adopted it as 'necessary to the construction of Ariel's speech' and 'as less violent than any other. On the supposition,' concludes Halliwell, 'that Ariel was alluding especially to Gonzalo, "them" might be altered to *thee*, but on the whole [Malone's emendation] seems preferable.'—This change of 'them' to *thee* occurred independently to DYCE, who adopted it in his text, with the following note: 'As far as the phraseology is concerned we should be warranted in reading, "That you, his *friends*, are in . . . . to keep *them* living"; for similar changes of person occur in some other passages of Shakespeare (and in our old writers, *passim*), but I cannot think (though Steevens thought otherwise) that Ariel, under any circumstances, would style Alonso one of Prospero's *friends*, when Prospero himself uses such terms as the following: "The King of Naples, being an enemy To me inveterate," &c. "Most cruelly Did thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter." Malone's [emendation] introduces what appears to me a rather awkward construction; besides, the plural *projects* is at variance with the language of two later passages in this play: "Now does my *project* gather to a head," &c. and "or else my *project* fails." The alteration which I have made here,—that of "them" to *thee*,—suggested itself, I find, to Mr Halliwell also.' In 1863 Dyce added: 'I now find that Hanmer substituted "to keep *you* living." But, as various passages of our author show, there is not the least objection to *thee* and *you* in the same sentence.'—STAUNTON pronounces Dyce's reading 'preferable to any alteration of the passage yet suggested; but we are not convinced that change is required.' [It seems to have been generally assumed, owing to the directness of address, that Ariel whispers this in Gonzalo's ear. Capell is the solitary editor, I believe, who has marked it as an aside, wherein I think he is right. Ariel soliloquises and is reviewing what he has to do; Gonzalo, the especial friend, is in imminent danger, and must be at once protected; and all of them must be kept alive, just as he had saved them in the tempest when not a hair perished. This is in accord with what Dr Johnson intimated, and with what W. A. WRIGHT says, that 'Ariel is half apostrophising the sleeping Gonzalo and half talking to himself.'—ED.]

Awake, awake.
Ant. Then let vs both be ſodaine.
Gon. Now, good Angels preſerue the King.
Alo. Why how now hoa; awake? why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghaſtly looking?
Gon. What's the matter?
Seb. Whiles we ſtood here ſecuring your repoſe,
(Euen now) we heard a hollow burſt of bellowing
Like Buls, or rather Lyons, did't not wake you?
It ſtrooke mine eare moſt terribly.
Alo. I heard nothing.
Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a Monſters eare;
To make an earthquake: ſure it was the roare
Of a whole heard of Lyons.
Alo. Heard you this *Gonzalo*?
Gon. Vpon mine honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
(And that a ſtrange one too) which did awake me:
I ſhak'd you Sir, and cride: as mine eyes opend,
I ſaw their weapons drawne: there was a noyſe,

339, 340. *Then...Angels*] As one line, Sta. Walker, Dyce, Cam.
340. Gon.] Ariel. Hal. conj. [They wake. Rowe.
341. Alo.] Gon. Hal. conj. *awake?*] *awake!* Han.
341, 342. Continued to Gonzalo. Sta.
342. *this*] *thus* Coll. MS.
343. Gon.] Alon. [waking] Sta. Hal. conj.
344. *Whiles*] *Whilst* Rowe. *While* Pope+.
346. *did't*] *did it* Steev. Mal. Var. Knt, Coll. Hal. Sing. Sta. Ktly.
347. *mine*] *mime* F_2.
352. Gonzalo?] Om. Pope+. [To Gonzalo. Johns.

341, 342. **Why . . . looking**] STAUNTON: This speech is erroneously given to the king, as we think is evident from the language, the business of the scene, and from what Gonzalo presently says: 'I heard a humming . . . . which did awake me; I shak'd you, sir, and cried,' &c. [This admirable emendation of Staunton DYCE adopted in his Second Edition, and added to its value by stage-directions, as follows:]

Gon. [*waking*] Now, good angels
Preserve the king!—[*To Seb. and Ant.*] Why, how now!—[*To Alon.*] Ho, awake!—[*To Seb. and Ant.*] Why are you drawn? wherefore this ghastly looking?
Alon. [*waking*] What's the matter?

341. **drawn**] JOHNSON: Having your swords drawn.

345, &c. PHILA. SH. SOC.: Dr KRAUTH called attention to the progressiveness of lying here displayed. 1. Bellowing like bulls, or 2. rather lions. 3. A din to fright a monster's ears. 4. To make an earthquake. Then, 5. The bathos of the anticlimax, 'the roar of a whole herd of lions.'

That's verily: 'tis beſt we ſtand vpon our guard; 357
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.
Alo. Lead off this ground & let's make further ſearch
For my poore ſonne. 360
Gon. Heauens keepe him from theſe Beaſts:
For he is ſure i'th Iſland.
Alo. Lead away. (done.
Ariell. Proſpero my Lord, ſhall know what I haue
So (King) goe ſafely on to ſeeke thy Son. *Exeunt.* 365

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Caliban, *with a burthen of Wood* (*a noyſe of Thunder heard.*)

Cal. All the infections that the Sunne ſuckes vp
From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on *Proſper* fall, and make him 5
By ynch-meale a diſeaſe: his Spirits heare me,

357. *verily*] Ff, Rowe, Coll. i, Wh. Cam. Glo. Jeph. Rlfe, Wrt. *verity* Pope et cet.
'tis beſt we] *'Best* Steev.'93.
vpon our] *on* Pope+.
362. [Exit with the others. Dyce.
364, 365. [Aside. Cap.
2. Changes to another part of the Island. Pope.
5. [throwing down his Burthen. Cap.

357. **verily**] ABBOTT, § 78: We still say, 'that is *well*,' but, perhaps, no other adverb (except *soon*) is now thus used. Shakespeare, however, has 'That's verily' in the *Tempest;* 'That's worthily,' *Cor.* IV, i, 53; Lucius' banishment '*was wrongfully*,' *Tim.* IV, iv, 16. Some verb, as *said* or *done*, is easily understood. 'In harbour' has the force of a verb in '*Safely* in harbour Is the king's ship' [I, ii, 266, *ante*. Pope's *verity* is doubtless good, Keightley pronounces it 'most certain,' but the foregoing examples are quite sufficient to justify the Folio.—ED.]—PHILA. SH. SOC.: The quiet, dry sarcasm of Gonzalo. He has heard no bellowing, only 'a humming.' 'There was a noise, *That's* verily'—the fact sifted of the monstrous exaggerations.

357. **'tis best we**] STEEVENS: As the verse would be too long by a foot if the words ''tis' and 'we' were retained, I have discarded them in favour of an elliptical phrase, which occurs in our ancient comedies as well as in our author's *Cymb.* III, vi, 25: 'Best draw my sword,' i. e. *it were* best to draw it.—DYCE: Steevens was most probably right.

361. **these Beasts**] PHILA. SH. SOC.: A quiet thrust at the exaggeration, and an insinuation against Antonio and Sebastian. Gonzalo's suspicion, aroused by Ariel's words, has been strengthened by finding Antonio and Sebastian with drawn swords, and by their extravagant inventions.

6. **ynch-meale**] W. A. WRIGHT: The adverbial termination '-meal,' as in 'piece-

And yet I needes muſt curſe.But they'll nor pinch, 7
Fright me with Vrchyn-ſhewes, pitch me i'th mire,
Nor lead me like a fire-brand, in the darke
Out of my way, vnleſſe he bid 'em; but 10
For euery trifle, are they ſet vpon me,
Sometime like Apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me: then like Hedg-hogs, which
Lye tumbling in my bare-foote way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall: ſometime am I 15
All wound with Adders, who with clouen tongues
Doe hiſſe me into madneſſe: Lo, now Lo, *Enter*
Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me *Trinculo.*
For bringing wood in ſlowly: I'le fall flat,
Perchance he will not minde me. 20

Tri. Here's neither buſh, nor ſhrub to beare off any weather at all: and another Storme brewing, I heare it 22

7. *nor*] *not* F_3F_4, Rowe+, Cap.
10. *'em*] *them* Steev. Var. Knt, Hal.
12. *Sometime*] *Sometimes* Theob. Warb. Johns.
Apes] *ape* Steev.'85 (misprint?).
13. *after*] *after*, Johns.
17. Enter...] After line 20, Dyce.
18. *and*] *now* Pope, Han. *sent* Cam. i conj.
22. *brewing*] *a-brewing* Ktly.

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meal,' 'limb-meal,' is from the A. S. *mælum*, the dative of *mæl*, a part, used adverbially, both alone and in composition. For 'limb-meal,' see *Cymb.* II, iv, 147, 'O that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!' In the Wicliffite Version of Wisdom xviii, 25, we find 'hipyll-melum,' in heaps.

8. **Vrchyn-shewes**] See I, ii, 385. PHILA. SH. SOC.: That is, reels, dances, and various appearances of the Elves. See *Parad. Lost*, i, 780: 'faery elves, Whose midnight revels . . . . some belated peasant sees, ... At once with joy and *fear* his heart rebounds.' [Compare also Milton, *Comus*, 845: 'Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs,' &c. for another example of 'urchin' as an adjective.—ED.]

12, 13. **that . . . which**] ABBOTT, § 261: When the relative is necessarily emphatic, as at the end of a verse, we may sometimes expect *that* to be replaced by *which*, for that and no other reason [as in the present passage. See also IV, i, 85; V, i, 41, 87].

12. **moe**] W. A. WRIGHT: So Cotgrave, 'Mouë: f. A moe, or mouth; an (ill-fauoured) extension, or thrusting out, of the lips'; and again, 'Grimacer. To make a face, or a wry mouth; to mowe.' Douce quotes from Harsnet's *Declaration of Popish Impostures* a passage in which he speaks of the supposed possession of young girls; 'They make anticke faces, girn, mow and mop like an ape, tumble like a hedge-hogge,' &c.

16. **wound**] JOHNSON: Enwrapped by adders 'wound' or twisted about me.

18. **and**] ABBOTT, § 96, calls attention to the emphatic use here of 'and,' equivalent to *and that to.*

22. **weather at all**] PHILA. SH. SOC.: Punctuate 'weather, at all!' to indicate the

ſing ith' winde: yond ſame blacke cloud, yond huge one, lookes like a foule bumbard that would ſhed his licquor: if it ſhould thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond ſame cloud cannot chooſe but fall by paile-fuls. What haue we here, a man, or a fiſh? dead or aliue? a fiſh, hee ſmels like a fiſh: a very ancient and fiſh-like ſmell: a kinde of, not of the

24. *foule*] *full* Upton, Jervis. 24. *bumbard*] *bombard* Han.

connexion: 'there's no ſhrub *at all* to bear off any weather.'—Worcester defines 'bear off' to carry away; but it seems to be rather a very Greek-like example of *composition by Zeugma* or suggestive composition, in which the preposition belongs, not to the verb expressed, but to another which is understood and suggested. The meaning, in that case, will be: there is no bush or shrub at all to receive and *bear* the heavy onset of the storm, and so to *keep it off* from *me*.

24. **foule**] If Tyrwhitt's surmise (in *As You Like It*, III, iii, 35) be correct, which, I am afraid, it is not, that when Audrey 'thanks the gods she is foule,' her pronunciation of 'foule' was merely the rustic way of pronouncing *full*, then that same pronunciation might possibly be applicable here, as Upton conjectured. The blackness of the clouds suggested the bumbard, and their threatening aspect the fullness that was about to fall by pailfuls. The force of 'foule,' as in the text, is not at once apparent.—ED.

24. **bumbard**] THEOBALD: A large vessel for holding drink, as well as the piece of ordnance so called.—STEEVENS: Ben Jonson, in his *Masque of Augurs*, speaks of 'a bumbard of broken beer.'—HALLIWELL: A very large leathern drinking vessel, used for the purpose of distributing liquor to a number of persons, or employed for filling smaller vessels at a meal. Heywood, *Philocothonista*, 1635, p. 45, gives the following notice of them: 'Other bottles wee have of leather, but they are most used amongst the shepheards and harvest people of the countrey; small jacks wee have in many alehouses of the Citie and suburbs, tipt with silver, besides the great black-jacks and *bumbards* at the Court, which when the Frenchmen first saw, they reported, at their returne into their countrey, that the Englishmen used to drinke out of their bootes.' The 'bombard-man,' mentioned by Ben Jonson in his *Love Restored* (ed. 1616, p. 991), was, according to Gifford, one of the people who attended at the buttery-hatch, and carried the huge cans of beer to the different offices. It will be remembered that Prince Henry calls Falstaff a 'huge bombard of sack'; and Coles has, 'a bumbard, tankard, *cantharus*.' [Several examples are added of the word in old authors.]

29. **fish-like smell**] STEEVENS (connecting this passage with 'Misery,' &c. in line 42): One would almost think that Shakespeare had not been unacquainted with a passage in Chapman's *Odyssey*, bk iv: 'the sea-calves savour was So passing sowre. . . . . It much afflicted us; for who can please To lie by one of these same sea-bred whales?' [We have been taught by the older commentators that Shakespeare was deficient in seeing and in hearing; they prove to us, by numberless examples, that he never trusted those faculties in himself, but always went for his allusions, or for his illustrations, to some older, or to some foreign, or to some classic authority. Would he have done so, by any possibility, had he been other than blind and deaf? His eyes and his ears we have been thus compelled to resign. But we did hope that when stale poor-johns were the theme Shakespeare would not be forced to seek an authority for

neweſt poore-Iohn: a ſtrange fiſh: were I in *England* now (as once I was) and had but this fiſh painted; not a holiday-foole there but would giue a peece of ſiluer: there, would this Monſter, make a man: any ſtrange beaſt there, makes a man: when they will not giue a doit to relieue a lame Begger, they will lay out ten to ſee a dead *Indian*: Leg'd like a man; and his Finnes like

31. *this*] *his* F_2. 32. *a holiday*] *an holy-day* F_4, Rowe, Pope, Theob. Han. Warb.

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an ancient and fish-like smell, but could confidently follow his nose; that organ, at least, we trusted would be spared to us. But even this hope, as we see above, Steevens has rudely brushed aside, and Shakespeare's nose is now for ever wiped away.—ED.]

30. **poore-Iohn**] DYCE: Hake, salted and dried.

31. **fish painted**] The shining hour offered by this pointed allusion was busily improved by Steevens and Malone, who gathered many references to exhibitions of strange fishes in Shakespeare's time. And Halliwell favours us, over and above, with a large picture of a 'gigantic owl' exhibited in 1591.—ED.

33. **make a man**] JOHNSON: That is, make a man's fortune.

35. **doit**] HALLIWELL (p. 34) quotes Coryat's *Crudities* to the effect that eight doits 'goe to a Stiuer, and ten Stiuers do make our English shilling.'

35. **lame**] E. A. MEREDITH (p. 5): I venture to suggest that Shakespeare wrote *live*, and not 'lame.' The two words, if carelessly written, look very much alike, but *live* seems the natural and true word, and gives force to the contrast, viz: that the English sight-seer would spend ten times as much on seeing a *dead* Indian as in relieving a *live* countryman.

36. **dead Indian**] STEEVENS suggests that here and in Stephano's 'men of Inde' (line 63) we may have an allusion to the Indians brought home by Frobisher. [This allusion we cannot afford to overlook; it is held by more than one of the disputants to be of great importance in settling the date of the composition of this play; through the discussion this dead Indian skips in so lively a manner that it is well to question him. This has been done for us pretty thoroughly by Halliwell, who believes that Chalmers's dead Indian (see Appendix, *Date of Composition*), dying as he did in 1611, died too late, much too long after Trinculo's dead Indian. From his session as Rhadamanthus, Halliwell rises with the belief that, as far as probabilities go, he has identified the Indian in life and in death, he has even discovered his name, nay, he even presents us with a picture in little of the man in his habit as he lived and accompanied by his wife. (I hope here be truths.) It appears that Sir Martin Frobisher on two successive voyages brought home Indians. His first venture ended in a downright tragedy; when the savage who was to be taken home as a specimen 'founde himself in captiuitie, for very choler and disdain he bit his tong in twaine within his mouth; notwithstanding he died not thereof, but liued till he came in Englande, and then he died of colde which he had taken at sea.' Frobisher's next venture in 1577 was more successful. It consisted of a man, a woman, and a child. The man unfortunately died at Bristol, but was taken to London, and afterwards buried in St Olave's church-yard. This group attracted 'a great deal of attention,' says Halliwell, 'and appear to have been far more celebrated than the Indian brought over on the first

Armes: warme o'my troth: I doe now let looſe my opinion; hold it no longer; this is no fiſh, but an Iſlander, that hath lately ſuffered by a Thunderbolt: Alas, the ſtorme is come againe: my beſt way is to creepe vnder his Gaberdine: there is no other ſhelter hereabout: Miſery acquaints a man with ſtrange bedfellowes: I will here ſhrowd till the dregges of the ſtorme be paſt.

Enter Stephano ſinging.

Ste. I ſhall no more to ſea, to ſea, here ſhall I dye aſhore.

39. [Thunder. Cap.
43. *dregges*] *drench* Coll. ii, iii (MS). *rage* Bailey.
44. [Creeping under Cal. Cap.
45. Scene III. Pope+.
singing.] singing; a Bottle in his hand. Cap.

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voyage. It is not improbable that the man's body was publicly shown in London, otherwise it would be difficult to account for its having been removed from Bristol; and as the poet's father was in the metropolis for a short time about this period, it is most likely an account of the "dead Indian" reached Shakespeare in one way or other, even if it were merely in the shape of a pictorial ballad.' If we once begin to indulge in speculations founded on what is 'most likely' or on what is 'not improbable' (the besetting sin of all who deal with Shakespeare's biography), we might as well condense our notes on such a passage as the present to the remark that when Shakespeare referred to a dead Indian it is 'most likely' that he had seen one. Halliwell gives a wood-cut of the group, copied from a drawing preserved in a manuscript in the Library of Canterbury Cathedral, entitled *A boke of drawing of the shapes .... of diverse beasts*, &c., *by William Burch*, 1590. From this drawing we learn that the savage was called *Collinshough* and his wife *Agnot*.—ED.] 'On the whole,' concludes Halliwell, 'admitting it to be possible that Shakespeare alludes to some exhibition of a later date, yet as the body of the personage who came over in 1577 was the only "dead Indian" known to have been sent to London, the probabilities are at present in favour of Collinshough being the individual mentioned in *The Tempest*. The only other notice I am acquainted with, that is at all applicable, relates to the "mummied princes," which were amongst the sights of the city some years afterwards. It occurs in some verses written by Henry Peacham, about the year 1609, which gives a curious list of most of the popular exhibitions' [of the time. This list is also given by Staunton].

37, 38. **let . . . hold**] PHILA. SH. SOC.: 'I do now *let looſe* my opinion—*hold* it no longer.'—Such should be the punctuation (a dash or dots,) to indicate, that the Jester, after having coined the unusual expression 'to let loose,' explains it by the usual one 'to hold.'

41. **Gaberdine**] Cotgrave: '*Gaban*. A cloake of Felt, for rainie weather; a Gabardine.' See *Mer. of Ven.* I, iii.

43. **dregges**] COLLIER (see Text. Notes): Trinculo could care little about the 'dregs' of the storm; it was from the violence of it that he wished to obtain shelter. [Is it not strange that Collier did not see that 'dregs' refers to the liquor of the bumbard, and that Trinculo was going to shroud himself until the very last drop of the storm was past?—ED.]

This is a very ſcuruy tune to ſing at a mans
Funerall: well, here's my comfort. *Drinkes.*
Sings. The Maſter, the Swabber, the Boate-ſwaine & I;
The Gunner, and his Mate
Lou'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margerie,
But none of vs car'd for Kate.
For ſhe had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a Sailor goe hang:
She lou'd not the ſauour of Tar nor of Pitch,
Yet a Tailor might ſcratch her where ere ſhe did itch.
Then to Sea Boyes, and let her goe hang.
This is a ſcuruy tune too:
But here's my comfort. *drinks.*
Cal. Doe not torment me: oh.
Ste. What's the matter?
Haue we diuels here?
Doe you put trickes vpon's with Saluages, and Men of

47, 48. As prose, Pope.
51. and Marrian] *Marrian* Pope, Han.
58, 59. One line, Pope.
61, 62. One line, Pope.
63. *vpon's*] *upon us* Steev. Mal. Var. Knt.
Saluages] Ff. *savages* Johns.

47. **scuruy**] This disease, although by no means restricted to a sea-life, has been one of the most dreaded scourges of sailors from the days of Vasco da Gama, in 1497, down to the beginning of the present century.—ED.

49, &c. ANON. (*Sh. a Seaman, St James's Mag.* July, 1862): Has Shakespeare bequeathed us a sea-song? What think you of Ariel's song? If you object that it is not a *sailor's* sea-song,—not such a 'stave' as hardy tars would delight to sing on the forecastle,—we can introduce from the same drama a genuine mariner's song. Stephano sings a certain jolly sea-song. Hearken to the shrewd and diverting knave as he trolls away, bottle in hand, and monarch of all he surveys. There's good stuff in that song; the writer must have smelt salt water; snuffed the sea-breeze with a hearty relish, and often had his jacket wetted with the spray. The oldest sea-song with which we are acquainted is 'The Mariner's Song' in the comedy of *Common Conditions*, 1576; and the next oldest is 'The Mariner's Glee' in *Deuteromelia*, 1609. As *The Tempest* was produced or written prior to the latter date, Stephano's ditty is possibly the second oldest sea-song extant.

63. **Saluages**] REED: The Folio reads 'salvages,' and rightly. It was the spelling and pronunciation of the time.—DYCE: So says worthy Isaac Reed,—who ought to have known that the Folio, like other books of that date, is quite inconsistent in its spelling, e. g. [I, ii, 417, *ante*] it has '*sauage*'; in *Love's Lab. L.* IV, iii, it has 'a rude and *sauage* man of Inde'; and again in the same play, V, ii: 'That we (like *sauages*) may worship it.' In Shelton's *Don Quixote*, Part Sec. p. 261, ed. 1620, we find, 'foure *Sauages* entred the garden,' &c., and six lines after, 'the Saluage replied,' &c.

Inde*?* ha? I haue not ſcap'd drowning, to be afeard now of your foure legges: for it hath bin ſaid; as proper a man as euer went on foure legs, cannot make him giue ground*:* and it ſhall be ſaid ſo againe, while *Stephano* breathes at' noſtrils.

Cal. The Spirit torments me*:* oh.

Ste. This is ſome Monſter of the Iſle, with foure legs; who hath got (as I take it) an Ague: where the diuell ſhould he learne our language? I will giue him ſome reliefe if it be but for that: if I can recouer him, and keepe him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a Pre-

64. *afeard*] *afraid* F_4, Rowe+, Steev. '85.
65. *bin ſaid;*] *been ſaid* F_4.
68. *at' noſtrils*] *at his nostrils* Rowe ii+. *at's nostrils* Wh. Cam. i, Glo. Jeph. Dyce ii, iii, Huds. *at noſtrils* Ff et cet.

63, 64. **Men of Inde**] PHILA. SH. SOC.: Cf. 'Like as the man of Inde may change his skin.'—*Jer.* xiii, 23, Coverdale, Matthews, Cranmer, Bishops.—DEIGHTON thinks that 'savages and men of Inde' looks like a quotation.

68. **at' nostrils**] WALKER (*Crit.* ii, 176): The apostrophe is meant, I suppose, to indicate that it is a contraction of *at th' nostrils*, or, perhaps, *secundum Eboracenses*, *at t' nostrils*.—PHILA. SH. SOC.: Read 'at th' noſtrils' = 'at the noſtrils.' There is also an apostrophe after the *t* (at',) in *Wint. Tale*, IV, iv, 693, 'at' Palace.' This, without doubt, indicates the presence of a *the* with the vowel elided and the *th* pronounced (as even now in Yorkshire, according to Walker) like *t* (as in *t'other*). It would thus appear, that there was the same repugnance to duplicating the *t* in *pronunciation* (and therefore sometimes in *writing*) as to that of the *s* observed by Walker.—W. A. WRIGHT adds the following additional examples: 'He foamed .... at mouth,' *Jul. Cæs.* I, ii, 255; 'at gate,' *Cor.* IV, i, 47; 'at upper end o' the table,' *Ib.* IV, v, 204.

72. **should he learne**] ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.* p. 34): An example of the use of 'shall' in what Guest (ap. Craik. *Jul. Cæs.* sp. 181) considers its primary sense, to *owe*. 'He ſhould learn our language' = he *owes* (i. e. *ought*) to learn it. But this affirms a *future* duty. 'Where ſhould he learn our language?' would therefore mean, 'where ought he to be in order to learn our language, which he *now* does not know?' But Stephano really says: 'He *speaks* our language! Where *can* he have *learned* it?' The drunken butler has thus been guilty of an imaginative blending of two propositions and two times, precisely like that which the subtle mind of the Greeks produced in the idiom, of which Aristophanes, *Clouds*, 174: Ἤσθην γαλεώτῃ καταχέσαντι Σωκράτους, gives a notorious specimen; i. e. the *real* time of the action expressed by the verb *learn* is so obviously fixed as *past* by the nature of the proposition, that it can be left to take care of itself, without any exponent; while the *form* of tense employed (viz: the *Present*) belongs to and indicates the *other* verb, which is shown by the facts of the situation to have been in the mind of Stephano; whose speech—kept in the shape of a single question—would be: 'Where the devil ſhould he *have learned* our language, ſo that he *is now ſpeaking* it?'

ſent for any Emperour that euer trod on Neates-leather.

Cal. Doe not torment me 'prethee: I'le bring my wood home faſter.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and doe's not talke after the wiſeſt; hee ſhall taſte of my Bottle: if hee haue neuer drunke wine afore, it will goe neere to remoue his Fit: if I can recouer him, and keepe him tame, I will not take too much for him; hee ſhall pay for him that hath him, and that ſoundly.

Cal. Thou do'ſt me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: Now *Proſper* workes vpon thee.

Ste. Come on your wayes: open your mouth: here

77, 78. Two lines of verse, Steev. Dyce ii, iii.

79. *his fit*] *a fit* Rowe ii, Pope, Han.

82. *I will not take*] *I cannot ask* Han.

85–87. *Thou...thee*] Three lines of verse (ending *hurt...trembling...thee*) Johns. Dyce ii, iii. (ending *wilt...trembling...thee*) Grey, Steev. (ending *wilt ...now...thee*) Ktly. Two lines of verse (ending *anon...thee*) Wh.

86, 87. *thy...thee*] *my...me* Han.

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77. **Doe not,** &c.] GRANT WHITE (ed. i): Caliban always speaks in measured rhythm; but because his lines are sometimes irregular, and sometimes of more than five feet, many of his speeches have been printed as prose from the first edition to the present, in which all appear in the form of verse. [White overlooked the fact that GREY (i, 19), in 1754, expressed the belief that 'everything that Caliban says, not only in this present Scene, but through the whole play, was design'd by the author for metre, either for verse, or Hemistics'; and that Steevens, in 1793, and Reed in his two Variorums, 1803, 1813, exactly followed Grey's hint.—ED.]

83. **too much**] STEEVENS: This means, *any sum, ever so much.*—MONCK MASON: That is, I will not take for him even more than he is worth.—RITSON: Stephano evidently proposes to sell his monster for a good round price; which it would have been rather difficult for him to do if he were determined [according to Steevens] not to take *any sum, ever so much* for it. He means that he could not rate his purchase too high: Let me, says he, get ever so much for him, it shall not be more than enough.—QUINCY (*MS Corrections in a Fourth Folio*, p. 7): Both words have been erased by the corrector, and the number 100 written in the margin. That this number might have been easily mistaken for the word 'too' in the Manuscript, and the 'much' afterwards inserted as a common sequent, is all that can be said in its favour.

86. **trembling**] STEEVENS: This *tremor* is always represented as the effect of being possessed by the devil. See *Com. of Err.* IV, iv, 54: 'Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy.'—W. A. WRIGHT: See Harsnet's *Declaration of Popish Impostures* (1603), pp. 58, 59, 'All the spirits with much adoe being commaunded to goe downe into her left foote, they did it with vehement trembling, and shaking of her leg.'

88. **your wayes**] EDITOR of *Am. Ed.* 1805 (Qu. Joseph Dennie?): The meaning of this expression appears to have escaped the attention of the various commen-

is that which will giue language to you Cat; open your mouth; this will ſhake your ſhaking, I can tell you, and that ſoundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps againe.

Tri. I ſhould know that voyce:
It ſhould be,
But hee is dround; and theſe are diuels; O defend me.

Ste. Foure legges and two voyces; a moſt delicate Monſter: his forward voyce now is to ſpeake well of his friend; his backward voice, is to vtter foule ſpeeches, and to detract: if all the wine in my bottle will recouer him, I will helpe his Ague: Come: Amen, I will poure ſome in thy other mouth.

Tri. *Stephano.*

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy: This is a diuell, and no Monſter: I will leaue him, I haue no long Spoone.

89. *you Cat*] *you, cat* Rowe. *a cat* Han. *your cat* Cam. i conj. *yon cat* Gould.
94, 95. Lines run on, Pope et seq.
94. *be,*] *be*— Ff.
98. *ſpeake well*] *ſpeake* Ff, Rowe, Pope, Han.
99. *vtter*] *spatter* Theob. ii, Warb. Johns. *sputter* Anon.

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tators. These words, as applied to Caliban, who is supposed to be lying on his face, must be understood: 'Come on your *side;* open your mouth' &c. The position of Caliban, not permitting him to drink from the bottle. Stephano, in the phrase of a mariner, naturally addresses him 'Come on your *side.*'

89. **Cat**] STEEVENS: Alluding to the old proverb that 'good liquor will make a cat speak.'

101. **Amen**] CAPELL: A benediction pronounc'd for Caliban after his draught, then a third time administer'd.—STEEVENS: It means, stop your draught; come to a conclusion.—W. A. WRIGHT: That is, hold, stop!—HUDSON: Stephano is frightened, and put to his religion; and *Amen!* is the best he can do towards praying. HALLIWELL (p. 37): This is altered to *againe* in early MS in a copy of F_2, which was sold by one Sarah Jones in 1649, the MS notes apparently having been written previously to the latter date.

106. **long Spoone**] CAPELL: Meaning, he had not the heart to associate with him, as the Vice was made to do with the Devil in the ancient moralities; in which it was a piece of humour to make the Devil and him feed of the same custard or some such dish; the Devil on one side and the Vice on the other, with a 'spoon' of vast length: These two furnish'd much the same sport in those times as is exhibited upon our stage by the Doctor, or Pierrot, and Harlequin. A piece of drollery something like this was practis'd at their great city-feast, when the mayor enter'd upon his office, at which time his lordship's Fool was made to jump into a great custard.

Tri. *Stephano*: if thou beeſt *Stephano*, touch me, and ſpeake to me: for I am *Trinculo*; be not afeard, thy good friend *Trinculo.*

Ste. If thou bee'ſt *Trinculo*: come foorth: I'le pull thee by the leffer legges: if any be *Trinculo's* legges, theſe are they: Thou art very *Trinculo* indeede: how cam'ſt thou to be the ſiege of this Moone-calfe? Can he vent *Trinculo's*?

Tri. I tooke him to be kil'd with a thunder-ſtrok; but art thou not dround *Stephano*: I hope now thou art not dround: Is the Storme ouer-blowne? I hid mee vnder the dead Moone-Calfes Gaberdine, for feare of the Storme: And art thou liuing *Stephano*? O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitanes* ſcap'd?

Ste. 'Prethee doe not turne me about, my ſtomacke is not conſtant.

Cal. Theſe be fine things, and if they be not ſprights: that's a braue God, and beares Celeſtiall liquor: I will kneele to him.

Ste. How did'ſt thou ſcape?
How cam'ſt thou hither?
Sweare by this Bottle how thou cam'ſt hither: I eſcap'd vpon a But of Sacke, which the Saylors heaued o're-

108, 153. *afeard*] *afraid* Rowe.
115. *thunder-ſtrok*] F_1.
123. [Aside. Dyce, Sta. Cam. *and*] *an* Pope et seq.
123–125. Three lines, ending *ſprights* ...*liquor*...*him* Grey, Johns. et seq.
126–128. Lines run on, Pope.

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113. **Moone-calfe**] An abortion or monstrosity. Any Lat. Dict. s. v. *Mola* will give references to Pliny, which those curious in such matters can look up, either in the original or in the corresponding translations in Holland's *Pliny*.—DOUCE says (i, 15) that the 'best account of this fabulous substance may be found in Drayton's poem of that title,' which is incomprehensible.—DYCE (*Gloss.*) quotes Douce, without dissent, which is more incomprehensible still, and makes one doubt if that poem had been carefully read by either of them.—ED.

123. **and if**] See II, i, 187.

129. **Sacke**] 'It seems to be admitted, on all hands, that the term *Sack* was originally applied to certain growths of Spain. . . . . Dr Percy has the credit of restoring the original interpretation of the term. In a manuscript account of the disbursements by the chamberlain of the city of Worcester, for the year 1592, he found the ancient mode of spelling to be *seck*, ... and thence concluded that "Sack" was merely a corruption of *sec*, signifying a dry wine. Minshew . . . . renders the term *vin sec*; and Cotgrave gives the same translation. The most satisfactory evidence, however,

boord, by this Bottle which I made of the barke of a Tree, with mine owne hands, ſince I was caſt a'-ſhore.

Cal. I'le ſweare vpon that Bottle, to be thy true ſubiect, for the liquor is not earthly.

St. Heere: ſweare then how thou eſcap'dſt.

130. *Bottle*] *bottle!* Rowe.
131, 132. *a'-ſhore*] F_2.
133. [Aside. Sta.
133, 134. Two lines, first ends *thy* Steev. Dyce ii, iii, Huds.; first ends *ſub-iect* Ktly.
134. [Kneeling. Coll. ii (MS).
135. *thou eſcap'dſt*] *escap'dst thou?* Pope+.

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in support of this opinion is furnished by the French version of a proclamation for regulating the prices of wines, in 1633, where the expression *vins secs* corresponds with the word "sacks" in the original copy (Rymer's *Fœdera*, Tome viii, Part iv, p. 46). It may also be remarked that the term *sec* is still used as a substantive by the French, to denote a Spanish wine ("on dit aussi quelquefois absolument du *sec*, pour dire, du vin d'Espagne."—*Dict. de Trevoux*); and that the dry wine of Xerez is distinguished at the place of its growth by the name of *vino seco*. These several authorities, then, appear to warrant the inference that "Sack" was a *dry* Spanish wine. But, on the other hand, numerous instances occur in which it is mentioned in conjunction with wines of the sweet class.' [To reconcile this discrepancy an elaborate examination here follows of the characters ascribed to Sack by the few writers who have described it, with a side reference to the general custom of the English to add sugar to their wines, which is generally considered a proof that the wines thus treated were dry.] 'The conclusion at which we thus arrive is so far satisfactory, as it proves that the wines formerly known under the name of "Sacks," though they may, upon the whole, have been inferior, yet differed in no essential quality from those with which we are at present supplied by the same countries which originally produced them, and which are still held in such deserved estimation. They probably first came into favour in consequence of their possessing greater strength and durability, and being more free from acidity than the white wines of France and Germany; and owed their distinctive appellation to that sub-astringent taste which characterises all wines prepared with gypsum.'—Henderson's *Hist. of Ancient and Modern Wines*, pp. 298–308. Cited by Dyce, *Gloss.*

135. In both the First and the last Cambridge Editions the punctuation of this line by Pope is said to be: 'swear then: how escapedst thou?' (In the last edition, 1891, 'escapedst' is properly corrected to 'escap'dst.') In neither Pope's first nor in his second edition, that is, in my copies, is the line so punctuated; it reads: 'swear then, how escap'dst thou?' This would not have been worth a second thought, and would have been set down to that percentage of misprints which is absolutely inevitable in every mortal book, had not DYCE, in both his second and third editions, quoted the line as from Pope with exactly the same punctuation and with even an additional variation. Pope's line, in my copies, runs thus: '*Ste.* Here: swear then, how escap'dst thou?' Dyce says: 'Pope gave, "*Ste.* Here, swear, then: how escapedst thou?"' When the exactest of men thus print, it tempts one to suppose that, as with the Folios, so with Pope, different copies of the same date vary. I felt quite assured

Tri. Swom aſhore (man) like a Ducke: I can ſwim like a Ducke i'le be ſworne.

Ste. Here, kiſſe the Booke.
Though thou canſt ſwim like a Ducke, thou art made like a Gooſe.

Tri. O *Stephano*, ha'ſt any more of this?

Ste. The whole But (man) my Cellar is in a rocke by th'ſea-ſide, where my Wine is hid:
How now Moone-Calfe, how do's thine Ague?

Cal. Ha'ſt thou not dropt from heauen?

Ste. Out o'th Moone I doe aſſure thee. I was the Man ith' Moone, when time was.

Cal. I haue ſeene thee in her: and I doe adore thee:
My Miſtris ſhew'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Buſh.

136. *Swom*] Ff, Rowe+, Cap. *swum* Cam. Glo. Jeph. Wrt, Wh. ii, Dtn. *swam* Mal. et cet.
137. *i'le*] Ff.
138, 139. Lines run on, Pope.
140. *like*] *life* F_2.
143, 144. Lines run on, Pope.
148, 149. As verse, Steev.
148. *I haue*] *I've* Dyce ii, iii.
149. *and thy Dog, and thy Buſh*] *thy dog and bush* Steev.'93.
and thy Buſh] *and bush* Knt.

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of this when I found Stephano's 'Marrian,' line 51, recorded in the First Cambridge Edition, as given by Pope, *Mirian*. But 'Marrian,' in the last edition, proves that *Mirian*, in the first, was a misprint; the supposition, therefore, that the copies of Pope vary, falls to the ground.—ED.—RITSON proposed that the line should be printed thus: '*Ste.* [*to Cal.*] Here, swear then. [*To Trin.*] How escap'dst thou?' 'The speaker,' Ritson explains, 'would naturally take notice of Caliban's proffered allegiance. Besides, he bids Trinculo kiss the book after he has answered the question; a sufficient proof of the rectitude of the proposed arrangement.' 'But,' says DYCE, 'Ritson's alteration is opposed by a portion of Stephano's preceding speech: "swear, by this bottle, how thou camest hither."'—BR. NICHOLSON (*N. & Qu.* 3d S. ix, 27): Stephano having asked Trinculo to swear on the bottle how he had escaped, exemplifies precept by practice, and taking the oath himself and kissing the book explains how he got safe to shore. Then, in answer to the monster's offer of fealty, he swears him, and as Trinculo, thirsty and afraid of Caliban's swallow, would possess himself of the bottle, he repulses him with: 'And swear then, how thou escapedst'; before I give it to you, answer my former question. When Trinculo has explained, he also gets the book to kiss.—DELIUS, however, with great plausibility, says that Stephano does not appear to hear the interruptions of Caliban, and that he first turns to him with the words: 'How now, moon-calf?' line 144.—HUDSON, also, believed the whole line to be addressed to Trinculo, 'as the whole context clearly requires it. Probably the transcriber or compositor supposed the speech addressed to Caliban, and sophisticated it into logical harmony with the idea by changing *man* [as Hudson reads in his text] into "then."'

147. **Man ith' Moone**] The mass of folk-lore which has gathered around this 'man' is highly interesting, but is scarcely appropriate here.—ED.

Ste. Come, ſweare to that: kiſſe the Booke: I will furniſh it anon with new Contents: Sweare.

Tri. By this good light, this is a very ſhallow Monſter: I afeard of him? a very weake Monſter:
The Man ith' Moone?
A moſt poore creadulous Monſter:
Well drawne Monſter, in good ſooth.

Cal. Ile ſhew thee euery fertill ynch 'oth Iſland: and I will kiſſe thy foote: I prethee be my god.

Tri. By this light, a moſt perfidious, and drunken Monſter, when's god's a ſleepe he'll rob his Bottle.

Cal. Ile kiſſe thy foot. Ile ſweare my ſelfe thy Subiect.

Ste. Come on then: downe and ſweare.

Tri. I ſhall laugh my ſelfe to death at this puppi-headed Monſter: a moſt ſcuruie Monſter: I could finde in my heart to beate him.

Ste. Come, kiſſe.

Tri. But that the poore Monſter's in drinke:
An abhominable Monſter.

Cal. I'le ſhew thee the beſt Springs: I'le plucke thee Berries: I'le fiſh for thee; and get thee wood enough.
A plague vpon the Tyrant that I ſerue;
I'le beare him no more Stickes, but follow thee, thou wondrous man.

151. *with new*] *with the new* Ff, Rowe i.
Contents] *Contexts* Daniel.
153. *weake*] *ſhallow* Ff, Rowe+.
154–156. Lines run on, Pope.
156. *drawne*] *sworn* Daniel.
157, 158. Two lines of verse, Johns.
157. *thee*] *the* F_3F_4.
Iſland] *Iſle* Ff, Rowe+, Cap. Steev.'85.
158. *I will*] Om. Ritson, Steev.'93.
I'll Dyce.
160. *when's*] Ff, Rowe i, Wh. Dyce, Sta. Cam. Glo. Jeph. Rlfe, Dtn. *when his* Rowe ii et cet.
162. [*Cal.* lies down. Coll. ii (MS).
165. *him.*] *him*— Pope et seq. (subs.).
167, 168. Lines run on, Pope et seq.
169, 170. *I'le ſhew...Berries*] One line, Pope et seq.
172, 173. *thou...man*] One line, Pope et seq.

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149. **My Mistris**] A corroborative proof that the Folio is right in giving to Miranda the lines I, ii, 413–424. She there tells Caliban that in the days of his innocency she 'taught him each hour one thing or other.'—ED.

159, 160. **perfidious . . . rob**] ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.*): Caliban, apparently, while he speaks of kneeling to kiss Stephano's foot, makes such demonstrations that Trinculo thinks it all a mere trick to get the bottle. Hence the 'perfidious' and the 'robbing.'

Tri. A moſt rediculous Monſter, to make a wonder of a poore drunkard.

Cal. I 'prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow; and I with my long nayles will digge thee pig-nuts; ſhow thee a Iayes neſt, and inſtruct thee how to ſnare the nimble Marmazet: I'le bring thee to cluſtring Philbirts, and ſometimes I'le get thee young Scamels from the Rocke: Wilt thou goe with me?

176–181. Lines end, *grow;...pig-nuts;...how...bring thee...get thee...me?* Pope et seq.

178. *Iayes*] *Jay's* F_3F_4.

179. *Marmazet*] *marmoset* Cap.

180. *Scamels*] Ff. *Shamois* Theob. Warb. *Sea-malls* Han. *Sea-mels* Mal. Ktly. *sea-mells* Steev.'93, Var. C. Clke. *Staniels* Theob. conj. Huds. *muscles* Wilson. *chamals* or *stamels* Ingleby (ap. Cam.). *conies* Kinnear.

181. *Rocke*] *ock* Pope i, ii.

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176. **Crabs**] Of course, the apple of that name.

177. **pig-nuts**] GRINDON (*Sh. Flora*, p. 265): Shakespeare here gives preference to the less usual, though quite as suitable, English name of that very pretty and interesting plant, the *Bunium flexuosum* [*Chenopodium denudatum*, ap. Ellacombe] of the botanists. In England, in its way, the pig-nut is unique. The aërial portion reminds one of hemlock, of which, indeed, this plant is a near ally, only that every part is in miniature, and that the umbels, before blooming, are pendulous. The usual height of the stem is about fifteen inches. Below the surface of the ground it bends to and fro in the most curiously irregular manner, diminishing in thickness at every turn, till at last we reach the round, brown nut, white inside, and of a pleasant nutty flavour. There is no pulling it up by force. Shakespeare had learned in his boyhood that the pig-nut is won alone by patience and perseverance.

178. **Iayes nest**] See V, i, 104.

179. **Marmazet**] W. A. WRIGHT: The animal known at present by this name is a native of South America, but the word is found in the language long before the discovery of America. In Maundevile's *Travels* (ed. Halliwell, 1866), p. 210, we read, 'In that Hille and in that Gardyn, ben many dyverse Bestes, as of Apes, Marmozettes, Babewynes, and many other dyverse Bestes.' The following definition occurs in an early Latin and English Dictionary, Bibliotheca Eliotæ (1548): 'Cercopithecus, an ape with a taile, called a marmoset.'

180. **Philbirts**] ELLACOMBE (p. 87): Dr Prior has decided that 'Filbert' is a barbarous compound of *phillon* or *feuille*, a leaf, and *beard*, to denote its distinguishing peculiarity, the leafy involucre projecting beyond the nut. But in the times of Shakespeare the name was more poetically said to be derived from the nymph Phyllis. . . . . The Nut, the Filbert, and the Cobnut are all botanically the same, and the two last were cultivated in England, long before Shakespeare's time, not only for the fruit, but also, and more especially, for the oil. [The derivation is uncertain.]

180. **Scamels**] THEOBALD: Shakespeare must certainly either have wrote *Shamois*, i. e. young kids; or *Sea-malls*. The *Sea-mall*, or *Sea-mell*, or *Sea-mew* (according to Willoughby) is that bird which is call'd *Larus cinereus minor;* it feeds on fish and frequents the banks of lakes. It is not impossible, but our Poet might here intend this bird. Or again (and which comes near to 'Scamel' in the traces of the Letters)

[180. **Scamels**]

Ray tells us of another bird, call'd the *Stannel*, of the Hawk species. It is no matter which of the three readings we embrace, so we take a word signifying the name of something in Nature.—HOLT (p. 57): The shell-fish, called the Limpet, are called in some countries *Scams;* they are found on the Rocks, and are by many reckoned delicious food; and from these Shakespeare might take the liberty to form a diminutive, and make his word 'Scamels.'—STEEVENS: An *e*, by careless printers, was easily changed into a *c*, and from this accident, I believe, all the difficulty arises, the word having been spelt by the transcriber *seamels*. Had Holt told us in what part of England *limpets* are called *scams*, more regard would have been paid to his assertion. I should suppose, at all events, a *bird* to have been design'd, as *young* and *old fish* are taken with equal facility; but *young birds* are more easily surprised than *old ones*. Besides, Caliban had already offered to 'fish' for Stephano.—MALONE: In Lincolnshire, as I learn from Sir Joseph Banks, the name *sea-mall* is applied to all the smaller species of gulls.—In the *Shakespeare Society's Papers*, iii, 170, J. ALLIES proposed as a possible conjecture the word *samol*, the name of a plant, referred to in Whitaker's *Hist. of Manchester*, ii, 130, as a 'peculiar favourite of the Druids,' and which was 'probably the seamar, or wild trefoil, to which the Irish Britons pay a particular attention at the present day, wearing it in their hats on St Patrick's Day under the diminutive appellation of seamrog.'—HUNTER (i, 155): To Theobald's suggestions may be added *samphire* and *squirrel*. *Sea-mew* may seem the most probable, 'scamel,' *seamel*, *sea-mew*, as Melrose is, in popular speech, *Mewrus*.—ANON. (*Gent. Mag.* June, 1844): The true reading, we think, is that which has escaped all commentators, viz: *seegell*. 'Λάρος, gavia, a seacob or seegell;' see *Avium principuarum historia* per G. Turnerum, 1544. The seagull or seamew in Suffolk is always called the 'seacob,' therefore the *seegell* is the common seamew. [The same contributor, a year later, in June, 1845, upheld this emendation on the ground that] 'Caliban was a gross sensual monster, whose belly was his god; all, therefore, he promised to give Trinculo were things that could be *eaten*, pignuts, young jays, marmozets, filberds, and young sea-gulls, but no one would think of hawks as provender [this is an allusion to Dyce's *staniel*.—ED.], except the Knight in Boccacio.' [Dyce answered this criticism by asking, in his subsequent edition: 'did Caliban mean that his new friend should *eat* "the nimble marmoset"?' The thrust would have been driven closer home, I think, if Dyce had asked whether Caliban expected Stephano to eat jays-nests.—ED.]—KNIGHT: We believe there is no such word as *sea-mell* or *sea-mall*, although there is *sea-maw* or *sea-mew*.—DYCE, in his *Remarks* (p. 5), proposed *staniels*, unaware that Theobald had in fact anticipated him; he became aware of it, however, before his edition of Shakespeare appeared, and, as he incorporated in a note in that edition his former 'Remarks,' that note is here substantially given: '"Scamels" has been explained as the diminutive of *scams*, and as meaning *limpets*. But I have little or no doubt that it is a misprint; for who gathers *young* limpets? and, besides, the words "from the rock" would seem to be equivalent to *from the cliffs*. Of Theobald's conjecture, *stannels*, I was not aware when in my *Remarks*, &c. I wrote as follows: Knight is mistaken in supposing that there is no such word as *sea-mall*. R. Holme, after describing the *Sea-mew*, has a separate article on "The *Sea Mall;* the bill white, but yellow towards the tip, bending," &c.—*Academy of Armory*, 1688, ii, 262. But though there is undoubtedly such a word as *sea-mall*, and though perhaps there is also such a word as *sea-mell*, it by no means follows that "scamels" (*without a hyphen and with a*

Ste. I pre'thee now lead the way without any more 182

182. Ste.] Cal. Ff.

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single l) should be a misprint for either *sea-malls* or *sea-mells*. Qy. is the right reading *staniels?* In the first place, *staniels* comes very near the trace of the old letters. Secondly, *staniels* accords well with the context, "from the rock"; for the "Kestrel, *Stannel*, or Windhover . . . . is one of our most common species [of Hawks], especially in the more *rocky situations and high cliffs on our coasts, where they breed.*"—Montagu's *Ornith. Dict.* Thirdly, in another passage of Shakespeare, where nobody doubts that the genuine reading is *staniel*, all the old eds. exhibit the gross misprint *stallion*: "And with what wing the *stallion* checks at it!"—*Twel. Night*, II, v.'—WHITE (ed. i): The question is not of great consequence; and the original word is quite as likely to be right as either of those which it has been proposed to substitute. —JOURDAIN: I propose to read *scalions* (*Scalion*, chibboll, or yong ciue.—Minsheu, 1617), or *sarcel*, which I find in Phillips's *New World of Words*, 1678. Minsheu gives *sarcelle* as the French for Teal; and Cotgrave: '*Cercelle* (The water fowle called) a Teale'; so that *sarcels* may be the word we want.—Rev. JOHN HUNTER: I prefer to trust *stamels* as the true reading, because *stamel* was a common name for a light-red colour, and might designate some bird of that colour.—HARTING (p. 269): It is evident that the sea-mall, sea-mew, or sea-gull is intended, the young birds being taken before they could fly. Young sea-gulls were formerly considered great delicacies, and in the old 'Household Books' we often find such entries as the following: 'Item, it is thought goode that Sea-gulles be hade for my Lordes own mees and non other, so they be goode and in season, and at jd. apece, or jd. ob. at the moste.'—MEISSNER (p. 141) having found in Strachey's *True Repertory*, &c., printed in Purchas, an account (p. 1741) of some birds which 'for their blindnesse (for they see weakly in the day) and for their cry and whooting we called the *Sea Owle*,' suggests that *sea-owls* might be preferable even to Theobald's *sea-mells*, especially since 'Ariel seems to refer to these *sea-owls* in the line: "There I couch when *owls do cry*." '—W. A. WRIGHT: There is reason to suppose, as Caliban says 'sometimes,' that the word must be the name of a bird, and Mr Stevenson, in his *Birds of Norfolk*, ii, 260, tells us that the female Bar-tailed Godwit is called a 'scamell' by the gunners of Blakeney. But as this bird is not a rock-breeder, it cannot be the one intended in the present passage if we regard it as an accurate description from a naturalist's point of view. We must suppose therefore either that the description is not strictly accurate, or that in Shakespeare's time the word 'scamel' may have had a wider application.—BULLOCH (p. 21): 'Scamels' is more likely to have been a coinage put into the mouth of Caliban, a generic term signifying different creatures, birds or quadrupeds, frequenters of rocky heights, and named by him as *scambles*, from the verbs *scamble* and *scambling*.—J. D. (*N. & Qu.* 5th S. xii, 5, 1879) maintains that the original word is right and of Scandinavian origin. In old Norse, *skama* means a pod or husk, but primarily a shell, and 'scamel' will mean a little shell. . . . . We shall not be far wrong if we identify it with the limpet. I propose, therefore, to read: 'Young limpets from the rock.'

181. **Rocke**] If we, at this late day, are puzzled over 'scamels,' can we picture the amazement which must have filled the souls of our forebears when they read in Pope's edition, both the first and the second, that not only did Caliban propose to get 'scamels,' but they were to be 'scamels from the OCK'!—ED.

talking. *Trinculo*, the King, and all our company elſe being dround, wee will inherit here: Here; beare my Bottle: Fellow *Trinculo*; we'll fill him by and by a-gaine.

Caliban Sings drunkenly.

Farewell Maſter; farewell, farewell.

Tri. A howling Monſter: a drunken Monſter.

Cal. *No more dams I'le make for fiſh,*
Nor fetch in firing, at requiring,
Nor ſcrape trenchering, nor waſh diſh,
Ban' ban' Cacalyban
Has a new Maſter, get a new Man.

188. In Italics, or as part of Caliban's song, Rowe ii et seq.

192. trenchering] trencher Pope+, Hal. Sing. Dyce, Cam. Glo. Jeph. Sta. C. Clke, Dtn.

193. Cacalyban] Ca-Caliban Cap.

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184. CAMBRIDGE EDITORS (1863): Before 'here; bear my bottle' Capell inserts a stage-direction ['To Cal.'], but it appears from III, ii, 68, that Trinculo was entrusted with the office of bottle-bearer.—1891. Dr Nicholson thinks that in this scene Trinculo had a bottle of his own.—DYCE, after quoting the foregoing note as it appeared in the First Cambridge Edition, adds: 'Perhaps so. But in a still later scene Trinculo talks of "our *bottles*."' [See Stage-Directions, III, ii, Textual Notes.]

188. **Farewell,** &c.] COLLIER: It may be questioned whether Caliban is to sing these words, and in the old copies they are not printed in Italic type, like his song, although we have the stage-direction [to that effect]. Neither is the line in the same measure as his song.

192. **trenchering**] RITSON (p. 6): The word is not so very improper [as to be discarded for *trencher*]. *Housing* is one of the same kind. Rightly *trencheren*, *housen*. The participle *beholden* is, by a similar mistake, everywhere, in the old editions, *beholding*.—DYCE (*Remarks*, p. 5): Read *trencher*. That 'trenchering' is an error of the printer (or transcriber), occasioned by the preceding words 'fir*ing*' and 'requir*ing*,' is beyond a doubt.—WHITE: Surely [the editors who read *trencher*] must all have forgotten that Caliban was drunk, and after singing 'firing' and 'requiring,' would naturally sing 'trenchering.' There is a drunken swing in the original line which is entirely lost in the precise, curtailed rhythm of [the emended line].

193. **Ban'**] MALONE, instigated probably (though he does not say so) by Capell (*Notes*, vol. i, pt ii, p. 183), says that 'perhaps our author remembered a song of Sir Philip Sidney's: "Da, da, da—Deridan."' If Shakespeare did remember it, his memory partially deserted him; it recalled only about a quarter of the jargon, which, in full, is: 'Fa la la la leridan, dan dan dan deridan; Dan dan dan deridan deridan dei.'—*Arcadia*, p. 486, ed. 1598; as the song is there said to be written 'To the tune of a Neapolitan Villanell,' let us hope that the music imparted a charm which the unaccompanied words cannot be said to possess. Caliban's words are not a refrain, but the effect of his intoxication.—ED.

194. **get a new Man**] CAPELL: Before [these words] supply *Old master;* he explains it in action by a contemptuous throwing-out of his arm towards Prospero's

Freedome, high-day, high-day freedome, freedome high-day, freedome. 195

Ste. O braue Monſter; lead the way. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Ferdinand (*bearing a Log.*)

Fer. There be ſome Sports are painfull; & their labor
Delight in them ſet off: Some kindes of baſeneſſe
Are nobly vndergon; and moſt poore matters 5
Point to rich ends: this my meane Taske
Would be as heauy to me, as odious, but
The Miſtris which I ſerue, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours, pleaſures: O She is
Ten times more gentle, then her Father's crabbed; 10
And he's compos'd of harſhneſſe. I muſt remoue
Some thouſands of theſe Logs, and pile them vp,
Vpon a ſore iniunction; my ſweet Miſtris
Weepes when ſhe ſees me worke, & ſaies, ſuch baſenes
Had neuer like Executor: I forget: 15
But theſe ſweet thoughts, doe euen refreſh my labours,

195. *high-day*] *hey-day* Rowe.

2. Prospero's Cave. Pope. Before Prospero's Cell. Theob.

3. &] *but* Pope+, Steev.

4. *ſet*] *sets* Rowe et seq.

5. *moſt poore*] *most-poor* Warb.

6, 7. *Point... Would be*] One line, Pope+, Cap. Dyce ii, iii.

7. *as*] *as 'tis* Pope+, Cap. Dyce ii, iii.

11. *remoue*] *move* Pope+.

15. *Executor*] *executer* Theob. Warb. Johns.

16. *labours*] *labour* Theob. Han. Warb. Johns. Hal. Sing. Sta. Dyce ii, iii, Hunter, Huds. Kinnear.

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cell.—STEEVENS: When Caliban sings this last part of his ditty, he must be supposed to turn his head scornfully towards the cell of Prospero, whose service he had deserted. [As will be seen, Steevens merely echoes Capell, as so often happens, but in this case I doubt if the words apply to Prospero. I think the second 'get' is used in the sense of *become*. He has a new master, and will become a new man.—ED.]

3. be] In a majority of cases the use of 'be' is determined, I think, by euphony. See ABBOTT, § 300; and for the common omission of the relative before 'are' compare a line quite parallel to this, I, ii, 533: 'There's nothing ill can dwell,' &c., or see ABBOTT, § 244.

3. painfull] PHILA. SH. SOC.: Not such as cause pain or distress, but such as require the player to take pains or employ labour.

3, 4. MALONE: Cf. 'The labour we delight in physicks pain.'—*Macb.* II, iii, 55.

3–16. **their labor . . . my labours**] ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.* p. 36): The ques-

[3–16. **their labor . . . my labours**]

tion,—and it is a perplexing one,—is, which is the Nom. to 'set off'—'labour' or 'delight'? *First*, it may be 'labour'; and then the meaning will be, 'The labour (pains) of the sports is a foil to, and thus *sets off* (*i. e.* heightens, brings out), the *delight*, which is taken in them.' This is favoured by the 'and,' which may thus retain its natural force, and is not made to do duty for the adversative *but*, as also by the fact, that such is the sense, in which 'set off' is most frequently used by Shakespeare. *E. g.*: 'like bright metal on a sullen ground, My reformation . . . . Shall ſhow more goodly . . . . Than that which hath no foil to *ſet it off*."—*1 Hen. IV:* I, ii, 204. 'If the prince put thee into my ſervice for any other reaſon than to *ſet me off*.'—*2 Hen. IV:* I, ii, 13. 'It is place, which leſſens and *ſets off*.'—*Cymb.* III, iii, 13. On the other hand, the sequence of Nom., Acc., Verb. appears to be less natural than Acc., Nom., Verb. But if this construction be accepted, the reading 'labour*s* ſet off'—inasmuch as it removes all ambiguity—is more likely to be the true one, than 'labour ſet*s* off.' *Secondly*, 'delight' may be the Nom., and then the meaning must be, either (*a*) 'delight [in the sports] sets off, like an ornament, the labour, which accompanies them,' or (*b*) 'delight [in the sports] cancels, removes, is a *set-off* against, the labour.' Shakespeare has 'set off' once, at least, in the former sense (*a*): 'He hath a kind of honour *ſets him off*, More than mortal ſeeming.'—*Cymb.* I, vi, 170. But this would be making labour the principal, and delight a mere accessary, in sports. In the latter sense (*b*) 'set off' occurs two or three times. *E. g.*: 'By my hopes, The preſent enterpriſe *ſet off* his head, I do not think a braver gentleman . . . . is now alive.'—*1 Hen. IV:* V, i, 88. (Here 'set off' = taken from his account, says Steevens.) 'And wherein It ſhall appear, that your demands are juſt, You ſhall enjoy them, everything *ſet off* That might ſo much as think you enemies.'—*2 Hen. IV:* IV, i, 143. The strongest argument, however, in favour of construing 'delight' as the Nom., is derived from observing the manner in which the same proposition, so understood, recurs in the speech. Let the skeleton be printed thus, to indicate what sentences are parallel:

> '*There be ſome ſports are painful*, and THEIR LABOR*s*
> DELIGHT IN THEM SETS OFF: *ſome kinds of baſeneſs*
> *Are nobly undergone*; and *moſt-poor matters*
> *Point to rich ends.* This my mean taſk
> Would be as heavy to me, as odious; but
> THE MISTRESS WHICH I SERVE QUICKENS WHAT'S DEAD
> AND MAKES MY LABOURS PLEASURES.———
> ————————————————I forget:
> BUT THESE SWEET THOUGHTS DO EVEN REFRESH MY LABOURS.'

That is: When, to *illustrate* his proposition by repeating it under other forms, Ferdinand says, *First*, that his *mistress quickens* what's dead, *Secondly*, that his *mistress* makes *pleasures* of his *labours*, *Thirdly*, that his *sweet thoughts* of Miranda do even *refresh* his *labours*, we can hardly doubt, that such proposition lay in his mind under the corresponding form of 'the delight, which I am experiencing, cancels my labours.' If against this apparently decisive argument it be urged, that in that case 'and' becomes unwarrantably equivalent to *but* (as Pope and others have, in fact, written it), it may be replied, that where the two propositions were at once *felt* to be *adversative*, Shakespeare might choose (after the manner of the *Parataxis* or Coordination so

Moſt buſie leſt, when I doe it. *Enter Miranda* 17

17. *Moſt buſie leſt*,] Cam. Glo. Wrt, Wh. ii. *Moſt buſie leaſt*, Ff, Rowe, Knt ii. *Least busie* Pope, Han. *Most busie less*, (or *busy-less*, or *busiless*) Theob. Warb. Johns. Cap. Steev. Mal. Var. Sing. i, Knt i, Hal. Dyce ii, iii, Dtn. *Most busy, least* Heath, Coll. Dyce i, C. Clke, Hunter, Furnivall, Rlfe. *Most busiest* Holt, Sing. ii, Wh. i, Kinnear, Irving. *Most busied* Beisly (N. & Qu. 3d S. v, 229). *Most busy lost* Whistler (N. & Qu. 3d S. viii, 432). Line omitted, Cartwright conj.

17. *Moſt...it.*] *Most busy left when idlest* Cam. i conj. Jeph. *Most busyliest when jaded* Bulloch (N. & Qu. July, 1876). *Most busily then I do it*, or *Most lustily then I'll to it* Orger.

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frequent in Homer) to dispense with a special exponent of the relation and to make use of a mere *connective*.—As I had proposed to write *labors* for 'labor,' if a Nom., to do away with all ambiguity, so I have given 'labours' Acc. (along with 'ſets off' Sing.) with the same view. It is an easy emendation—the loss of a final *s*, at the end of a line, being an ordinary misprint. Besides, Shakespearian Grammar seems almost imperatively to require it. Cf. post III, iii, 88: 'Your ſwords are now too maſſy for *your ſtrengths*.' And so *everywhere* the Poet expresses himself *collectively* and not (as we should do) *distributively*.

5. **most poore matters**] PHILA. SH. SOC.: This may be understood either as the superlative of 'poor,' equivalent to 'matters most poor' [see Warburton, Text. Notes]; or it may be equivalent to 'the greater part of poor matters.' 'Matters' (equivalent to πράγματα), not *things*, *objects*, but *transactions*, *operations*.

8. **which**] ABBOTT, § 265: 'Which' is often used for *that* where the personal antecedent is vocatively used or preceded by the article [as here. Compare I, ii, 414: 'Abhorred slave, Which,' &c.].

13. **sore iniunction**] PHILA. SH. SOC.: That is, 'upon an *injunction* laid upon me under a *sore* penalty.'

15–17. **I forget . . . doe it**] This passage has received a greater number of emendations and staggers under a heavier weight of comment than, I believe, any other in Shakespeare, not excepting even Juliet's 'runaways eyes'; and yet the passage is by no means incomprehensible as it stands; in fact, one can scarcely read it, or hear it, without at once apprehending its drift. It is, possibly, to this clearness that all the attention bestowed upon it, is due. When an ailment is on the surface and is manifest, there is no lack of infallible nostrums. It is to be regretted that the wise words of Dr Johnson have been so little heeded. 'In perusing a corrupted piece,' says that great man, 'an emendatory critic must have before him all possibilities of meaning, with all possibilities of expression. Such must be his comprehension of thought and such his copiousness of language. Out of many readings possible, he must be able to select that which best suits with the state, opinions, and modes of language prevailing in every age, and with his author's particular cast of thought and turn of expression. Such must be his knowledge and such his taste. Conjectural criticism demands more than humanity possesses, and he that exercises it with most praise has very frequent need of indulgence.' Be this indulgence granted in advance, and an act of such heroic charity will e'en refresh our labours in wading through the following pages. A majority of the emendations is really concerned only with the three words, 'most busie lest,' but I have deemed it best to include, chronologically under these words, comments and emendations of the whole sentence.—POPE changed the words of the Folios into 'Least busie when I do it,' and contented himself with

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recording 'Most busy least' at the foot of the page, and was duly followed by HANMER, his solitary admirer, who, in addition, substituted *Nay* at the beginning of line 16 instead of 'But.'—To THEOBALD is due an emendation which, of all that have been proposed, has received by far the largest number of followers. His text reads: 'I forget; But these sweet thoughts do ev'n refresh my labour, Most busie-less, when I do it'; his modest note thereon states that 'the corruption [of the Folio] is so very little remov'd from the truth of the text, that I can't afford to think well of my own sagacity for having discover'd it.'—Dr JOHNSON adopted it,—not only adopted it, but actually incorporated *busyless* in his *Dict.* as Shakespeare's own word; Johnson's latest editor, LATHAM, strongly condemns it, however, as a derivation. 'The proper use of *-less* is,' says the latter, 'to stand as an affix to a substantive, denoting the absence of the character which that substantive suggests. *Noiseless* means "without noise," and the strictly grammatical compound meaning "without business" is the awkward word *business-less;* there being not only no such substantive as *busy*, but a good reason against coining one, viz: the fact of *-y* = Anglosaxon *-ig*, being a characteristic adjectival ending.'—The first antagonist of *busie-less* was HOLT: 'If,' he said (p. 58), 'Ferdinand was busy-less in his labour, i. e. if his work consisted in doing nothing, he stood in no need of these sweet thoughts to refresh him under the pressure; and if his thoughts were busy-less during his labour, they contributed nothing to his refreshment; so that let [these editors] make their *Busy-less* an adjective to either "thoughts" or "labour," and to one of them it must be, or it is useless in the sentence, it conveys no clearer idea than the old reading. But why may not this passage be understood thus: But these sweet *least* thoughts (of Miranda his mistress) do even refresh my *most busy* labour, when I do it. Though 'tis not impossible but the original was a double superlative, which was no uncommon mode of expression in those days, and then it may stand thus: "*Most busiest* when I do it," which may signify either, those thoughts being *most busy* when he is at work, or that they refresh his *busiest* or greatest labour when he does it.'—HEATH is 'persuaded that the [text of the Folios] is genuine, and wants no other assistance than that of a comma after the word "busy." The sense of the passage then is: "I forget myself, and while the thoughts of my mistress employ my whole attention, the business enjoined on me suffers by the delay; but upon recollection, this is really not the case; for I find such refreshment from those sweet thoughts that I am most busy when I am employed in them, and my labour is more advanced by the alacrity with which they inspire me, than retarded by the delay which they occasion. I am in truth more effectually completing the task set me by these intervals of interruption than if I were incessantly at work about it, as I am thereby enabled to exert myself with double vigour whenever I resume it." If any one is offended with the inverted order of the words "least when I do it" for "when least I do it," he is at liberty to alter accordingly if he pleases. For my own part, I am inclined to believe Shakespeare left us the text in the order it now stands.'—CAPELL, who adopted Theobald's emendation, believes that a paraphrase can alone give a 'full conception of the passage at large, which take in these words: I talk and quite forget my task; Yet I will think of her too; for those sweet thoughts lighten my work; and when I am most employ'd in it, thinking of her I scarce feel that I'm employ'd in 't at all; am least engag'd by my business (most unengag'd by it) when engag'd by such thinking. The sentiment 'twill be allow'd is most natural; but that the expressions convey it properly no favourer of the poet will have the hardiness to assert in good earnest.' It is fortunate for us

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that after one of Capell's paraphrases we always have the original to go to.—A long silence followed Capell, which was first broken by MALONE, who remarked not very profoundly: 'Perhaps Ferdinand means to say, "I forget my task; but that is not surprising, for I am thinking of Miranda, and these sweet thoughts," &c. He may, however, mean that he "forgets or thinks little of the baseness of his employment." Whichsoever be the sense, *And* or *For* should seem more proper [in line 16] than "But."'—In 1819, ZACHARY JACKSON, for 'I forget: But' proposed 'I *forgiv't: For*,' and explained that what Ferdinand forgave was 'the iron-heart' of Prospero. For 'most busie lest' he proposed 'most busie *left*,' on the really plausible ground that in a printer's case the long ſ and f were next to each other and most liable to become mixed. It was because Jackson was himself a printer that his emendations have once in a very great while some value. The meaning of *most busy left* is explained by the fact that when Ferdinand had finished his daily task he was *left more busy* with his reflections than while at work. Zachary Jackson's volume, with its mass of presumptuous foolishness, was, once, forever banned from these pages, together with Lord Chedworth, Seymour, and Andrew Becket, but in this case Jackson has a follower, an eminently respectable follower, and therefore must perforce be here admitted.—VOSS (*Anmerkungen*, 1825, p. 172) would read: 'I forget By these sweet thoughts that even refresh my labours.'—SINGER adopted Theobald's *busy-less* in his first edition (1826), and sneered at it in his second (1856), wherein he adopted Holt's *busiest*, without a word of intimation that it was not his own; but this was *more suo*, and, therefore, not surprising.—KNIGHT also followed one reading in his first edition, and another in his second, but for this vacillation neither DYCE nor GRANT WHITE can reproach him; they have done the same. COLLIER, indeed, is the only modern editor who through all his editions 'has looked on [this phrase in *The*] tempest and is never shaken.' In sooth, the best proof of the exceeding difficulty in making the manifest meaning of this passage cohere with the words is afforded by the different readings adopted by several editors in their successive editions. GRANT WHITE, in his *Shakespeare Scholar*, in 1854, said that 'nothing could be more graceless and inappropriate' than *most busiest;* three years later, in his first edition, he pronounced this identical graceless phrase a 'happy conjecture,' and *adopted it* in his text! Twenty-five years later, in his second edition, he discarded Holt's emendation (which, by the way, through an oversight he attributes to Holt *White*), and adopted the First Folio. Again, Dyce, in his first edition, doubted the existence of the word, which, in his second edition, he adopted. But this is anticipating; to return to the chronological order: COLLIER adhered, in all of his three editions, to Heath's comma. In his second, his note is: 'The corrected folio of 1632 puts it thus: "Most busy, *blest* when I do it," meaning that though Ferdinand is most busy, still he is *blest*, while he works, by the sweet thoughts of Miranda. Surely this is a natural explanation, and it only supposes that the letter *b* had dropped out before *lest* of the Folio. We, however, do not make this change, nor any other, because, understanding "lest" of the Folio as *least* (the form it took in the Folio of 1632), we do not see the difficulty of the passage. Ferdinand is so refreshed by the thoughts of Miranda that, even when "most busy," he "least" feels the toil he is undergoing.'—A. E. B[RAE] in *N. & Qu.* 1st S. ii, 338, 1850) proposed to interpret these words as though 'a transposition had taken place between the words "least" and "when." "Most busy *when least* I do it" or "Most busy when least employed." Has not *the pause* in Ferdinand's labour been hitherto too much overlooked? What is it that has induced him to *for-*

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get his task? Is it not these delicious *pauses* of labour, making these pauses still more refreshing and renovating? In the *apologetic* sense which I would confer upon the last two lines of Ferdinand's speech the word "But" becomes not only appropriate, but necessary.'—In the same vol. of *N. & Qu.* p. 429, THE COMMA, which Heath and Collier moved, 'humbly protested against removal,' and, adhering to the Folio, 1632, except in the omission of *s* in 'labours,' interpreted the words 'most busy least' as 'an emphatic way of saying "*least busy* when I do it," to wit, the labour.'—In *N. & Qu.* (1st S. iii, 229, 1851) ACHE calls attention to the parallelism between this passage and the 'nunquam se minus otiosum esse, quam cum otiosus.'—Cicero, *De Off.* iii, cap. i.—In the same vol. of *N. & Qu.* (p. 251) JOHN TAYLOR conjectures 'as the true reading "these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labour's *Most business*, when I do it." Thus the change of a single syllable is sufficient to make good English, good sense, and good metre of a passage otherwise defective in these three particulars. It retains the *s* in "labours," keeps the comma in its place, and provides an antecedent for "it."'—HALLIWELL (1853) follows Theobald, and of Holt's emendation says that it 'seems to imply a sense exactly opposite to what is intended.' 'A recent anonymous critic,' he continues, 'boldly alters the line to "My business, and rest me while I do it." *Busy-less* is an unusual word, but it is so naturally (though, perhaps, not quite grammatically) formed, its rare occurrence is not, in itself, a sufficient reason for its rejection. Sylvester, in his translation of Du Bartas, has another and a more singular compound, "too *busie-idle* and over-bold." If Holt's interpretation were correct the original words would possibly be *most busil'est* for *most busilyest*.' This *busilyest* of Halliwell should be carefully noted. Of it Halliwell could have properly said, *Sic vos non vobis*, &c.—In *N. & Qu.* (1st S. viii, 124, 1853) ICON suggests that the 'it' should be omitted as mere surplusage: 'Most busy, least when I do.' 'The sense requires that the thoughts should be "most busy" when the hands "do least."' Contemporaneously, even to the very month, with 'Icon's' suggestion, LETTSOM in *Blackwood's Magazine* (Aug. 1853) observes that: 'Our only doubt, in restoring the old reading, is in regard to the word "it." Perhaps it would be as well away, and we might read more perspicuously, "*Most* busy—*least* when I do." The measure being already redundant, the word could be spared. But its absence or presence makes little or no difference, and, with it, or without it, we hope to see this restoration of the original text.' Twenty-four years later, in *N. & Qu.* 5th S. vii, p. 83, 1877, H. WEDGWOOD made the same emendation, and expressed great surprise that it had never before occurred to any one. (A sad, very sad example of the crying need of a 'New Variorum Edition'!)—ANON (*Fraser's Maga.* March, 1853): What if the passage ran originally as follows: 'Such baseness || Had never like executor, but sweet thoughts || Do even refresh my labours; I forget || My business, and *rest* me while I do it. ||'—DYCE (ed. i, 1857): I was formerly inclined to believe that Theobald's emendation had restored the very word of Shakespeare; but I now doubt if so odd a compound as *busiless* ever occurred to anybody except the critic himself; and in my uncertainty about the passage I have given [Heath's reading]. As to 'it' referring to the plural 'labours,' compare (among other passages in these plays) 'My *powers* are crescent, and my auguring hope Says *it* will come to the full.—*Ant. & Cleop.* II, i. (W. W. LLOYD (*Athenæum*, 16 Feb. '78) very justly says that this single example is not conclusive, 'the metaphorical *crescent* gives a dominating bias to the idiom.')—STAUNTON (1858): Whatever may have been the word for which 'lest' was misprinted, 'Most busy' and that word bore

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reference, unquestionably, not to Ferdinand's task, but to the sweet thoughts by which it was relieved. We have substituted *felt* as a likely word to have been mis-set 'lest;' but are in doubt whether *still*, in its old sense of *ever*, *always*, is not preferable: 'Most busy *still*, when I do it.'—SIMON VERGES [the pseudonym of SWYNFEN JERVIS] (*N. & Qu.* 2d S. vii, p. 338, 1859) suggested, without comment, 'Most busy when I do *rest*.'—BRAE (in his *Collier, Coleridge, and Shakespeare*, 1860, p. 134) prints lines 16 and 17 thus: 'But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labour's Most busy hest, when I do it,' wherein the emendation 'simply consists in the change of the initial letter *l* for *h* (the confounding of which is a misprint of the commonest possible occurrence), and yet it does not leave one single point of the original difficulty unsatisfied. This "lest" or "least" becomes *hest* or *heast* (for, by a singular coincidence, both words were spelled both ways), and the *s* in "labours" becomes the sign of the possessive case. *Hest* must be understood as a task or imposition, a sense in which it occurs in a previous Scene of the play.'—In 1860, SIDNEY WALKER added, indirectly, much strength to Theobald's *busy-less*, to which he devotes a chapter (No. CVI, *Crit.* ii, 285), and whereon his notes are as follows: 'I have met with no other instance of this ungrammatical formation, either in Shakespeare, or in any other of the Elizabethan poets. (*Kindless*, in *Ham.* II, ii, "treacherous, kindless villain," is *unnatural*, from *kind*, the common old English word for *nature*.) I have found one instance in an earlier writer, Surrey, ed. 1831, p. 7: "sickless for to consume." And one in a contemporary, Kyd, Translation of Garnier's Cornelia, i, Dodsley, vol. ii, p. 250: "Less hapless, and more worthiless thou might'st Have made thine ancestors," &c. [see Dyce's note on this, *post*]. For this latter can scarcely, I think, be a corruption of *worthless*. Dr Nares, also, in a MS note in my copy of repr. Fol., has expressed a doubt of Theobald's emendation.—'Επέχω. Spenser, F. Q. B. iii, C. iii, St. lix, seems scarcely in point: "for endless monuments Of his successe and gladful victorie." Sylvester's *Dubartas*, Week i, Day i, ed. 1641, p. 4, col. 2: "Alas! how faithless and how modestless, Are you," &c. vii, p. 60, col. 2,—"Fond Epicure, thou . . . . Imaginest a God, so perfectless," &c. col 1,—"How th' air's glib-gliding *firmness* body bears Such store of fowls," &c. *Firmless*, I conjecture, II, ii, iv, p. 142, col. 2; see context, "—yet firm-less in affects, It falls in love," &c. IV, iii, p. 220, col. 2, "—Serpents crawling o're The Lybians pest-full, and un-blest-full shore."' Walker's editor, LETTSOM, after describing the fragmentary condition of Walker's MSS in regard to this chapter, adds: 'The quotation from Surrey may be thought inapplicable, since Chaucer once uses *sike* as a substantive, and Surrey may have been influenced by this in forming the compound *sickless*; but the examples from Kyd and Sylvester certainly make for Theobald's conjecture. Collier's Old Corrector has been severely attacked for reading *busy*, *blest*, but if, as I suspect, he wrote *busy-blest*, intending it as a compound adjective, the old gentleman scarcely deserved the castigation he received. I may be allowed to conclude this long, unsatisfactory note by suggesting that in the Second Folio (as far as relates to this passage) "least" merely represents a peculiar pronunciation, not even now quite obsolete among uneducated people, of "lest," and that consequently there is no intentional difference of meaning between the text of the First Folio and that of the second. If this notion is correct, the Second Folio affords no support to those recent texts that have "least" in the sense of *minime*.'—BAILEY (*Received Text*, &c. 1862, i, 124) suggests four alterations: 'Read, "I forget *all* But these sweet thoughts *that* ev'n refresh my *labour* Most *busily* when I do it," and paraphrase: "I forget all but these sweet thoughts that even refresh my

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labour when I most busily do it," or, in other words, "when I work the hardest." '— In the *First Cambridge Edition* (1863) the editors CLARK and GLOVER record in the Textual Notes a conjecture, by SPEDDING, of *Most busiest when idlest* for the 'Most busie lest, when I doe it' of the Ff, and a conjecture of their own also for the same line, viz: *Most busy left when idlest.* In their *Notes* at the end of the play they remark that 'the spelling "doe" makes Mr Spedding's conjecture *idlest* for "I doe it" more probable.' Also, in their Textual Notes, they record 'Most *busiliest*' as a conjecture by Bullock (i. e. Bulloch). But, as we have seen, Halliwell had anticipated this conjecture, at that time, by ten years. BULLOCH (*Studies*, 1875, p. 21) says that *busiliest* was his first conjecture in emending Shakespeare's text, and that it was made in 1862. INGLEBY, on more than one occasion, expressed his emphatic preference for this emendation, which he always ascribed to Bulloch. (See *Sh. Hermeneutics*, 1875, p. 137; Robinson's *Epit. of Lit.* 15 Feb., 1879; and in *N. & Qu.*) Lastly, *Most busiest* is attributed by CLARK and GLOVER not to Holt, as it should be, but to Holt *White*, an oversight which has misled every critic and editor who has used the Cambridge Edition—and who has not?—down to this hour. Happily this error is corrected in the Third Edition, now issuing (1891), but, unluckily, Bulloch still remains.—DYCE (ed. ii, 1863): After much consideration I now adopt, in this very difficult passage, the reading of Theobald as far more satisfactory, on the whole, than any of the numerous emendations which have been proposed. [Dyce here quotes from Walker the citations from Sylvester's *Dubartas*, and at the end of them adds]: Walker also cites 'Kyd, Translation of Garnier's Cornelia,' as affording an instance of *worthiless;* but on turning to the rare old 4to of Kyd's *Cornelia*, 1594, I find that it there has 'worthily,' and consequently that the *worthiless* which Walker unsuspectingly quotes is one of the thousand blunders of Dodsley and his editors. [On Spedding's conjecture 'Most busiest when idlest'] Lettsom remarks: 'It appears to me to invert the sense required by the context, which is (at least if this half-line refers to Ferdinand himself, and not to his thoughts) "Most idlest when most busiest." ' . . . . Mr John Forster writes to me as follows: 'I hope you will not hesitate to adopt Theobald's *busyless.*' [Forster then proceeds to criticise the readings of Pope, Spedding, and Holt; the last he attributes to Holt White, an error whereof the probable source has just been alluded to. (Holt White, by the way, was a 'scholarly gentleman,' who contributed a number of notes to the Variorum of 1821. He lived at Enfield a hundred years ago, and to his 'fine library' Charles Cowden-Clarke, when a lad, had free access.)]—J. WETHERELL (*Athenæum*, 16 Jan. 1864) would read: 'I forget. But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labour, Most busy *rest*, when *I do* it,' and thus paraphrases: 'These sweet thoughts on his gentle mistress so influence Ferdinand that his labour, whilst he passively contemplates it, is "even refreshed" by them—but when he does it (actively), it becomes no labour at all—mere rest.' In the next No. of *The Athenæum* the editor announces that he had received 'about a hundred' further suggestions on this phrase, that nearly all the readings thus offered had been anticipated, and that, perhaps, a majority were in favour of Holt *White's* 'busiest.' A few months later, in the same journal, INGLEBY gave in his adhesion to Wetherell's '*rest*,' and pronounced it 'palmarian,' an estimation which he afterwards transferred to Halliwell's conjecture, which he attributed to Bulloch.—JEPHSON (1864) adopted the conjecture of Clark and Glover in the First Cambridge Edition, and in his notes on 'Most busy *left*' remarked, 'This is unintelligible.' [See Zach-

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ary Jackson, *ante*.]—WELLESLEY (*Stray Notes*, &c. 1865, p. 1): Spedding's admirable emendation is a key to the whole passage, which only needs a more correct punctuation and orthography: 'these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours Most, busy; least, when idlest.' Ferdinand is far from repining at his task, since it procures him that sweet sympathy which he would lack if he were unemployed. 'These sweet thoughts of Miranda's pity "when she sees me work," refresh me in my labours. They refresh me even most when I am most busy, and least when, comparatively speaking, I am idlest.' [An entirely new view of the passage, in which I doubt if Spedding would have recognised his own emendation.]—FISH (*Phila. Sh. Soc.* p. 41, 1866): Retain the text of the First Folio and paraphrase: 'In these reflections I forget my labours, which are even refreshed with the sweetness of the thoughts, and I am really most busy in mind while I am least busy with my task,—occupied with my thoughts, idlest with my hands.'—ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.* p. 42): I can make nothing more satisfactory out of the '*crux*' than what follows.—1. Hermeneutical torture, applied to the reading of the Ff, to *my* feeling, merely adds distortion to lameness. 2. 'I doe it,' referred to the noun 'labours,' seems to me an un-Shakespearian abomination—as certainly corrupt as the 'left' or 'leaſt' of the Ff. 3. To discover the real train of thought we must go back to 'I forget.' 4. If Ferdinand is to be understood as keeping the log on his shoulder until Miranda makes him put it down, then 'I forget' means that the sweet thoughts of Miranda neutralise his sense of pain and weariness. In that case the reading might be: 'Most busy when least idle' —adopting Brae's transposition, with Spedding's conj. of 'idle' (from the ear, not from the *ductus litterarum*) in place of 'I doe it.' 5. But perhaps Ferdinand lays the log down as he begins to soliloquise, and only resumes it at 'I forget,' or (better still) perhaps the stage-direction '*bearing a log*' is not Shakespeare's. Perhaps (*i. e.*) Ferdinand enters *to get* a log to bear to the pile, and does not lift it until 'I forget.' In that case, the best reading *externally* is the remarkably happy one of the Camb. Edd.: 'Most busy *left* when idleſt.' 6. If, however, Mr FURNESS's reference of 'I doe it' to 'I forget' be sound—but I am now afraid it is not—then Holt and Singer's reading becomes the best: 'Moſt *buſieſt* when I do it.'—R. L. ASHHURST (*Phila. Sh. Soc.*): I am disposed to adopt Heath's suggestion of placing a comma after 'buſie,' otherwise retaining the reading of the Ff. I interpret thus: 'I am ſo refreſhed by theſe ſweet thoughts, that when moſt buſy (in actual work) I am leaſt buſy in feeling'; *i. e.* 'My labour is least burdensome to me when I forget myself in these charming meditations.' I see no inconsistency in uniting Mr COLLIER'S interpretation of the beginning of this passage with Mr FURNESS'S happy suggestion of referring '*doe it*' to 'forget.'—S. DICKSON (*Phila. Sh. Soc.*): That is, 'My labours are moſt buſy leaſt,'—to be read with a pause after 'buſy,' and emphasis on 'leaſt'; *i. e.* 'Most busy in the least degree'; *i. e.* 'least most busy'; *i. e.* 'least busy'; *i. e.* 'least irksome and annoying';—(for which sense of 'busy' Worcester cites Waller:) 'When I doe it'; *i. e.* 'forget and think these sweet thoughts'; or more briefly: 'My labours are least wearisome when occupied with these thoughts.' The punctuation for this interpretation is a dash after 'labours,' to show that busy agrees with it—the comma after 'least' being struck out.—KEIGHTLEY (*Exp.* 213, 1867) adopts Heath's comma, and puts a dash after 'it' at the end of the line to indicate that 'the entrance of Miranda causes Ferdinand to break off.'—HALLIWELL (p. 40, 1868): The pronoun 'it' refers to 'labours,' and numerous examples might be cited of that pronoun being applied to a preceding plural substantive: '—let your *eyes*, As you observe the house,

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but where I point *it* Make stay, and take a view, and then you have found it.'—*The Loyal Subject.* [I think Halliwell has here misapprehended; 'it' refers to 'house,' not 'eyes.']—DANIEL (*Notes*, &c. 1870, p. 13): I suspect that 'lest' is a misprint for *rest.* What is it that Ferdinand *forgets?* The punctuation of the Folios would lead us to suppose that while thinking of his mistress he forgets to go on with his labour; yet Miranda, entering immediately after, begs him not to work so hard. While the thoughts of his mistress (she who makes his *labours pleasures*) throng upon him, what he really forgets is the *tedium* of his labour. Read, therefore, and punctuate: 'I forget But (all but) these sweet thoughts—do even refresh *me;* labour's Most busy *rest* when I do it,' i. e. Having forgotten all but these sweet thoughts, I do even refresh myself; labour is but a most busy kind of rest while I am engaged in it. See *Macb.* I, iv, 44: 'The rest is labour which is not used for you.' The converse of which exactly represents the idea which I suppose Ferdinand to express: '*The labour which is used for you is rest.*'—JOHN HUNTER (*Longman's Series*, 1870): The construction undoubtedly is: 'Most busy when I do it least'; the inversion, 'least when I do it,' being quite in Shakespeare's manner.—ROLFE (1871) follows Heath, and adopts the paraphrase given by Fish of *The Phila. Sh. Soc.*—WILSON (*Caliban*, &c. 1873, p. 232): Query: 'Do even refresh my labour Most *baseless* when I do it.' *Baseless* would thus stand in apposition to the 'baseness' of his previous comment: 'some kinds of baseness are nobly undergone,' &c.—W. A. WRIGHT (1874): Holt's conjecture [*most busiest*] has been carried a step further by Mr Spedding in giving what, upon the whole, appears the best suggestion yet made, 'Most busiest when idlest.' A very slight change would make a certain sense, 'Most busy left when I do it'; that is, when I indulge these thoughts. [See Zachary Jackson and Jephson.]—J. BEALE (*N. & Qu.* 5th S. iv, 365, 1875) suggests that the line be thus read and interpreted: "'do even refresh my labour Most, when *busy-less* (=leisurely) I do *it*' (i. e. my labour). Ferdinand's *busy-less* matching Miranda's 'skill-less.'" [In the 6th volume of the same series, p. 226, Beale proposed a second emendation, viz:] to take 'labours' in the possessive case, singular or plural, and instead of *busyless* to read *busy haste.* We shall then have, 'even refresh my labour's Most busy haste, when I do it,' i. e. forget. That is to say, 'although in musing on Miranda I forget, or miss count [of the logs], and have to make up for lost time in consequence, these sweet thoughts do nevertheless refresh even the *most busy haste* or greatest pressure of my labours, to which I am thereby subject, in performing my ignominious and laborious task'; the word 'even' or *ever*, if preferred, seeming to emphasize 'busy,' the adjective to *haste*, as now suggested. Otherwise we might read, objectively, 'my labours—most least busy—when I do it'='my labours—most busy least—when I do it' (i. e. forget), and confirm the very text.—J. S. PHILLPOTTS (*Rugby Ed.*, 1876) thus paraphrases [reading '—labours, Most busy least, when I do't']: But (though I forget my work, I am not lazy; for) these sweet thoughts even refresh my labours, i. e. make my labours fresh again. The sweet thoughts which made my labours pleasures occupy me so intensely that they make my pleasures back into labours again. 'Refresh' is, however, generally taken as 'refresh (me after) my labours,' but then there is no point in the 'even.' The whole speech is a study of oxymoron in the strictest sense of the term. The sports are painful, the baseness noble, poor is rich, dead is quick, labour is pleasure, and then, as the crown of all, the pleasure is so pleasant that it becomes more laborious than the labour. It seems to me simplest to take ['Most busy least,' &c.] as it stands, treating it as an oxymoron, 'Least most busy,

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when I do it (the carrying),' i. e. 'I am *least busy* at the time, when any one would think I am *most* busy; viz: when I am carrying the logs. I am really most busy when I am apparently resting, because then I think of my love.' (It might also be 'Most busy—least,' i. e. 'I am most busy when thinking, least (busy) when working.') As he says 'do it' he shoulders the log which he had put down while speaking. The paradoxes are meant to portray the 'exaggeration of love.' Compare *Sonnet* xxvii; and *Rom. & Jul.* I, i, 186–200. . . . . It once occurred to me that 'lest' or 'least' might be another form of *'less*, i. e. *unless*. 'Most busy, least' (i. e. 'less, or unless) when I do it,' i. e. 'Most busy at all times, except when I do it' (my laborious work); his care for Miranda being so intense that he is never really occupied except when he has leisure to think of her. [Here follow examples of 'least' = *unless* and *'less* = *unless*.]—R. M. SPENCE (*N. & Qu.* 5th S. vii, p. 143, 1877): Omit the colon after 'forget,' and for 'lest' substitute *rest*. Read and punctuate thus: 'I forget But these sweet thoughts: do even refresh my labours Most busy: rest when I do it.' By 'But' I understand *all except*. Ferdinand forgot everything except the 'sweet thoughts' of Miranda's sympathy. We are to suppose him, while speaking, piling up log after log. Hence he speaks in short, broken sentences, as one so employed would naturally do.—CORSON (*Am. Bibliopolist*, p. 14, Feb. 1877; also *N. & Qu.* 5th S. vii, p. 3, 1877): It does not appear that the proper bearing of 'even' has been recognised. That any one's labours should be refreshed by sweet thoughts of his mistress, is a fact to be generally assumed. But to understand 'even' as bearing upon 'refresh,' would be somewhat contrary to such assumption. The word evidently points to 'most busy' as qualifying 'labours,' the meaning being, 'But these sweet thoughts do refresh even my most busy labours.' I would therefore remove the comma after 'labours' and put it after 'busy.' That would make it necessary to connect 'lest' in some way with 'when I do it.' The verb 'do' is a pro-verb, representing the verb *think* implied in 'thoughts'; and the clause 'when I do it' is a loose way of saying 'when I think, or indulge in, sweet thoughts of my mistress.' Now the mode in which his most busy labours are refreshed by sweet thoughts of his mistress, is indicated by 'I forget,' that is, he is rendered oblivious to them.—If the interpretation thus far is correct, there must be an idea veiled in 'lest' which reflects or points to 'I forget,' as a consequence of 'when I do it.' That idea is revealed by the change of one letter, *e* for *o*. The word should be *lost*, in the sense of being completely absorbed in anything, and oblivious to all other things. Lady Macbeth says to her husband: 'Be not lost so poorly in your thoughts.'—The passage might be paraphrased thus: 'But these sweet thoughts do refresh even my most busy labours, lost, as I am, to myself and to those labours, when I indulge in them.' I would punctuate thus: '—do even refresh my labours Most busy,—lost, when I do it' [see WHISTLER, Text. N.].—JABEZ [i. e. C. M. INGLEBY] (*N. & Qu.* 5th S. vii, p. 224, 1877) upholds *busiliest* (which he attributes to Bulloch, instead of to its rightful owner, Halliwell). 'It has been asserted,' he says, 'that "it" may refer to "labours." I know of but one such case in all Shakespeare, viz: *Love's Lab. L.* I, i: "If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do, Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too." The passage, "Poor breathing orators," &c. (*Rich. III:* IV, iv) is misquoted in *England's Parnassus*, 1600, or it would be another instance. I believe such instances are too rare to be our authority in the interpretation of this passage.' [Ingleby refers 'it' to 'forget.' Immediately following this communication of 'Jabez,' J. D. asserts that 'lest' was 'formerly used as a noun, with the meaning of pleasure or delight,' and thereupon adduces many authorities, and one example from Chaucer,

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to which he might have added many another. J. D. thus paraphrases: '"Most busy *lest*," i. e. Most busy pleasure it is, whenever I do it.' Immediately treading on J. D.'s heels, J. BEALE proposes his third reading and pointing: '"I forget—But these *sweet thoughts* do even *refresh*—my *labours*, Most busy, *feast* when I do it," the italicized words and punctuation conveying as much as I might wish to be understood.' Immediately following J. Beale, R. H. LEGIS proposes 'Most busy *hest*,' unaware that he had been long before anticipated by Brae. At the close of this last contribution the long-suffering Editor of *Notes and Queries* announced that 'This discussion must positively close here.' But as well might he forbid the mountain pines to wag their high tops and to make no noise when they are fretten with gusts. Silence reigned for only five years, during which the emenders ceased to be most busie lest Shakespeare should remain unexplained. But when, in 1882 (6th S. vi, p. 24), J. D. again knocked for admittance, merely with a handful of examples of the use of 'lest' in the sense of *pleasure*, which he might have carried in before, if he had only had them ready, what heart so hard as to refuse admission? The door once open, why should not H. WEDGWOOD (an honoured and honourable name) be allowed to tell how his emendation came to him in a dream?—a source which to us non-Spiritualists has been usually believed to be subject to a contrary interpretation. It is to be regretted that in the wider range which the delighted spirit enjoys when unhemmed in by its muddy vesture, it was not suggested that the emendation was by no means new. (I beg leave to say, parenthetically, that personally I have mistrusted all lesser Spiritualist influences in the elucidation of Shakespeare's text ever since Shakespeare himself once 'materialised' for me at a séance, and manifested extreme displeasure and immediately 'de-materialised' when I ventured, most respectfully, to ask him the meaning of 'Ullorxa' in *Timon of Athens*.) After J. D.'s and Wedgwood's entrance, the doors of *Notes and Queries* seem to have been thrown open as of old. In the same volume (p. 261) H. H. VAUGHAN discusses the subject as though discussed for the first time, but without adding anything to our enlightenment. He approves of Halliwell's *busyliest* (which, following the Cambridge Edition, he ascribes to Bulloch), and says that 'forget' has for its object 'these sweet thoughts.' In quoting line 14 he reads, 'sees *my* work,' and by an extraordinary oversight says: 'I think it most likely that Shakespeare wrote 'sees *me* work' and '*those* sweet thoughts,' which by a very natural error became 'see *my* work' and '*these* sweet thoughts.'—
—W. W. LLOYD (*Athenæum*, 16 Feb. 1878): This play abounds in elliptical phrases and indirect constructions, and with a certain allowance on this score, the simple, earliest emendation, 'Most busy, least when I do it' (=when I do it least), seems all that is strictly required. But even so, this may probably be one of the very frequent cases where an intermediate line has been lost, which would have made the construction in one degree less Thucydidean. The correction of *labour* for 'labours' is required in any case to give a direct reference to 'it.'—HUDSON (1879) reads in his text '—do even refresh my *labour;* Most busy when I do it *least*,' and in his note says: 'With the old reading it is uncertain what "most busy" refers to or is predicate of; that is to say, whether the meaning be "*I being* most busy" or "these sweet *thoughts* being most busy." For the latter sense the best reading I have met with is "most busiest." But had this been the poet's thought he would probably have written: "Most busy *they*, when I do it." On the whole, it seems much better to connect *lest* or *least* with what follows, and not with what precedes. But I suspect, after all, that the poet first wrote *most busie*, then interlined *lest* or *least* as a correc-

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tion, and that the two got printed together; so that we ought' [to follow Pope's reading].—HERR (*Scattered Notes*, &c. 1879, p. 88): Read, '—refresh my labour, Most busy *beat*, when I do it,' and paraphrase: '"—these sweet thoughts even most busy *throb* in my mind when," &c. Compare how the poet employs *beat* or *beating* in connection with *thoughts*, *mind*, pulse, and heart, to either of which the word most aptly applies, so proving by analogy that "least" is a misprint for *beat*.' [Here follow many examples of the use of 'beat.']—E. A. MEREDITH (*Some New Emendations*, &c. 1883, p. 5): It seems to me clear that 'most' and 'least' cannot stand together in the line, and that one or the other was written as a gloss for the one which Shakespeare wrote. Either 'most busie when I do it' or 'least busie when I do it' is intelligible. 'Most busie,' however, would refer to 'these sweet thoughts' of which he has just spoken, and 'least busie' to his feelings when at work. 'Studio fallente laborem.' I am disposed to believe that Shakespeare wrote: '—do even refresh my labour; Most busie—when I do it.' These sweet thoughts being most busy when he was at work. Some actor or copyist, not understanding 'busie' as referring to these 'thoughts,' probably wrote 'least' as a gloss in his copy, and both words were by the printer incorporated in the text.—W. F. PRIDEAUX (*N. & Qu.* 6th S. vii, p. 444, 1883) proposed anew Theobald's *busyless*, and, misled by Vaughan, seriously argued that 'the collocation of ideas' would be destroyed by the substitution of 'me' for *my*. —F. A. LEO (*Sh. Jahrbuch*, xix, p. 265, 1884) would read: '—refresh my labour Most *busily* when I do it,' and thus explains: 'My sweet and busy thoughts refresh my labour (they refresh it by their busy doing, in a busy way—busily!).'—H. B. SPRAGUE (*Shakespeariana*, March, 1884): Punctuate thus: 'Most busy, least, when I do it.' Explain thus: Most busy, least busy, when I do this work, i. e. when I think of Miranda's love, *toil* is even *restful*. The line is the exact converse of *Macb.* [as quoted above]. With Macbeth repose is labour; with Ferdinand labour is repose. —Sir P. PERRING (1886, p. 19): The two superlatives 'most busy' and 'least' are ranged alongside of each other for antithesis' sake, *without*, however, *being syntactically connected with the same noun*, 'most busy' referring to 'me,' which is contained in the possessive pronoun 'my' or (if you like) to the possessive case 'my,' 'least' to the noun 'labours.' Ferdinand says: 'These sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours, which labours, for all that I am superlatively busy, are least laborious, when I am actually engaged in them.'—DEIGHTON (1889) adopts Theobald's *busyless*, for the reasons given by Walker and Dyce.—J. M. D. MEIKLEJOHN (1889): I am most busy, when I am least occupied with my labour, because then my thoughts are most active. The order of the words is changed to emphasize the opposition of 'most' and 'least.'—[After a silence on the subject for twelve years, R. M. SPENCE, in *N. & Qu.* (7th S. vii, p. 403, 1889), offers another explanation, which sheds, as he thinks, so much light that he trusts 'the crux which has haunted the passage so long has fled for ever.' He retains the first part of his former note as far as concerns 'I forget (all) But these sweet thoughts,' but as for the second part, he lets loose his opinion, holds it no longer, that the text should be 'Most busy: *rest*,' but adopts Holt's *busiest*, and supposes 'labours' to be the nominative to 'refresh'; he gives the passage thus: 'I forget (all) But these sweet thoughts; do even refresh (me) my labours Most busiest.' 'The subordinate clause, "when I do it," should present no difficulty. It is equivalent to "when I do so." In prose the whole passage would read thus: "I forget everything but these sweet thoughts, and when I do so my busiest labours, instead of wearying, even refresh me.' In his honest desire to give honour where

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honour is due, Spence, erroneously, gives Holt's *busiest* to Holt *White*, and Halliwell's *busiliest* to Bulloch.—On p. 504 of the same volume H. WEDGWOOD repeats for the third time his anticipated emendation of 'when I do it' into '*when I do*,' and lays stress on the fact that the emendation came to him 'in his sleep,' but 'without any corresponding dream.'—On the same page H. INGLEBY accepts Spence's omission of the 'semicolon' after 'forget,' but 'would preserve the Folio punctuation in the next line, and understand the relative pronoun.'—In *N. & Qu.* (7th S. viii, p. 303, 1889) BR. NICHOLSON answers the possible objection of making 'it' refer, as he refers it, to the plural antecedent 'sweet thoughts': 'If the objector be at all well read in our old authors, he will remember the sometimes loose, and the sometimes, to us, apparently loose, manner in which they used their pronouns, and in especial he will remember how, in explanation of this sometimes only apparent looseness, it not infrequently happens that the writer is thinking of and referring more to his thought than to his previous expression of that thought. Here Ferdinand, or Shakespeare, uses "it" as referring to and agreeing with that "constant thinking of her" rather than to his fore expression of the same in "these sweet thoughts."—One example of a similar use of "it" [see 'Jabez,' in this regard, *ante*] from *Cymb.* V, i, 15, will, I think, sufficiently exemplify this sometimes Elizabethan custom. Posthumus exclaims to the gods: "You some permit To second ills with ills, each elder worse, And make them dread it." Here the "it" most unmistakeably refers not to the doer's last committed crime, but to his "guilty career," as described in the second line, which, mysterious and even seemingly wrong, ends in justifying the ways of God to man. There comes, says our moralist, a time when even such criminals look back on their career, if not with horror, yet with dread. But as he is thinking more of this criminal career where ills are seconded with ills, each elder worse, than of the ills themselves, he, where nineteenth century writers would use "dread them," uses "dread it." I would add what may be a second possible, though not, perhaps, very probable, explanation of Shakespeare's use of "it" in our present passage. It may have been done of set purpose, lest his hearers should erroneously refer the more literally grammatical *them* to Ferdinand's just six words before expressed "labours," which, besides their nearness in expression, were to the on-lookers visibly in the plural.'—F. A. MARSHALL (*Irving Sh.* 1890): If I ventured on any emendation, it would be to substitute *ever* for 'even,' by which slight alteration, perhaps, the sequence of Ferdinand's thoughts would be more easily followed. 'These sweet thoughts do always refresh my labours'; then he adds, as a sort of afterthought, 'and they are most busy, i. e. *busiest* in refreshing them, when I am actually occupied in my labour.' We might have expected *them* instead of 'it,' but the change to the singular is very natural. Does it not refer to the 'sore injunction' or to the 'mean task' which her 'crabbed father' enjoins him to do? Indeed, if we give to 'it' this meaning, and remember that it would include, as a contrast to the *sweet* tenderness of his 'sweet mistress,' the equally sweet thoughts which her tender sympathy suggests, 'it' is more forcible than *them*.—D. MORRIS (*Collins' Eng. Classics*, n. d.): Pope's emendation seems to accord best with the sense of the passage. [I have reserved to the last any reference to an interpretation of this passage offered by S. HICKSON in *N. & Qu.* (1st S. ii, p. 337, 1850), which anticipates the interpretation, that, nigh thirty years ago, occurred to me independently, and from which I have never yet seen any reason to depart. To me the Folio text is exactly correct as it stands. On the general meaning of the passage almost every critic, to a man, is agreed, and nothing

Mir. Alas, now pray you *and Proſpero.*
Worke not ſo hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt vp thoſe Logs that you are enioynd to pile:
Pray ſet it downe, and reſt you: when this burnes
'Twill weepe for hauing wearied you: my Father
Is hard at ſtudy; pray now reſt your ſelfe,
Hee's ſafe for theſe three houres.
Fer. O moſt deere Miſtris,
The Sun will ſet before I ſhall diſcharge
What I muſt ſtriue to do.
Mir. If you'l ſit downe
Ile beare your Logges the while: pray giue me that,
Ile carry it to the pile.

18. Proſpero.] Prospero at a distance unseen. Rowe.
20. *you are*] *thou art* Ff, Rowe i. *thou'rt* Rowe ii+. *you're* Han. Cap. Dyce ii, iii.
30. *carry it*] *carry 't* Pope+, Cap. Dyce ii, iii.

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is more wearisome in the foregoing discussion than the uniform paraphrase which each one has deemed himself, very properly, compelled to give. The last two lines are, it seems to me, Ferdinand's apology to himself for pausing in his work, and are therefore purposely begun by the adversative or apologetic 'But.' He has been neglecting his task to think on Miranda, then, recollecting himself, says, in effect, 'I am forgetting my work—But when I do *thus forget*, my mind so teems with thoughts that I am really most busy when I seem to be least busy, and by these sweet thoughts I am even refreshed for my work.' In a word, 'it' refers to 'forget.' To Hickson, chronologically, this interpretation belongs, and the fact that it occurred to me independently adds whatsoever value such coincidences may be thought to possess.—ED.]

17. **Enter Miranda**] For remarks on this scene, see Appendix, 'Miranda.'

28–30. **If . . . pile**] DYCE: This speech, though printed as blank verse, will read as a couplet. Nor is it impossible that Shakespeare originally intended couplets [here and in III, iii, 67–69], but afterwards changed his mind. [To these two rhyming couplets, where the lines are so divided that the rhyming words do not come at the end of the lines, but within them, BR. NICHOLSON adds a third: 'Our months be cold. The king and prince at prayers || Let's assist them, for our case is their's,' I, i, 61–63; and in view thereof urges that 'the laws of chance do not allow of three such accidents in the short course of one play; while, in practice, in concordance therewith, no three—no, not even two, such examples can be found within the whole range of the Elizabethan drama.' Thence he concludes that in *The Tempest* Shakespeare used material drawn from some other play which he had perhaps discarded, and that Shakespeare was prompted thereto by the haste with which it was necessary to bring out the play, not only in order to catch the popular interest of the day in Sir George Somers's shipwreck, but, also, perhaps to stimulate the Virginia colonisation schemes, in which Shakespeare himself may have had a share. See notes, III, iii, 67.]

30. **Ile . . . pile**] JOSEPH WARTON (*Adventurer*, iii, 41, 1753): It is by selecting such little and almost imperceptible circumstances that Shakespeare has more truly

Fer. No precious Creature,
I had rather cracke my ſinewes, breake my backe,
Then you ſhould ſuch diſhonor vndergoe,
While I ſit lazy by.
Mir. It would become me
As well as it do's you; and I ſhould do it
With much more eaſe: for my good will is to it,
And yours it is againſt.
Pro. Poore worme thou art infected,
This viſitation ſhewes it.
Mir. You looke wearily.
Fer. No, noble Miſtris, 'tis freſh morning with me
When you are by at night: I do beſeech you
Cheefely, that I might ſet it in my prayers,
What is your name?
Mir. *Miranda*, O my Father,
I haue broke your heſt to ſay ſo.
Fer. Admir'd *Miranda*,

32. *I had*] *I'ad* Pope+, Sing. Ktly, Rlfe.
39. [Aside. Cap.
Poore...art] One line, Han.
infected] *Infected and* Han.
44. In parenthesis, Pope et seq. (subs.).
46. Miranda,] Miranda. F_3F_4.
47, 51. *I haue*] *I've* Pope+, Dyce ii, iii, Huds.

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painted the passions than any other writer; affection is more powerfully expressed by this simple wish and offer of assistance than by the unnatural eloquence and witticisms of Dryden, or the amorous declamations of Rowe.

38. **it is**] ANON (ap. GREY, i, 23): 'It is' seems to be an interpolation. It makes the verse too long, and spoils the uniformity of the construction which went before. —STEEVENS adopted this suggestion, which he attributes to Dr Farmer.—KNIGHT denounced it as spoiling the force of the passage.

39. **worme**] DYCE: Used in the sense of *creature* as a term of commiseration, sometimes of contempt. [In Sidney's *Arcadia*, iii, 281, ed. 1598, Clinias, in Dametas's challenge, which is intentionally absurd, is called the 'wickedest worme that euer went upon two legs.'—ED.]

39, 40. **infected . . . visitation**] W. A. WRIGHT: Prospero adopts language which was familiar when the plague was of common occurrence.

47. **heſt**] PHILA. SH. SOC.: Shakespeare uses this word but three times, and only in this play; unless 'heſt' of Q_1 in *1 Hen. IV:* II, iii, 65, be accepted rather than *haste* or *hast* of the other Qq and the Ff.—R. L. ASHHURST (*Ib.*) suggested that the threefold use of 'heſt' in *The Tempest* seems to be an argument for the early date of the play, since the only other place is in an early Quarto. Growing ignorance of its meaning seems to have substituted *haste* in all the later editions.

48, 49. After 'Miranda' ROWE (ed. ii) placed the exclamation mark, which has

Indeede the top of Admiration, worth
What's deereſt to the world: full many a Lady
I haue ey'd with beſt regard, and many a time
Th'harmony of their tongues, hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent eare: for ſeuerall vertues
Haue I lik'd ſeuerall women, neuer any
VVith ſo full ſoule, but ſome defect in her
Did quarrell with the nobleſt grace ſhe ow'd,
And put it to the foile. But you, O you,
So perfect, and ſo peetleſſe, are created
Of euerie Creatures beſt.

58. *peetleſſe*] F_1.

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been uniformly adopted; and after 'Indeede' THEOBALD placed a comma, which has been generally adopted; but KNIGHT holds that the phrase is 'much more elegant' without it.

57. **foile**] JEPHSON: 'Foil' is from the old French *afoler*, to defeat. Ferdinand says he never before saw a woman in whom some defect did not, as it were, contend with the noblest grace she had and defeat it.—W. A. WRIGHT: Perhaps this word was suggested to Shakespeare by the contrast between the grace and the defect which is as a foil to it, although in this sense the result would have been the opposite of what is intended. The word 'quarrel' points to the struggle between the grace and the defect, in which the former is worsted.—PHILLPOTTS: There is difficulty in making out clearly the various senses of the word 'foil.' When Hamlet says, 'I'll be your foil, Laertes,' he means, 'I will be like the worthless *leaf* which sets off a jewel.' This first is from Fr. *feuille*, Lat. *folium*, a leaf. The 'foil' with which Hamlet fights is, of course, a blunted weapon, and with it he hopes to 'foil' Laertes. We can, perhaps, account for both these latter senses from the O. Fr. 'De tes commandemenz ne *foliai*' (I did not *go astray* from thy commandments); whence also *affoler* is said of a compass-needle which will *not point true;* so that a 'foil' is not an unnatural name for that which has had its point blunted, and therefore cannot accurately point at anything. 'To foil a lance-thrust' is, in the same way, *to turn it aside, to make it go astray;* and the word when generalised comes to mean, to 'defeat the attacks of an adversary.' Wedgwood compares Fr. *fouler*, to trample on. [Skeat says that, in the sense of *defeat*, 'foil' is corrupted from the O. Fr. *fouler*, as *defile* is from *defouler*.]

58. **peetlesse**] My copy of F_1 agrees with Booth's reprint in this reading. Keightley says that 'the Folio reads *peetiesse*.' As it is not noticed by the Cam. Edd. their copy was probably correct. This is possibly one of the many discrepancies in the different copies of that volume, whereof the wholesome lesson is that in dealing with the Folio we are dealing not with Shakespeare, but with printers who changed the text as the book was passing under their hands through the press.—ED.

59. **euerie Creatures best**] JOHNSON: Alluding to the picture of Venus by Apelles.—STEEVENS: Perhaps Shakespeare had only in his thoughts a fable related in Sidney's *Arcadia*, iii [p. 385, ed. 1598], where the beasts having obtained permission of Jupiter to make themselves a king, created one of 'every creature's best.'

Mir. I do not know
One of my ſexe; no womans face remember,
Saue from my glaſſe, mine owne: Nor haue I ſeene
More that I may call men, then you good friend,
And my deere Father: how features are abroad
I am skilleſſe of; but by my modeſtie
(The iewell in my dower) I would not wiſh
Any Companion in the world but you:
Nor can imagination forme a ſhape
Beſides your ſelfe, to like of: but I prattle
Something too wildely, and my Fathers precepts
I therein do forget.
Fer. I am, in my condition
A Prince (*Miranda*) I do thinke a King
(I would not ſo) and would no more endure
This wodden ſlauerie, then to ſuffer

62. *mine*] *my* Cap.
65, 89. *I am*] *I'm* Pope+, Dyce ii, iii, Huds.
65. *by my*] *my* F_3F_4, Rowe i.
71. *I therein do*] *I do* Pope, Han. *Therein* Steev.'93.
75. *This wodden*] *This woodden* Ff. *This sudden* Wilson. *At home this wooden* Elze (p. 140).
to ſuffer] *I would suffer* Pope+, Cap. Steev. Mal. Ktly. *to suffer tamely* Dyce ii, iii.

A similar praise is also bestowed by [Dorus] on his mistress: 'She is her selfe of best things the collection' [I, i, p. 75, ed. 1598. Cf. also *As You Like It*, III, ii, 151.]

61. **no womans face remember**] THEOBALD (Nichols's *Ill.* ii, 247) asks Warburton if 'Miranda has not here forgot herself a little? In I, ii, she remembers to have had four or five women attendants.' Although anyone can answer this question for himself by recalling that Miranda might very well remember her attendants without remembering a feature of their faces, yet such minute criticism as Theobald's should not, I think, go unnoticed; no detail is trivial that helps to complete the picture.—ED.

74, 75. **would . . . to suffer**] This sentence has been pronounced 'undoubtedly mutilated' by several editors, down even as late as Dyce (ed. ii), first, because it was supposed to be ungrammatical, and secondly, because of the apparently defective metre of line 75. (For the emendations see Textual Notes.) MALONE defended the grammar by adducing several parallel examples where *to* is omitted and inserted in the same sentence; to these examples ABBOTT, § 350, added many more, and therefrom formulated the rule that '*to* is often omitted in the former of two clauses and inserted in the latter, particularly when the finite principal verb is an auxiliary, or like an auxiliary,' as in *Timon*, IV, ii, 33: 'Who would be so mock'd with glory? or to live,' &c.—W. A. WRIGHT also adds the following examples of the same construction: Prayer-book Version of *Psalm* lxxviii, 4, 8, 'That we should not hide, ... but to shew,' &c., 'That they might put their trust in God, and not to forget,' &c.—

The fleſh-flie blow my mouth: heare my ſoule ſpeake.
The verie inſtant that I ſaw you, did
My heart flie to your ſeruice, there reſides
To make me ſlaue to it, and for your ſake
Am I this patient Logge-man.
Mir. Do you loue me?
Fer. O heauen; O earth, beare witnes to this ſound,
And crowne what I profeſſe with kinde euent
If I ſpeake true: if hollowly, inuert
VVhat beſt is boaded me, to miſchiefe: I,
Beyond all limit of what elſe i'th world
Do loue, prize, honor you.
Mir. I am a foole
To weepe at what I am glad of.
Pro. Faire encounter
Of two moſt rare affections: heauens raine grace

86. *what*] *aught* Han. Coll. MS. 90. [Aside. Cap. *what's* Ktly.

Secondly: the metre of line 75 has been justified by ABBOTT (§ 478), on the theory, to which I find it impossible to accede, that '*-er* final was sometimes pronounced with a kind of "burr," which produced the effect of an additional syllable; just as "Sirrah" is another and more vehement form of "Sir."' Accordingly, the line is thus scanned: 'This wood | en sla | very, than | to suff | er.' Or, again, as in *Ham.* I, iii, 117: 'Lends the | tongue vows; | these bla | zes daugh | ter'; or, *As You Like It*, IV, iii, 91: 'Like a | ripe sis | ter: | the wom | an low.' A prolongation, by a 'burr,' or otherwise, of an unaccented syllable is, to my ear, so abhorrent that a discord, if need be, is far preferable; but there need be no discord in a verse wherein there is a pause, as here.—ED.

86. **what else**] For other examples of 'what' in elliptical expressions meaning *any*, see ABBOTT, § 255.—ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.*): Keightley conjectures 'what's elſe.' Undoubtedly *'s* for *is* is wanted; but, instead of being thus thrust into the verse *ab extra*, it should be discovered where it lies hid *within* the verse—merged, that is (under Walker's rule), in the *ſe* of 'elſe,' although Walker himself was not aware of the fact. Shakespeare wrote as in F_1. Read, therefore, without doubt: 'Beyond all limit of what elſe'*s* i' the world.'—I do violently suspect, moreover, that the entire sentence should read thus: '*Aye!* Beyond all limit of what elſe *'s* i' the world Do *I* love, prize, honour you.' That 'aye' is habitually written 'I' in the Folios everybody knows. It is wanted here in answer to Miranda's question; but the compositor, not understanding this, took 'I' to be the pronoun, and then dropped the 'I' after 'do' as an accidental repetition in the MS.

88, 89. STEEVENS: Cf. *Rom. & Jul.* III, ii, 103: 'Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring! Your tributary drops belong to woe, Which you mistaking offer up to joy.'—W. A. WRIGHT: Cf. *Macb.* I, iv, 33: 'My plenteous joys, Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves In drops of sorrow.'

On that which breeds betweene 'em.
Fer. VVherefore weepe you?
Mir: At mine vnworthineſſe, that dare not offer
VVhat I deſire to giue; and much leſſe take
VVhat I ſhall die to want: But this is trifling,
And all the more it ſeekes to hide it ſelfe,
The bigger bulke it ſhewes. Hence baſhfull cunning,
And prompt me plaine and holy innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marrie me;
If not, Ile die your maid: to be your fellow
You may denie me, but Ile be your ſeruant
VVhether you will or no.
Fer. My Miſtris (deereſt)
And I thus humble euer.
Mir. My husband then?
Fer. I, with a heart as willing
As bondage ere of freedome: heere's my hand.
Mir. And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewel
Till halfe an houre hence.
Fer. A thouſand, thouſand. *Exeunt.*
Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
VVho are ſurpriz'd with all; but my reioycing

92. *'em*] *them* Cap. Steev. Mal. Var. Knt.
97. *all the*] *yet the* or *still the* Grey.
ſeekes] *ſeekt* F_3F_4.
105. [Kneeling. Coll. ii (MS).
107. [Rising. Coll. ii (MS).
107. *as*] *ſo* Ff, Rowe, Pope, Han.
111. Exeunt.] Exeunt...severally. Cap.
113. *with all*] *withal* Theob. Warb. Johns. Dyce, Cam. Glo. Jeph. Huds. Clke, Wh. ii, Dtn.
reioycing] *rejoying* F_2.

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96. **die to want**] W. A. WRIGHT: That is, die for wanting. [For many other examples of the infinitive thus used, see ABBOTT, § 356.]

97. **it . . . it selfe**] CAPELL: [Here is a line] from Miranda whose sweetness may not be seen without op'ning: her 'it' and her 'itself,' which comes after, relate to nothing express'd by her; but to what the character's delicacy does not admit of naming,—love.

101. **fellow**] STEEVENS: That is, companion. See I, ii, 481.

113. **are**] HUDSON: 'Are' is, I have no doubt, a misprint for *am*. Prospero is himself surprised, as indeed he well may be, that his wish has been crowned far beyond his expectations; and it is most natural that he should be expressing that surprise; but the lovers, I take it, are not at all surprised at what has sprung up in their hearts; it seems to them the most natural thing in the world.

113. **with all**] CAPELL, accepting this reading of the Folio, supposed that 'a substantive is wanting' after 'all'; 'but this,' he says, 'we get at grammatically, a term of the line before it inferring—*gladness*;—Upon whom "all" gladness is come, sud-

At nothing can be more: Ile to my booke,
For yet ere ſupper time, muſt I performe
Much buſineſſe appertaining. *Exit.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me, when the But is out we will drinke water, not a drop before; therefore beare vp, & boord em' Seruant Monſter, drinke to me.

116. *appertaining.*] *appertaining to my project.* Ktly.
2. The other Part of the Island. Pope. Enter...] Enter S. and T. reeling; Cal. following, with the bottle. Cap. Enter Cal. S. and T. with a bottle. Johns.
3. *me,*] *me;* Rowe ii.
4. *drop before*] *drop, before* F_2F_3.

denly and by surprize.'—THEOBALD, however, had silently substituted 'withal,' and has had ever since a respectable following.—STEEVENS proposed to make the same change as though for the first time, and also suggested that 'the sense might be clearer were we to make a slight transposition: "So glad of this as they, who are surpriz'd With all, I cannot be—" '—WALKER (*Crit.* iii, 3) confirmed Theobald's change, and ABBOTT, § 196, accepting it as the true reading, thus remarks: 'Sometimes *this* is understood after "withal," so that it means *with all this*, and is used adverbially [as here, where it means] "surprised with, or at, this." Here, however, perhaps, and elsewhere certainly, "with" means *in addition to*, and "*with*-all (this)" means *besides*.' [Theobald's change, besides having a force of its own, really includes the Folio's reading.—ED.]

114. **booke**] See note on III, ii, 94.

2. See II, ii, 184.

5. **Seruant Monster**] THEOBALD: I can't help taking notice, on this occasion, of the virulence of Ben Jonson, who, in the *Induction* to his *Bartlemew Fair*, has endeavoured to throw dirt, not only at this single character, but at this whole play: 'If there be never a servant monster in the fair, who can help it, he says, nor a nest of antiques? he is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget tales, tempests, and such like drolleries.'—[p. 370, ed. Gifford].—CAPELL also noted this pointed allusion, as he supposed it to be, and was also the first to detect its possible bearing on the Date of Composition of *The Tempest*. (See *Essay* on this subject in Appendix.) Gifford is, of course, up in arms to defend Jonson, which he does with success. But small faith is to be placed, I think, in the sneers which are constantly imputed to Jonson. I can detect nothing whatsoever in the preceding allusion, if it really be an allusion, that smacks in the least of ill-nature, far less of virulent malignity. '"Servant-monster," ' says GIFFORD, 'is undoubtedly to be found in *The Tempest;* but I am yet to learn that the expression was the invention of Shakespeare, or even peculiar to him; though he has applied it with inimitable humour. The reader is now to learn that the town in those days abounded with exhibitions of what were

Trin. Seruant Monſter? the folly of this Iland, they ſay there's but fiue vpon this Iſle; we are three of them, if̀ th'other two be brain'd like vs, the State totters.

Ste. Drinke ſeruant Monſter when I bid thee, thy eies are almoſt ſet in thy head.

Trin. VVhere ſhould they bee ſet elſe? hee were a braue Monſter indeede if they were ſet in his taile.

Ste. My man-Monſter hath drown'd his tongue in ſacke: for my part the Sea cannot drowne mee, I ſwam ere I could recouer the ſhore, fiue and thirtie Leagues off and on, by this light thou ſhalt bee my Lieutenant Monſter, or my Standard.

Trin. Your Lieutenant if you liſt, hee's no ſtandard.

Ste. VVeel not run Monſieur Monſter.

8. *th'other*] *the other* Rowe.
10. *head*] *heart* Ff.
16. *on,...light*] *on;...light* Rowe+, Knt, Sta. Cam. (subs.). *on,...light.* Cap. Coll. Sing. Dyce, Hal. (subs.).

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familiarly called *monsters*, i. e. creatures of various kinds which were taught a thousand antic tricks; the constant concomitants of puppet-shows. "I would not have you," says Machin, "step into the suburbs, and acquaint yourself either with *monsters* or *motions*."—*Dumb Knight.* And Jonson himself, in a subsequent part of this play, makes Bristle tax Haggise with loitering behind "to see the *man with the monsters*." Elephants, camels, bears, horses, &c. were all accompanied by apes, who amused the spectator by assuming a command over them. Nor is the custom nor the language yet obsolete. . . . . It is impossible to look at the part of Trinculo without seeing that it bears an immediate reference to this custom; and we may form some idea of the roar of the old theatre at hearing him and his associate unwittingly characterise themselves as *monsters* by adopting the well-known expression.'

6. **the . . . Iland**] The only explanation, I think, which has ever been given of this puzzling phrase is the plausible and dramatic interpretation of BR. NICHOLSON, who supposes that after Stephano's challenge to Caliban, 'Servant-monster, drink to me!' Trinculo, the professional Jester, apes the manners of his betters, and, all of them feeling themselves monarchs of all they surveyed, proposes as a toast 'The folly of this Island!'

16. **by this light**] CAPELL connected this oath with Stephano's exploit in swimming instead of with his appointment of Caliban to a lieutenancy, and his note on the change must not go unrecorded; in it he out-Capelled himself: '*Thou shalt be my lieutenant*, &c. Words which all former copies have prefac'd with that oath which is, in this, annex'd to Stephano's lie; and as from this mode of pointing results humour plenty, and none or next to none from the other, it becomes a duty to close with it, that facility consider'd which produces faults of this sort: in this case, a point only was drop'd following *light*.'

18. **standard**] That is, of course, standard-bearer or ensign, with a punning allusion to his drunkenness.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'l lie like dogs, and yet ſay nothing neither.

Ste. Moone-calfe, ſpeak once in thy life, if thou beeſt a good Moone-calfe.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me licke thy ſhooe: Ile not ſerue him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou lieſt moſt ignorant Monſter, I am in caſe to iuſtle a Conſtable: why, thou deboſh'd Fiſh thou, was there euer man a Coward, that hath drunk ſo much Sacke as I to day? wilt thou tell a monſtrous lie, being but halfe a Fiſh, and halfe a Monſter?

Cal. Loe, how he mockes me, wilt thou let him my Lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he? that a Monſter ſhould be ſuch a Naturall?

Cal, Loe, loe againe: bite him to death I prethee.

Ste. *Trinculo*, keepe a good tongue in your head: If you proue a mutineere, the next Tree: the poore Monſter's my ſubiect, and he ſhall not ſuffer indignity.

Cal. I thanke my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once againe to the ſuite I made to thee?

24, 25. As verse, Knt.

27. *deboſh'd*] *debauched* Coll. Cam. i, Jeph. Dyce ii, iii.

29. *tell a*] *tell me a* Ff, Rowe, Pope, Han. Cap.

37. *mutineere,*] *mutineer*— Dyce.
Tree :] *tree*— Rowe.

39, 40. As verse, Anon. (ap. Grey), Cap. Steev. (the latter, followed by Huds., omits *to...to* in line 40) Dyce ii, iii.

40. *to hearken once againe*] *once again to hearken* F_3F_4, Rowe i.

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27. **debosh'd**] To be pronounced, I think, with a long *o*, if we are to recognise its kinship with the French *desbauché*. Collier called attention to an old mode of spelling in Beau. & Fl.'s *Four Plays in One*, 'deboist.' It is not improbable that the two words 'debosh'd' and 'deboist' were pronounced much alike, the *s* in the latter being probably pronounced like the *sh* in the former, as, indeed, it is so spelled, *deboisht*, and referred to *deboshed*, in Sherwood's *Eng. & Fr. Dict.* appended to Cotgrave. Under *Desbauché* Cotgrave gives: 'Deboshed, lewd, incontinent,' &c.—ED.

31, 32. **my Lord**] ANON. (*Grey*, i, 23): Here is a syllable too much; all Caliban's speeches are designed to be metre; we should correct, I think, by striking out 'my,' as Trinculo immediately repeats it.

37. **mutineere**] DYCE: It is questionable if Shakespeare did not write here *mutiner*, the more usual spelling of the word, as in *Coriol.* I, i, 254.

40. STEEVENS here reads as one line: 'To hearken once again the suit I made thee.'—DYCE thinks the reading 'most probable.'

Ste. Marry will I: kneele, and repeate it,
I will ſtand, and ſo ſhall *Trinculo.*

Enter Ariell inuiſible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am ſubiect to a Tirant,
A Sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me
Of the Iſland.

Ariell. Thou lyeſt.

Cal. Thou lyeſt, thou ieſting Monkey thou:
I would my valiant Maſter would deſtroy thee.
I do not lye.

Ste. *Trinculo*, if you trouble him any more in's tale,
By this hand, I will ſupplant ſome of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I ſaid nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more: proceed.

Cal. I ſay by Sorcery he got this Iſle
From me, he got it. If thy Greatneſſe will
Reuenge it on him, (for I know thou dar'ſt)
But this Thing dare not.

Ste. That's moſt certaine.

41, 42. Lines run on, Pope et seq.

44, 46. Lines run on, Pope et seq. (except Steev. Knt, Wh. i, Ktly, Rlfe).

Four lines, ending *thee... Tirant ...hath... Iſland.* Steev. Three lines, ending *to...cunning...iſland.* Ktly.

51, 52. Lines run on, Pope et seq.

55, 56. *Iſle From me, he*] *Isle, From Me, he* F_4. *Isle, From me he* Rowe, Pope, Han. *Isle; From me he* Theob. et seq. (subs.).

58. *dare not.*] *dares not*— Theob. ii, Warb. Johns. *dares not;* Han. *dare not,* Cap. et seq. (subs.).

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43. **inuisible**] COLLIER: Of old, performers, who were to be supposed unseen by the other actors, and yet were to be seen by the auditors, wore a particular kind of dress, understood to indicate their invisibility; one of the most curious items in 'Henslowe's *Diary*' is that of 'a robe for to go invisible.'—*Sh. Soc.* 1845, p. 277.

44–46. **As . . . Island**] DYCE: I quite agree with Steevens in thinking that Caliban was intended *always* to speak in verse; and I therefore believe that the present speech is corrupted, because it defies any tolerable metrical arrangement. [In Steevens's metrical attempt he was forced to notify the public that 'tyrant' was to be pronounced as a trisyllable, but he did not tell us how.—ED.]

58. **dare**] ABBOTT, § 361: The subjunctive 'he dare' is more common than 'he dares' in the historical plays, but far less common in the others. The only difference between the two is a difference of *thought*, the same as between 'he *can* jump six feet' and 'he could jump six feet,' i. e. if he liked. Compare [the present passage] 'this thing *dare* not,' i. e. 'would not dare on any consideration'; stronger than 'dares.'

Cal. Thou ſhalt be Lord of it, and Ile ſerue thee.
Ste. How now ſhall this be compaſt?
Canſt thou bring me to the party?
Cal. Yea, yea my Lord, Ile yeeld him thee aſleepe,
Where thou maiſt knocke a naile into his head.
Ariell. Thou lieſt, thou canſt not.
Cal. What a py'de Ninnie's this? Thou ſcuruy patch:
I do beſeech thy Greatneſſe giue him blowes,
And take his bottle from him: When that's gone,
He ſhall drinke nought but brine, for Ile not ſhew him
Where the quicke Freſhes are.
Ste. *Trinculo*, run into no further danger:
Interrupt the Monſter one word further, and by this
hand, Ile turne my mercie out o'doores, and make a
Stockfiſh of thee.
Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing:
Ile go farther off.

60. *thee*] In Italics, Han.
61. *now*] Om. Pope, Han.
61, 62. Lines run on, Pope et seq.
71, 72. Lines run on, Pope et seq.
75, 76. Lines run on, Pope et seq.
76. *go farther*] *goe no further* Ff, Rowe, Pope, Cap. Hal.

60. **Ile**] WALKER (*Crit.* iii, 5): Rather, I think, '*I will* serve thee'; for I doubt whether an emphasis was intended to be laid on 'thee.' [Hanmer thought otherwise; see Text. N.—ED.]

66. **py'de**] JOHNSON: This line should certainly be given to Stephano. 'Pied' alludes to the striped coat worn by fools, of which Caliban could have no knowledge. Trinculo had before been reprimanded and threatened by Stephano for giving Caliban the lie; he is now supposed to repeat his offense. Upon which Stephano cries out [as in line 66]. Caliban now seeing his master in the mood that he wished, instigates him to vengeance: 'I do beseech,' &c. [This note was withdrawn in the Variorum Editions which were issued after Dr Johnson's death.—ED.]—STEEVENS: Trinculo is a jester, and therefore wears the party-coloured dress of one of these characters.

66. **patch**] W. A. WRIGHT cites from Florio's *New Worlde of Wordes* the definition of the Ital. *pazzo*, viz: 'foolish, fond, mad,' &c. 'Also a foole, a gull, an idiot, a madman, a naturall.'—SKEAT, however, says that the supposition that 'patch' is a nickname from the dress is most probably right. 'It is independent of the Ital. *pazzo*, a fool, a madman, which is used in a much stronger sense.' Douce's long note, with others, is given in *Mer. of Ven.* II, v, 49: 'The patch is kind enough.'

74. **Stockfish**] DYCE: That is, beat thee as a stockfish (dried cod) is beaten before it is boiled.—W. A. WRIGHT: Compare Hollyband's *Fr. Dict.* 1593, 'je te frotteray à double carrillon, I will beate thee like a stockefish.' Cotgrave (s. v. Carillon) has: 'I will beate thee like a stockfish, I will swinge thee while I may stand ouer thee.'

76. **Ile go**] The difference here between the F_1 and the other Folios is of small

Ste. Didſt thou not ſay he lyed? 77
Ariell. Thou lieſt.
Ste. Do I ſo? Take thou that,
As you like this, giue me the lye another time. 80
Trin. I did not giue the lie: Out o'your wittes, and hearing too?
A pox o'your bottle, this can Sacke and drinking doo:
A murren on your Monſter, and the diuell take your fingers. 85
Cal. Ha, ha, ha.
Ste. Now forward with your Tale: prethee ſtand further off.
Cal. Beate him enough: after a little time
Ile beate him too. 90
Ste. Stand farther: Come proceede.
Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a cuſtome with him
I'th afternoone to ſleepe: there thou maiſt braine him,
Hauing firſt ſeiz'd his bookes: Or with a logge 94

79. *Take thou*] *Take you* F_3F_4, Rowe i, Theob. Han. Warb. Johns.
[Beats him. Rowe.
80. *As*] *An* Ktly conj.
81–85. Lines run on, Pope et seq.
81. *giue the*] *give thee the* F_4, Rowe+, Steev.'85, Hal. Dyce ii, iii, Huds.
84. *murren*] *murrain* F_3F_4, Rowe.
91. *farther*] *further* Ff.
93. *there*] *then* Coll. ii, iii (MS), Dyce ii, iii, Huds. *where* Jervis.

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moment. In the latter Trinculo's refusal to go betokens an independence of spirit which he certainly shows on no other occasion.—ED.

81. **giue the lie**] Surely F_4 has here the true reading.—ED.

87, 88, 91. It is just possible that these commands to stand further off are addressed not to Trinculo, but to Caliban. I am inclined to think that the close, confidential attitude taken by Caliban brings into painful emphasis one of his characteristics, which Trinculo described as ancient and fish-like.—ED.

93. **there**] COLLIER (ed. ii): But Caliban is speaking of the proper time to kill Prospero, viz: when he is asleep, not of the place where he is to be killed. [See Text. Notes.] Afterwards, when again Caliban mentions that Prospero will be asleep, he asks: 'Wilt thou destroy him *then?*'—DYCE (ed. ii): Though in my former edition I retained the old reading, I now hold the alteration [by Collier's MS] to be absolutely necessary.

94. **bookes**] HUNTER (i, 181): It is a curious point in bibliography what, specifically, the books of the Magicians were. It is strange that not one (as far as is known) has come down to our times if they were anything more than the harmless treatises on natural science of the middle ages, books of real science, with geometrical figures, or works in the Oriental languages, *read backwards*. When Hugh Draper of Bristol, an astronomer, was charged with practising as a sorcerer, he confessed that he had done so; but that since he so misliked his science that he burned all his books (Bay-

Batter his skull, or paunch him with a ſtake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
Firſt to poſſeſſe his Bookes; for without them
Hee's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not
One Spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burne but his Bookes,
He ha's braue Vtenſils (for ſo he calles them)
Which when he ha's a houſe, hee'l decke withall.
And that moſt deeply to conſider, is

98. *nor*] *and* Pope, Han.
102. *a houſe*] *an house* Rowe+, Steev. '85.
102. *decke*] *deck't* Han. Walker, Dyce ii, iii, Huds. *deck it* Ktly.

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ley's *Hist. of the Tower*, App. 57). Simon Penbrook, in 1578, being charged with being a conjurer, fell down dead in St Saviour's church, when five books were found upon him (Beard's *Theatre*, &c. p. 126). It is a rule laid down in the *Summa Angelica*, article *Sors*, that a necromancer is not to be considered purged unless he has burned his books. [Halliwell says that to this cause is perhaps to be attributed the great rarity of these books of the magicians, and he agrees with Hunter in not having seen any one that is 'fairly entitled to the honour of being accepted for the real book, which was presumed to invest the necromancer with his power.'] Surely they must be something more than books of natural science, used as we may imagine an impostor might use them. It is strange, however, that not one book which can be certainly fixed upon as one of this class should have escaped. I speak only of manuscripts in English libraries; foreign libraries may contain such. [Probably many are still to be found in Germany, to judge from the reprints by Scheible of Stuttgart. Any 'Höllenzwang' of Dr Faustus would serve the turn, with its intricate formulas for raising spirits of every description, and full of angelic and cabalistic writing; 'The Sixth and Seventh Book of Moses,' translated for the first time, I believe, in 1725, out of the Chaldee original, may be highly recommended; it descends to such homely details of life, as taking a drink of water at night, an extremely risky act, it appears, owing to the fondness of devils for water jars, possibly for coolness' sake; the formula, however, is graciously given (p. 391), which renders the act innocuous. In *Das Kloster*, iii, p. 1157, Stuttgart, 1847, a lithographic reproduction is given of a parchment MS preserved in the Grand-ducal Library at Weimar, which amply fulfils every ideal of a magic book. Its title is: 'Praxis Magica Faustiana oder der von Doct Johann Faust, Practicirte und beschworne Höllen Zwang. Passau, Anno 1527.' —ED.]

98. **Sot**] Of course, Caliban cannot here use this word in its modern meaning of *a confirmed drunkard*, but rather in the contemporary French meaning of 'sot,' which Cotgrave gives (s. v.) as: 'asse, dunce, dullard, blockhead, loggerhead, growtnoll, iobernoll, growthead, ioulthead,' &c.—ED.

101. **Vtensils**] ABBOTT, § 492, says that this is 'perhaps' accented on the first syllable. Evidently, to avoid this accentuation, an anonymous conjecture of *O he* for 'He' is recorded in the Third Cambridge Edition.

103. **that**] For *that that* or *that which*. The omission of the relative is so common that attention need scarcely be called to it. See, for similar omissions, 'There's

The beautie of his daughter: he himſelfe
Cals her a non-pareill: I neuer ſaw a woman
But onely *Sycorax* my Dam, and ſhe;
But ſhe as farre ſurpaſſeth *Sycorax*,
As great'ſt do's leaſt.
Ste. Is it ſo braue a Laſſe?
Cal. I Lord, ſhe will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth braue brood.
Ste. Monſter, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be King and Queene, ſaue our Graces: and *Trinculo* and thy ſelfe ſhall be Vice-royes:
Doſt thou like the plot *Trinculo?*
Trin. Excellent.
Ste Giue me thy hand, I am ſorry I beate thee:
But while thou liu'ſt keepe a good tongue in thy head.
Cal. Within this halfe houre will he be aſleepe,
Wilt thou deſtroy him then?
Ste. I on mine honour.
Ariell. This will I tell my Maſter.
Cal. Thou mak'ſt me merry: I am full of pleaſure,
Let vs be iocond. Will you troule the Catch

105. *neuer ſaw a*] *ne'er saw* Pope+, Steev.'93, Knt, Dyce ii, iii, Huds.
106. *ſhe*] *her* Han.
108. *great'ſt*] *greatest* Rowe+, Steev. Mal. Knt.
108. *do's leaſt*] *does the least* Rowe+.
114, 115. Lines run on, Pope et seq.
116, 117. Lines run on, Pope et seq.
122. [Aside. Cap. Allen.

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nothing ill can,' &c. I, ii, 533; or, 'There be some sports are,' &c. III, i, 3; or, ABBOTT, § 244.

105. WALKER (*Crit.* i, 86): The verse is not irregular [Walker (*Vers.* p. 101) had already said that a six-footed verse is not infrequent in Shakespeare where an extra foot is admitted, when it follows immediately after a pause on the latter syllable of the third foot], but it is inharmonious, I think, and Hanmer's [i. e. Pope's] reading seems to be right.—ABBOTT, § 503, accepts this line as six-footed; 'although,' he adds, 'it is against Shakespearian usage to pronounce "non-pareil" a dissyllable, as in Dorsetshire, "a núnprel apple," yet Caliban here may be allowed to use this form. I believe "nonp'rel type" is still a common expression.'

106. **she**] For this somewhat rare use of 'she' for *her* (which Grant White pronounces 'mere carelessness' on Shakespeare's part) see *Oth.* IV, ii, 5, in this ed., where to Abbott's three examples (§ 211) five more are added; this present example escaped me.—ED.

124. **troule**] STEEVENS: See Jonson, *Every Man in his Humour*, I, ii: 'If he read this with patience, I'll troll ballads.' [Its derivation is uncertain. W. A. WRIGHT says that it means 'to run glibly over,' and pronounces it] 'an imitative word.

You taught me but whileare?
Ste. At thy requeſt Monſter, I will do reaſon,
Any reaſon: Come on *Trinculo*, let vs ſing.
Sings.
Flout'em, and cout'em: and skowt'em, and flout'em,
Thought is free.
Cal. That's not the tune.
Ariell plaies the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.
Ste. What is this ſame?
Trin. This is the tune of our Catch, plaid by the picture of No-body.

126, 127. Lines run on, Pope et seq.
127. *Any*] *And* Ff, Rowe, Pope.
129. cout] skout *or* scout Rowe ii et seq.
129, 130. Lines run on, Pope+. Three lines, Glo. Wrt, Wh. ii, Dtn.

In Serenius' *Swedish Dict.* we find "*holla samma trall*, to sing the same song over and over." Littleton in his *English-Latin Dict.* has: "To troll along his words. Volubiliter loqui, sive rotunde."' [But this scarcely explains its use when it is not applied to singing, as, for instance, in 'troll the bowl'; see Beau. & Fl.'s *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, II, viii, where Merrythought sings: 'Troul the black bowl to me,' and Dyce, in a note, observes that the line is probably a catch, quoted by Hawkins (*Hist. of Music*, iii, 22) from Ravenscroft's Pammelia, 1609: 'Trole, trole the bowl to me, And I will trole the same again to thee,' &c. OLIPHANT (*Musa Madrigalesca*, p. 234) suggests that the word *trole* is from the Fr. *trôler*, to draw or lead. But Cotgrave's definition of *troller* is: 'Hounds to trowle, raunge, or hunt out of order,' and *Trollerie* is 'a trowling or disordered raunging, a hunting out of order'; which apparently influenced Skeat (s. v. *troll*) to define: 'To *troll the bowl*, to send it round, to circulate it'; and '*to troll a catch* is, probably, to sing it irregularly,' which, whatever its derivation, would decidedly best suit the present condition of Caliban.—ED.]

124. **Catch**] W. A. WRIGHT: A catch is a part-song. Cotgrave has, 'Strambot: m. A Iyg, Round, Catch, countrey Song.' Chappell (*Pop. Mus. of the Olden Time*, p. 108) says, 'Catch, Round or Roundelay, and Canon in unison, are, in music, nearly the same thing. In all, the harmony is to be sung by several persons; and is so contrived, that, though each sings precisely the same notes as his fellows, yet, by beginning at stated periods of time from each other, there results a harmony of as many parts as there are singers. The Catch differs only in that the words of one part are made to answer, or *catch* the other; as "Ah! how, Sophia," sung like "a house o' fire," "Burney's History," like "burn his history," &c.'

125. **whileare**] ABBOTT, § 137: 'This is equivalent to *a time before*, i. e. *formerly*,' or, as W. A. WRIGHT defines it, 'only a short time since.'

130. **Thought is free**] W. A. WRIGHT: Perhaps the burden of a song. See *Twelfth N.* I, iii, 73. And Lyly, *Euphues and his England*, p. 281 (ed. Arber): 'why then quoth he, doest thou thinke me a foole, thought is free my Lord quoth she.' [In Skelton's *Phyllyp Sparowe*, line 1201, we find: 'Thought is franke and fre.'—ED.]

135. **No-body**] REED: The allusion is here to the print of *No-body*, as prefixed

Ste. If thou beeſt a man, ſhew thy ſelfe in thy likenes:
If thou beeſt a diuell, take't as thou liſt.
Trin. O forgiue me my ſinnes.
Ste. He that dies payes all debts: I defie thee;
Mercy vpon vs.
Cal. Art thou affeard?
Ste. No Monſter, not I.
Cal. Be not affeard, the Iſle is full of noyſes,
Sounds, and ſweet aires, that giue delight and hurt not:
Sometimes a thouſand twangling Inſtruments
Will hum about mine eares; and ſometime voices,
That if I then had wak'd after long ſleepe,
Will make me ſleepe againe, and then in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and ſhew riches

136, 137. Prose, Pope et seq.
136. *thy*] *the* Theob. ii, Warb. Johns.
138. *ſinnes*] *ſin* F_4, Rowe i.
139, 140. Lines run on, Pope et seq.
140. [Music again. Coll. ii (MS).
141, 143. *affeard*] *afraid* Rowe+.
145. *Sometimes*] *Sometime* Dyce ii, iii, Huds.
twangling] *twanging* Pope+.
146. *ſometime*] *ſometimes* Ff, Rowe+, Steev.'85, Sing. Wh. i, Rlfe.

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to the anonymous comedy of *No-body and Some-body;* without date, but printed before 1600.—HALLIWELL thinks that the more likely reference is to an engraving on an old ballad, called the *Well-spoken Nobody*, whereof he gives a facsimile. The engraving occupies an entire page of his Folio edition, and represents a tatterdemalion man surrounded by broken household utensils, and bearing the motto: 'No-body is my name that beareth everybodyes blame.' There is, however, no attempt to portray the man as having no body; he is amply provided therewith, whereas, in the picture alluded to by Reed, the man has merely head, arms, and legs, and, therefore, literally, 'no-body,' exactly as Ben Jonson describes him, as cited by Halliwell himself. Nobody is introduced 'attyred in a paire of breeches, which were made to come up to his neck, with his armes out at his pockets.' This old comedy of *Nobody and Somebody* was reprinted in 1877 for Private Circulation by ALEXANDER SMITH, Esq. of Glasgow, and is valuable for allusions to manners and customs. It was cited in *Lear*, II, i, as affording the only other known allusion to the custom of scattering far and wide the picture of a criminal as an aid to his speedy arrest. Its editor ascertained from the *Trans. of the Stationers' Registers* that its date was 1606, which can have no special bearing on the date of this play, because it is possible that the present reference to 'the picture of No-body' may be, not to the picture on the title-page of the comedy, but to the sign over the stationer's shop; it was 'Printed for John Trundle and are to be sold at his shop in the Barbican, at the signe of No-body.' John Trundle was a stationer from about 1598 to about 1625.—ED.

145. **Sometimes**] DYCE here prefers *sometime* for the sake of uniformity with the next line, and also with Caliban's speech, II, ii, 12–15.

146–149. **Will . . . had wak'd . . . Will . . . would**] ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.*):

Ready to drop vpon me, that when I wak'd
I cri'de to dreame againe.
Ste. This will proue a braue kingdome to me,
Where I ſhall haue my Muſicke for nothing.
Cal. When *Proſpero* is deſtroy'd.
Ste. That ſhall be by and by:
I remember the ſtorie.
Trin. The ſound is going away,
Lets follow it, and after do our worke.
Ste. Leade Monſter,

150. *that when*] *when* Pope, Han. *then when* Theob. ii, Johns.
152–163. Lines run on, Pope et seq.
157. Trin.] Cal. Daniel, Huds.

A striking example of the use of 'will' to *express a custom*, in the present as well as in the preterite. At the middle of his speech ('and then, in dreaming') Caliban changes from the expression of habitual occurrence, without reference to time, by the *present* tense, to that of habitual occurrence in past time, by the *preterite* tense. He does this, because one remarkable dream at that moment recurs to his memory, and finally carries him away from even habitual occurrence in past time ('the clouds *would* open') to one particular incident ('when I wak'd, I cry'd to ſleep again.')—In line 147, uniformity of syntax requires 'if I then *have* wak'd'; and it is difficult to discover any possible justification for the use of the pluperfect. It cannot be, that Caliban had already begun to shift ground in his mind from present to past time; for then he would have said '*would* (and not *will*) make me sleep again.' It is just conceivable, that the pluperfect *might* be used to denote the more *immediate* precedence of the waking to the being made to sleep again; but that is what there seems to be no reason to denote. I am, therefore, disposed to correct by substituting *have* for 'had.' *Have*, in the handwriting of the day, with the left side of the *v* rising in a curve above the line, might easily be mistaken by the compositor for a *d* with the right stroke bent to the left.

155. **by and by**] STAUNTON: *By and by*, as well as *presently*, now imply some brief delay; but in old language they usually meant *immediately*.—W. A. WRIGHT: That is, immediately. [Rather, I think, *presently*, *shortly*, as in: 'Imbowelled will I see thee by and by, Till then, in blood, by noble Percy lie.'—*1 Hen. IV:* V, iv, 109, cited under 4 in the analysis of this adverbial phrase in MURRAY'S *New Eng. Dict.* The drunken crew were coming under the effects of the charm which Ariel afterwards told Prospero that he flung around them, and Stephano was ready to postpone the braining of Prospero in order to follow the music.—ED.]

157, 158. DANIEL (p. 13): Give this speech to Caliban. Stephano replies to it, 'Lead, monster; we'll follow.' And Trinculo adds, 'I'll follow.' [Is it in character that Caliban, who was so eager to destroy Prospero, and who had such painful experience of Prospero's power, should propose an aimless pursuit of what he knew was unreal? The music could awaken no curiosity in him. He had heard it too often. It excited the curiosity of the others, not of him. It is Stephano who says, 'I would I could see this taborer.' See the last note of this Scene.—ED.]

Wee'l follow: I would I could ſee this Taborer, 160
He layes it on.
Trin. Wilt come?
Ile follow *Stephano.* *Exeunt.* 163

160. *this*] *his* F_3F_4.
162, 163. Trin. *Wilt* ... Stephano] Steph. *Wilt come?* Trin. *I'll follow Stephano.* Anon. (ap. Grey), Ritson, Dyce ii, iii, Huds. Trin. *Wilt come?* Ste. *I'll follow* Cap.

160. **Taborer**] WEDGWOOD (s. v. *Tabor—Tambour—Tambourine—Timbrel*): The sound of a blow is very generally represented by the syllables *tab*, *tap*, *dab*, *dob*, *top*, or the like. Thus the Spaniards represent the beating of the drum by *tapatan* or *taparapatan*, as we by *rubadub* or *dubadub*.—STEEVENS: With several of the incidents in this Scene compare the description of the desert of Lop, in Asia, by Marco Paolo (of whose travels there was an English translation by John Frampton in 1579): '—You shall heare in the ayre the sound of tabers and other instruments, to put the trauellers in feare, &c. by euill spirites that make these soundes, and also do call diuerse of the trauellers by their names,' &c., ch. 36. Thus, too, Milton: 'And airy tongues, that syllable mens' names On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.'—*Comus*, 208.

162, 163. The distribution of speeches has here given rise to emendation. The earliest to propose a change is the 'learned and ingenious person, dead some time ago,' whose notes GREY recorded under the title of ANONYMOUS. His note here reads: 'I should rather think "wilt come?" was spoken by Stephano. To which Trinculo replies: "I'll follow Stephano."' This change anticipates Ritson (*Remarks*, 1783, p. 6; *Cursory Crit.* 1792, p. 35) by thirty years, although to Ritson it has been attributed by Dyce (who adopted it) and by the Cam. Ed.—KEIGHTLEY gives it his approval.—CAPELL interprets the situation differently. 'The "wilt come,"' he says (66*b*), 'of [Trinculo] makes a line by itself in both Folios; and, under it, is in them —Ile follow *Stephano;* which, if meant for the other words' speaker, had been in line along with them, and so might have been; Caliban *leads* the way, as he's order'd; Trinculo follows; but, finding he is not follow'd, turns back and addresses *Wilt come* to the orderer, who is in search of his "taborer," throwing his eyes about him.' The force of the argument which Capell draws from the separation of the lines in the Folio is weakened, I think, by the place which these lines occupy on the page. They are the last in the column and at the end of a Scene, and I suppose that they were purposely expanded by the compositor to fill up what would otherwise be a vacant space. There is, what I think, a parallel case in *As You Like It*, II, vi, 15–21, where, in order to 'space out' the column, 'stark prose,' as Dyce truly calls it, was converted into verse of very short lines.—In the interpretation of the present passage HEATH (p. 25) has anticipated me; his note reads: 'The first words [i. e. Trinculo's "Wilt come?"] are addressed to Caliban, who, vexed at the folly of his new companions idly running after the music, seems, for some little time, to have stayed behind.' This is to me decidedly the true interpretation. Trinculo asks Caliban 'Wilt come?' and then adds, by way of further persuasion, 'I am going to follow Stephano.' The last line was turned into an address to Stephano by Steevens in 1778, and the comma before 'Stephano,' for which Steevens is the sole authority, has given a wrong twist to the meaning in every edition (except Knight's) ever since; at least, so it seems, to the present ED.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Gonzallo, Adrian, Franciſco, &c.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can goe no further, Sir,
My old bones akes: here's a maze trod indeede
Through fourth rights, & Meanders: by your patience,
I needes muſt reſt me.
Al. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who, am my ſelfe attach'd with wearineſſe
To th'dulling of my ſpirits: Sit downe, and reſt:
Euen here I will put off my hope, and keepe it
No longer for my Flatterer: he is droun'd

2. Changes again. Pope. Changes to another Part of the Island. Theob.
5. *akes*] Ktly, Rlfe. *ake* Ff et cet. *maze trod*] *maze-trod* Ktly.
6. *fourth rights*] *forth rights* F_2. *forth-rights* F_3F_4 et seq. *sore frights* Wilson.
12. *Flatterer*] *flatterers* Ff.

4. **By'r**] Probably pronounced *Beer*. Of course, 'lakin' is *ladykin*.

5. **akes**] For the grammar, see I, i, 24; for the pronunciation of *ache*, see I, ii, 433.

6. **fourth rights**] HUNTER (*Disquisition*, &c. p. 130): It would not be easy to find this word in any other writer than Shakespeare, in whose *Tro. & Cress.* III, iii, 158, it again occurs. In both places it evidently means no more than *straight lines*. —KNIGHT: There is an allusion here to an artificial maze, which is sometimes constructed of straight lines ('forth-rights'), sometimes of circles ('meanders'). [Knight's definition reads suspiciously like one which has been devised to suit the text. Gonzalo does not refer literally to a carefully-plotted maze, such as that at Hampton Court. He might have used the word labyrinth, without referring to one similar to that of Crete. But HALLIWELL (p. 46), strangely enough, takes 'maze' in its technical sense of a maze artificially constructed, and asks: 'Are we to suppose that Prospero, Miranda, or Caliban had amused themselves in this way?'—ED.]

9. **attach'd**] MURRAY (*New Eng. Dict*): The development of signification seems to have been thus: 1. The regular O F. sense was 'to fasten,' as in mod. Eng., where, however, this sense is of quite recent adoption from mod. F. 2. The earlier Eng. sense of 'arrest, seize' arose in A F. and Eng. as an elliptical expression for '*attach* by some tie to the control or jurisdiction of the court,' i. e. so that it shall have a *hold* on the party. A man might thus be *attaché* or 'nailed' *par le cors* by his body, *par ses avers et par ses chateus* by his goods and chattels, *par pleges* by sureties for his appearance (Britton). In the first two cases the *attachment* consisted in *arrest* and *detention*. 3. The It. equivalent is *attaccare*: in the 16th c. the It. *attaccare battaglia*, to *join* battle, *attaccarsi a*, to fasten (oneself) upon, 'attack,' was first imitated with Fr. *attacher*, and then adopted in Fr. as *attaquer*; whence Eng. ATTACK, and occasional 17th c. use of *attach*.

Whom thus we ſtray to finde, and the Sea mocks
Our fruſtrate ſearch on land: well, let him goe.
Ant. I am right glad, that he's ſo out of hope:
Doe not for one repulſe forgoe the purpoſe
That you reſolu'd t'effect.
Seb. The next aduantage will we take throughly.
Ant. Let it be to night,
For now they are oppreſs'd with trauaile, they
Will not, nor cannot vſe ſuch vigilance
As when they are freſh.
Solemne and ſtrange Muſicke: and Proſper on the top (inuiſible:) Enter ſeuerall ſtrange ſhapes, bringing in a Banket; and dance about it with gentle actions of ſalutations, and inuiting the King, &c. to eate, they depart.

15. [Aside to Seb. Han.
that he's] *that's he* Pope i, ii.
18–27. All marked as aside, Cap.
18. Two lines, Pope et seq.
throughly] *thoroughly* Steev.'93, Var. Knt, Coll. Hal. Sing. Ktly.
20. *trauaile*] *travell* F_3F_4.
22. *they are*] *they're* Pope+, Jeph. Dyce ii, iii, Huds.
23, &c. after line 27, Pope et seq.
(subs.).
23. Solemne...Muſicke] After line 27, Cam. Glo. Jeph. Dyce ii, iii, Wrt, Rlfe, Huds. Wh. ii.
and Proſper, &c.] Enter Prospero, &c. (after line 29), Cam. Glo. Jeph. Dyce ii, iii, Wrt, Rlfe, Huds. Wh. ii.
on the top] above Mal. et seq.
25. ſalutations] salutation Rowe ii et seq.

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16. **forgoe**] W. A. WRIGHT: The First Folio spells this word correctly, so far as regards the first syllable, everywhere 'forgo' or 'forgoe.'

23. **on the top**] COLLIER: Meaning, perhaps, in some machine let down with ropes from the ceiling, or possibly only in the balcony at the back of the stage.

24–26. **Enter, &c.**] HUNTER (*Diſquiſition*, &c. p. 114): There might be among the original spectators of this play, some who believed in the power of [magicians] to produce the delusive visions and the aërial music which fill so large a space in it. [P. 125. The following are] some notices of the power which some persons in the Middle Ages possessed, of producing delusions of various kinds, resembling those which we find in this play. Chaucer has given a very lively description of what could be done by an accomplished tregetour. Persons seated in the great hall of a castle saw a barge come sailing in or a lion prowl about a room; suddenly the stone floor would become a green mead, in which sprung daisies and butter-cups; a vine would be trailed along the wall, and grapes would appear in little green bunches, which would soon be enlarged, coloured, and ripened. Chaucer tells us that he had actually seen this, possibly when he was abroad; but Aubrey, in a MS on *Remains of Gentilism*, &c. speaks of an exhibition resembling this, ... at which his grandfather was present. . . . . John Melton, author of that sensible tract, *The Astrologaster*, describes an exhibition which he had himself witnessed at Cambridge, in the reign of James I, in which an orange plant was seen to spring in the midst of a room, to grow up into a goodly tree, and finally to bear fruit, which went on enlarging and

Seb. I ſay to night: no more.
Al. What harmony is this? my good friends, harke.
Gon. Maruellous ſweet Muſicke.
Alo. Giue vs kind keepers, heauēs: what were theſe?
Seb. A liuing *Drolerie:* now I will beleeue
That there are Vnicornes: that in *Arabia*
There is one Tree, the Phœnix throne, one Phœnix

30. *heauēs*] *heaven* Rowe ii+. *heavens* Ff et cet.
30. *were*] *are* F_4, Rowe, Pope, Han.
31. *will*] *well* Daniel.

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ripening in the presence of the spectators.—We who have witnessed the phantasmagoria and the diorama may conceive the possibility of deceptions such as these; though, I confess, it seems as if in these dioptrical illusions there was greater skill in former ages than is manifested in these times. [Hunter here quotes at length two anecdotes, one from Melton's *Astrologaster*, 1620, p. 75; and the other from Beard's *Theatre of God's Judgments*, 1631, p. 121. The former is given on the authority of Erasmus, and tells how a Roman priest invited a company of ladies to a banquet, where they partook of a variety of rare and strange dishes; but about half an hour after their return home 'their stomachs began to call upon them for meat,' and they were as hungry as if they had eaten nothing, which, the priest afterwards revealed to them, was the truth, for 'his art did delude both the eye that thought it saw such things and the palate that seemed to taste those delicates,'—in sooth, the bare imagination of a feast. The second anecdote is to the same effect, only that what was in the former a solitary occasion, in the present case appears to have been the standing characteristic of the hospitality of 'the Lord of Orne'; after his guests had departed, although they had partaken of the best of fare, 'they pined for want of food, having neither eaten nor drunk save in imagination only,' and 'their horses fared no better than their masters.' Hunter thus concludes:] Shakespeare has shown his accustomed good sense by representing the banquet as only shown to the king and his followers, not partaken of by them. . . . . I have no pleasure in repeating that such and such eminent commentator is mistaken; but I cannot forbear adding that the note of Steevens [as below] misleads, as he entirely mistakes the *kind* of illusion which Prospero, by his magic art, practised on the strangers.

31. **Drolerie**] STEEVENS: Shows, called *drolleries*, were, in Shakespeare's time, performed by puppets only. From these our modern *drolls*, exhibited at fairs, &c. took their name. So in Beau. and Fl.'s *Valentinian*, II, ii: 'I had rather make a drollery till thirty.'—MALONE: 'A living drollery' is one not represented by wooden machines, but by personages who are alive.

33. **Phœnix**] From Pliny we get all our knowledge of this bird. In Lib. x, cap. ii (Holland, i, 271) we find: 'The Phœnix of Arabia passes all other [birds. I know not] whether it be a tale or no that there is neuer but one of them in all the world, and the same not commonly seen. By report he is as big as an Ægle: for colour, as yellow and bright as gold (namely, all about the necke); the rest of the bodie a deep red purple; the taile azure blew, intermingled with feathers among of rose carnation color; and the head brauely adorned with a crest and penach finely wrought; hauing a tuft and plume thereupon, right faire and goodly to be seen. Manilius, the noble Roman Senatour, ... was the first man of the long Robe who wrot of this bird at

At this houre reigning there.
Ant. Ile beleeue both:
And what do's elſe want credit, come to me
And Ile beſworne 'tis true: Trauellers nere did lye,
Though fooles at home condemne 'em.
Gon. If in *Naples*
I ſhould report this now, would they beleeue me?
If I ſhould ſay I ſaw ſuch Iſlands;
(For certes, theſe are people of the Iſland)
Who though they are of monſtrous ſhape, yet note
Their manners are more gentle, kinde, then of

37. *'tis true*] *to't* Steev. conj.
nere did lye] *ne'er lied* Han.
38. *'em*] Ff, Rowe+, Cap. Wh. Dyce, Sta. Cam. Glo. Jeph. Wrt, Rlfe, Huds. Dtn. *them* Mal. et cet.
41. *Iſlands*] *Iſlanders* Ff et seq.
44. *Their...kinde*] One line, reading *of a more gentle kind* Sing. (MS).
gentle, kinde] *gentle-kind* Theob. Johns. Steev. Hal. Dyce, Sta. Cam. Glo. Jeph. Clke, Ktly, Wrt.

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large, & most exquisitely. He reporteth that neuer man was known to see him feeding, ... that he liueth 660 yeares, and when he groweth old, and begins to decay, he builds himselfe with the twigs and branches of the Canell or Cinamon and Frankincense trees; and when he hath filled it with all sort of sweet Aromaticall spices, yeeldeth vp his life thereupon. He saith, moreouer, that of his bones and marrow there breedes at first as it were a little worme: which afterward prooueth to be a prettie bird. And the first thing that this yong new Phœnix doth, is to perform the obsequies of the former Phœnix late deceased: to translate and cary away his whole nest into the citie of the Sun, neere Panchea, and to bestow it full deuoutly there vpon the altar. . . . . Brought he was hither also to Rome, ... and shewed openly to be seen in a full hall and generall assembly of the people, as appeareth vpon the public records: howbeit, no man euer made any doubt, but he was a counterfeit Phœnix, and no better.'—ED.—MALONE refers to *The Phœnix and Turtle*, 2: 'Let the bird of loudest lay, On the *sole* Arabian tree'; and also to Lyly's *Euphues and his England*: '—as there is but one *Phœnix* in the world, so is there but one tree in *Arabia*, where-in she buyldeth' [p. 312, ed. Arber]; also to Florio's *Worlde of Wordes*, 1598: '*Rasin*, a tree in Arabia, whereof there is but one found, and vpon it the Phenix sits.'

40. **beleeue me?**] ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.*) would substitute a dash for this interrogation mark, which is to be removed to the end of the speech.

44. **gentle, kinde**] The hyphen by which Theobald joined these words has been adopted by some of the best editors; Walker includes it in the long list which he gives (*Crit.* i, 21–55) of compound epithets. Unquestionably, we should join with a hyphen two adjectives, where the former is clearly used adverbially, as, e. g. in 'But earthlier-happy is the rose distill'd,' but we should be very sure before doing so that this adverbial relation exists. Would it be right to add a hyphen in 'Not all the water in the rough, rude sea'? Yet would Walker add it, and even more erroneously, I think, in that condensed definition of life: 'This sensible, warm motion.'

Our humaine generation you ſhall finde
Many, nay almoſt any.
Pro. Honeſt Lord,
Thou haſt ſaid well: for ſome of you there preſent;
Are worſe then diuels.
Al. I cannot too much muſe
Such ſhapes, ſuch geſture, and ſuch ſound expreſſing
(Although they want the vſe of tongue) a kinde
Of excellent dumbe diſcourſe.
Pro. Praiſe in departing.
Fr. They vaniſh'd ſtrangely.
Seb. No matter, ſince (macks.
They haue left their Viands behinde; for wee haue ſto-
Wilt pleaſe you taſte of what is here?
Alo. Not I. (Boyes
Gon. Faith Sir, you neede not feare: when wee were
Who would beleeue that there were Mountayneeres,
Dew-lapt, like Buls, whoſe throats had hanging at'em

47–49, 54. As aside, Cap.
50. *muſe*] F_2F_3, Knt, Hal. Dyce, Cam. Glo. Jeph. Wrt, Rlfe, Wh. ii. *muse;* Cap. *muse*— Ktly. *muſe*, F_4 et cet.
51. *geſture...ſound*] *gestures...sounds* Coll. MS.
53. *excellent dumbe*] Hyphened, Walker.
55. Fr.] Ant. Kinnear conj.
56. *No*] *'Tis no* Han.
57. *They haue*] *They've* Pope+, Jeph. Dyce ii, iii, Huds.
58. *Wilt*] *Will't* Cap. (in Errata) et seq.
59. Alo.] Ant. Han.
62. *'em*] *them* Steev.'93, Var. Knt, Coll. Hal. Sing. Ktly.

By reading it *sensible-warm* Walker makes the phrase almost tautological. So in the present case, I think, the same results follow the conversion of 'gentle' into a mere adverb, qualifying 'kind'; its full force is needed to qualify 'manners.' Again, I cannot agree with Walker in writing, in line 53, *excellent-dumbe;* was it the superlative dumbness of the discourse that Alonzo praised, or an excellent kind of discourse which was also dumb?—ED.

50. **muse**] STEEVENS: That is, admire, wonder at. So in *Macb.* III, iv, 85: 'Do not muse at me.'—W. A. WRIGHT: Not elsewhere in Shakespeare used in such a construction. [Which makes Keightley's pause after it, and broken sentence, plausible.—ED.]

54. **Praise,** &c.] CAPELL: That is, stay your praises, 'till you see how your entertainment will end.—STEEVENS: It is a proverbial expression. Gosson, in his pamphlet entitled *Playes confuted in five Actions*, &c. (no date), acknowledges himself to have been the author of a morality called *Praise at Parting.*

55, 56. WALKER (*Vers.* 24) suspects some corruption or misarrangement here.—ABBOTT, § 487, suggests 'perhaps': 'They van | ish'd strang | ely. | No mat | ter since.'

Wallets of fleſh? or that there were ſuch men 63
Whoſe heads ſtood in their breſts? which now we finde
Each putter out of fiue for one, will bring vs 65

65. *putter out*] *putter-out* Cap. et seq. (subs.).

of fiue for one] *on five for one* Theob.+, Cap. Steev. Mal. Sing. Wh. i, Ktly. *of one for five* Thirlby, Mal. Var. Hal. Dyce, Huds. *of five for ten* Thirlby. *at five for one* Daniel.

63. **Wallets of flesh**] GREY (i, 29): Compare 'Quis tumidum guttur miratur in Alpibus?'—Juvenal, *Sat.* xiii, 168. [These 'wallets of flesh' have been always understood as referring to goitre, to which the allusions are many throughout our early English literature. The disease was familiar to the Romans as a characteristic of Switzerland, as we learn from Juvenal; it was common in France, and it is by no means improbable that it was well known of old in England; where it is now known as 'the Derbyshire neck.' Is it likely that instances of a disease thus widely disseminated and generally known would form the stock of travellers' stories, and that any putter out of five for one would be discredited who gave an account of it? Be this, however, as it may, I doubt if any goitre could ever have been called a 'wallet'; pendulous, monstrous they may have been, even to the extent of being supported on wheels pushed in front of the patient, but 'wallets' they were not. Certainly not in the every-day meaning of *wallet*, or in the only meaning in which Shakespeare uses it, as in *Tro. and Cress.*: 'Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,' &c. The mountaineers may have been dew-lapp'd, but, assuredly, their *goitres* were not *wallets*.—SKEAT, I know, uses this very passage to prove that *wattles* and *wallets* are the same, but then it is on the assumption that 'wallets' are goitres, whereas I do not think that the 'wallet' Gonzalo refers to is a goitre at all, but a genuine wallet of flesh hanging from the throat, and such a wallet we find in that compilation of travellers' tales of the Middle Ages, gathered by Gesner and translated by Topsell, 1698. In his chapter on *The Satyre* (p. 14) we read: 'Satyres haue no humain conditions in them, nor other resemblance of men beside their outward shape; though *Solinus* speake of them like as of men. They cary their meat vnder their chin as in a store-house, and from thence being hungry they take it forth to eate, making it ordinary [i. e. dinner-time] with them euery day, which is but annuall in the *Formicæ* lions.' (These lions, we afterwards learn, ate only once a year.) Here we have the 'wallet of flesh'; and the wood-cut illustrates it. The Satyre is represented as holding in his left hand a pipe, while his right hand is thrust into a wallet hanging under his chin and formed of flesh, for clothing of any kind he has none. It is not difficult to surmise that the Pouched Apes gave rise to the story.—ED.

64. **Whose heads**, &c.] GREY (i, 29) refers to Pliny (Bk V, cap. 8, p. 96, Holland's trans.) for an account of the 'Blemmyi,' who, 'by report, haue no heads, but mouth and eies both in their brest.'—MALONE: See Hakluyt's *Voyages*, 1598: 'On that branch which is called *Caora* are a nation of people, whose heads appear not above their shoulders. They are reported to have eyes in their shoulders, and their mouths in the middle of their breasts.' [See Notes on *Oth.* I, iii, 167, in this ed.]

65. **of fiue for one**] This phrase, which much troubled the early editors, refers to a custom which in effect reverses the modern *Travellers' Insurance Companies*. Theobald discovered the exact explanation of it in Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, but yet failed thoroughly to comprehend it; he believed that the phrase,

[65. putter out of fiue for one]

which really needs no change whatever, needed the substitution of *on* for 'of.' Puntarvalo, in Jonson's comedy, II, i, p. 72, ed. Gifford, says: 'I do intend .... to travel, and .... I am determined to put forth some five thousand pound to be paid me five for one upon the return of myself, my wife, and my dog from the Turk's court in Constantinople. If all or either of us miscarry in the journey, 'tis gone; if we be successful, why, there will be five and twenty thousand pound to entertain time withal.' The vain-glorious knight therefore was a speculator on the chances of receiving five for his one, exactly as the Folio has it, 'a putter out of five for one.' 'Five for one' may well have been a phrase used by those who lent money on such travellers' risks.—STEEVENS cited passages, referring to the custom, from Chapman and Shirley's *The Ball*, 1639, and from *Amends for Ladies*, also in 1639, which merely prove the continued prevalence of the custom long after Shakespeare's day, and do not enlarge our knowledge. Steevens also cites a sentence from Barnaby Riche's *Faults, and Nothing but Faults*, 1607, to show that a lower rate of premium, of 'two or three for one,' was sometimes accepted.—MALONE: It appears from Moryson's *Itinerary*, 1617, I, 198, that 'this custom of giving out money upon these adventures was first used in court, and among noblemen'; and that some years before his book was published, 'bankerouts, stage-players, and men of base condition had drawn it into contempt,' by undertaking journeys merely for gain upon their return. [In a foot-note to the speech of Puntarvalo, just given, Gifford approves of Malone's reading (see Text. Notes), and condemns Steevens's, i. e. Theobald's, as one 'which to the ears of Shakespeare and his audiences would have been intolerable.']—HALLIWELL remarks that 'this curious method of assurance .... is continually alluded to by old writers'; and thereupon gives nearly five folio pages of extracts in illustration, among them two blank forms of the Legal Instruments used on such occasions from West's *Symboleography*, 1605, and *The Second Part of the Young Clerk's Guide*, &c. 1652.—The CAMBRIDGE EDITORS: See Beau. and Fl.'s *The Noble Gentleman*, I, i [p. 119, ed. Dyce]: 'The return will give you five for one.' *Marine* is about to travel.—DYCE, in his first edition, asserts that the words of the Folio do not bear the meaning of 'at the rate of five for one.' He therefore adopts Thirlby's reading, and cites, as additional justification, Gifford's remark, given above. In his second and third edition he repeats his note and adds the note of the Camb. Edd., just cited, 'a note,' he says, 'in which they evidently confound "*putting out* five for one" with "*receiving* five for one," and show, besides, that they are imperfectly acquainted with the story of the play from which they quote.' It is well, perhaps, to note that Thirlby's conjecture, with Theobald's discussion of it and of the passage, is to be found in Nichols's *Illustrations*, &c. ii, pp. 224, 244, 258; and that a parallel passage has been adduced by Dr BR. NICHOLSON in *New Sh. Soc. Trans.* 1880–82, Pt i, p. 32, to wit: '"Ile put out one million to use after the rate of seuen score to the hundreth."—Day's *Ile of Guls*, 1606; that is, he, the "putter out," would in reality put out one hundred to be repaid at the rate of one hundred and forty.' Again in his admirably edited Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, p. 547, he finds an instance almost exactly similar to the present in 'a thousand for one that fell out contrary.' 'The putting out of five for one,' says Nicholson, 'is considered as one action, and is—*pace* Dyce—the receiving, as [Knight] says, at the rate of five for one, the putter out being he who puts out in the hope of receiving five for one.'—ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.*): 'I would add, in support of F_1, that there is a tendency, in all languages, to make the current phrases of law, business, &c., elliptical, because they are so perfectly understood by

Good warrant of.
Al. I will ſtand to, and feede,
Although my laſt, no matter, ſince I feele
The beſt is paſt: brother: my Lord, the Duke,
Stand too, and doe as we.
Thunder and Lightning. Enter Ariell (like a Harpey) claps his wings vpon the Table, and with a quient deuice the Banquet vaniſhes.

69. *Lord,*] *lord* Pope et seq.
70. Scene IV. Pope+.
70. *too*] *to* F_4 et seq.

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everybody that some of the words of the phrase can be left for the hearer to supply for himself. So the Greeks treated the terms connected with actions and prosecutions at law, all of which were readily understood, because transferred from the vocabulary of the chase. Demosthenes, accordingly (*De Coronâ*), says: "It is not the same to me to lose your favour, as it is for Æschines not to *catch his indictment*" (*ἑλειν τὴν γραφὴν*)—where the full expression would be "to catch him that is trying to run away (*ἑλεῖν τὸν φεύγοντα*) and by this means to carry through his indictment (*νικᾶν τὴν γραφήν.*)" It thus appears that in the formula actually used the verb is made to govern *grammatically* what it does not govern *logically*.—In like manner, while "putter-out" is *grammatically* followed by the Genitive "of five," it is *logically* followed by some Genitive equivalent to "of a capital sum"—so that the whole phrase, as filled up, would read: "each putter-out of a principal for a return of five pounds for each pound left in deposit."'—One of SCHMIDT'S few errors is his interpretation of 'putter out' as 'one who puts to sea.' It is properly criticised by HALES (*Notes*, &c. p. 182) and GRANT WHITE (*Studies*, &c. p. 310.)—ED.

67–69. **I . . . last, no . . . past**] MASON: I cannot but think that this passage was intended to be in rhyme, and should be printed as a rhyming couplet.—DYCE quotes Mason and remarks: 'But a greater objection to such an arrangement than what would arise from breaking the *συνάφεια* of the blank verse at the commencement of this speech, is presented by the words with which it concludes, "Brother . . . . as we"; for they cannot with any propriety be reduced to a single line; and there would be no little awkwardness in cutting them up into: | "Brother | My lord the duke, stand to, and do as we." | '—KEIGHTLEY (*Exp.* 214): Dyce properly rejects Mason's arrangement, but [as to his remark on the remainder of the speech, was he] unaware of the existence of six-foot lines in these plays? The true reason for rejecting this arrangement is that in this play Shakespeare does not employ couplets. [See notes on III, i, 28.]

71. **Harpey**] PECK (*Milton*, p. 207), in a note on *Paradise Regained*, ii, 400, remarks that both Milton and Shakespeare 'here translate Virgil, iii.'—STEEVENS gives the passage from Phaer's translation, 1558: '—fast to meate we fall. But sodenly from downe the hills, with grisly fall to syght, The Harpies come, and beating wings, with great noys out thei shright, And at our meate they snatch.'

72, 73. **quient deuice . . . vanishes**] DYCE: This means that the machanist of the theatre was to do his best to make it seem that the harpy had devoured the banquet (compare what Prospero says, presently, of this harpy, 'a grace it had *devouring*'), and to contrive some method for the disappearing of the table.

Ar. You are three men of ſinne, whom deſtiny
That hath to inſtrument this lower world,
And what is in't: the neuer ſurfeited Sea,
Hath caus'd to belch vp you; and on this Iſland,
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongſt men,
Being moſt vnfit to liue: I haue made you mad;
And euen with ſuch like valour, men hang, and drowne
Their proper ſelues: you fooles, I and my fellowes
Are miniſters of Fate, the Elements
Of whom your ſwords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud windes, or with bemockt-at-Stabs
Kill the ſtill cloſing waters, as diminiſh

75, 76. *That...in't*] In parenthesis, Pope, Theob. Han. Warb. Cap. Mal. Var. Knt.

75. *inſtrument*] *inſtruments* F_4, Rowe i.

76. *in't:*] *in't*, Rowe.

77. *belch vp you*] *belch you up* F_4, Rowe, Pope, Wh. i, Ktly. *belch up* Theob.+, Cap. Steev. Mal. Var. Coll. Sing. Huds. *belch up; yea*, Sta. conj. Huds.

79. *I haue*] *I've* Jeph. Dyce ii, iii, Huds.

79, 80. *liue:...And*] *live,—...As* S. Verges.

79. [Seeing them draw. Cap.

81. *you*] *Ye* Johns.
[They draw their swords. Han.

83. *Of whom*] *Of which* Han.

84. *bemockt-at-Stabs*] *bemockt-at Stabs* Rowe.

74, 77. **whom . . . you**] ABBOTT, § 249: The supplementary pronoun is generally confined to cases where the relative is separated from its verb by an intervening clause, and where on this account clearness requires the supplementary pronoun. Thus [among many other examples] '*Whom*, Though bearing misery, I desire my life Once more to look on *him*.'—*Wint. T.* V, i, 138; and '*Who*, if *he* break,' &c.—*Mer. of Ven.* I, iii.

75. **to instrument**] This idiom is familiar from *Luke* iii, 8: 'We have Abraham to our father.'—ED.

77. **vp you**] COLLIER: It seems clear that 'you' is too much for the sense, verse, and grammatical construction, and we have omitted it, because we think it crept into the old text by mere inadvertence.—DYCE: The old text is undoubtedly right. Compare *Wint. T.* V, i, 138 [cited above in Abbott's note, line 74]. When Collier pronounced 'you' to be 'too much for the *verse*,' it must have escaped him that the Folio has 'caus'd'—not *causèd*.—HUDSON: 'You' coming in after 'belch up' is, to say the least, extremely awkward. And, as we have 'you' again in the next line, right under 'yea,' the misprint, if it be one, is easily accounted for. The correction is Staunton's.

83. **Of whom**] ABBOTT, § 264: In almost all cases where *who* refers to an irrational antecedent, an action or personal feeling is implied, so that *who* is the subject. *Whom* is rare. [See II, i, 129.]

84. **bemockt-at-Stabs**] For other examples of words compounded with prepositions, see ABBOTT, § 431.

One dowle that's in my plumbe: My fellow miniſters
Are like-invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your ſwords are now too maſſie for your ſtrengths,
And will not be vplifted: But remember
(For that's my buſineſſe to you) that you three
From *Millaine* did ſupplant good *Proſpero*,
Expos'd vnto the Sea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent childe: for which foule deed,
The Powres, delaying (not forgetting) haue
Incens'd the Seas, and Shores; yea, all the Creatures
Againſt your peace: Thee of thy Sonne, *Alonſo*
They haue bereft; and doe pronounce by me

86. *dowle*] *down* Pope+, Cap. Ktly. *plumbe*] *plumb* F_4. *plume* Rowe et seq.
88. *ſtrengths*] *ſtrength* F_4, Rowe.
92. *requit it*] *requited* Wilson.

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85. **still**] That is, *always*, *ever*, as in Shakespeare *passim*; compare 'still-vexed Bermoothes.'

86. **dowle**] TOLLET communicated to Steevens the following extracts from *Humane Industry; or, A History of most Manual Arts*, 1661, p. 93, which fully explain the meaning of this word: 'The wool-bearing trees in Æthiopia, which Virgil speaks of, and the Eriophori Arbores in Theophrastus, are not such trees as have a certain wool or *dowl* upon the outside of them, as the small cotton; but short trees that bear a ball upon the top, pregnant with wool, which the Syrians call Cott, the Græcians Gossypium, the Italians Bombagio, and we Bombase.' 'There is a certain shell-fish in the sea, called Pinna, that bears a mossy dowl or wool, whereof cloth was spun and made.' Again, p. 95, 'Trichitis, or the hayrie stone, by some Greek authors, and Alumen plumaceum, or downy alum, by the Latinists: this hair or dowl is spun into thread, and weaved into cloth.'—MALONE: Cole, in his *Lat. Dict.* 1679, interprets 'young dowle' by *lanugo*.—WALKER (*Crit.* iii, 5): Note the spelling in *2 Hen. IV* · IV, v, 32: 'There lies a dowlney feather . . . . that light and weightlesse dowlne.' I suspect that *dowlne* was the old spelling, then growing out of use; and that *dowle* in *The Tempest* is only a corruption of *dowlne*. In the very same line the Folio has 'plumbe' for *plume*.—F. A. CARRINGTON (*N. & Qu.* 2d S. vii, p. 483, 1859): In Gloucestershire the plumage of young goslings before they have feathers is called *dowle*. I believe that any plumage that I should call *down* they would call *dowle*. —DYCE: I find the rare verb *bedowl* in *An Eclogue* by Davies, appended to Browne's *Shepheards Pipe*: 'What though time yet hannot bedowld thy chin?' 1620.

83–87. **swords . . . invulnerable**] RITSON: So in Phaer's Virgil [ed. 1558, ap. Collier] Book iii: 'Their swords by them they laid. . . . . And on the filthy birds they beat. . . . . But fethers none do from them fal, nor wound nor strok doth bleed, Nor force of weapons hurt them can.'

87. **like-invulnerable**] ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.*): Not 'like those who are invulnerable,' but 'invulnerable *alike* [with me].' Write, therefore, '*like* for *alike*, just as ''las' is written for *alas*.

Lingring perdition (worſe then any death
Can be at once) ſhall ſtep, by ſtep attend
You, and your wayes, whoſe wraths to guard you from,
Which here, in this moſt deſolate Iſle, elſe fals
Vpon your heads, is nothing but hearts-ſorrow,
And a cleere life enſuing.
He vaniſhes in Thunder: then (*to ſoft Muſicke.*) *Enter the*
ſhapes againe, and daunce (*with mockes and mowes*) *and*
carrying out the Table.
Pro. Brauely the figure of this *Harpie*, haſt thou
Perform'd (my *Ariell*) a grace it had deuouring:
Of my Inſtruction, haſt thou nothing bated
In what thou had'ſt to ſay: ſo with good life,
And obſeruation ſtrange, my meaner miniſters

100. *wraths*] *wrath* Theob. Warb. Johns. Dyce ii, iii.
guard] *guards* F_4.
101. *fals*] *fall* Han.
102. *is*] *there's* Han
hearts-ſorrow] Ff. *heart-sorrow* Cam. Glo. Jeph. Wh. ii, Dtn. *heart's-sorrow* or *heart's sorrow* Rowe et cet.
105. mockes] mopps Theob.
107. [Aside. Cap.
Harpie, *haſt*] *harpy'st* Allen.
110. *life*] *list* Johns. conj. *will* S. Verges.

98, 99. **death . . . once**] ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.*): A singular interposition of the verb—a species of *Tmesis*. The actual order is 'worse than any death-at-once can be.'

100, 101. **wraths . . . Which . . . fals**] ABBOTT, § 247, classes this with many other examples of a singular verb following a relative with a plural antecedent.—W. A. WRIGHT holds 'falls' to be a singular by attraction, the singular substantive 'isle' occurring immediately before, whereof Abbott, § 412, gives many examples.

102. **is**] For other examples of this ellipsis of *there is*, see ABBOTT, § 404.

103. **cleere**] JOHNSON: Pure, blameless, innocent.

109. **bated**] Albeit a mere contraction of *abate*, it is sufficiently independent to be correctly printed without the sign of contraction.

110. **good life**] JOHNSON: This may mean 'with exact presentation of their several characters, with observation strange of their particular and distinct parts.' So we say, 'he acted to the *life*.' [A paraphrase which DYCE adopts.]—STEEVENS: In *Twelfth N.* II, iii, 'good life' seems to be used for innocent jollity: 'Would you,' says the Clown, 'have a love song, or a song of *good life?*' [STAUNTON refers to this use of the phrase in *Twelfth N.*, and says it is as ambiguous there as here.]—HENLEY: To do anything with *good life* is still a provincial expression in the west of England, and signifies 'to do it with the full bent and energy of the mind.'—COLLIER: That is, probably, with all appearance of actual existence—as if what was done were real, and no delusion.—W. A. WRIGHT: With lifelike truthfulness and rare attention to their several parts. [See IV, i, 9, where 'strange' is used in the same sense as here.]

Their ſeuerall kindes haue done: my high charmes work,
And theſe (mine enemies) are all knit vp
In their diſtractions: they now are in my powre;
And in theſe fits, I leaue them, while I viſit
Yong *Ferdinand* (whom they ſuppoſe is droun'd)
And his, and mine lou'd darling.
Gon. I'th name of ſomething holy, Sir, why ſtand you
In this ſtrange ſtare?
Al. O, it is monſtrous: monſtrous:
Me thought the billowes ſpoke, and told me of it,
The windes did ſing it to me: and the Thunder
(That deepe and dreadfull Organ-Pipe) pronounc'd

114. *now*] Om. Pope+.
115. *while*] *whilst* Rowe ii+, Steev. Mal. Var. Sing. Ktly.
116. *whom*] *who* Han. S. Verges.
117. *mine*] Ff, Hal. Dyce, Sta. Cam. Glo. Jeph. Wrt, Wh. ii. *my* Rowe et cet.
117. [Exit Prospero from above. Theob.
118. *ſomething holy, Sir,*] *ſomething, holy Sir,* F_4.

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112. **kindes**] STEEVENS: Thus in *Ant. & Cleop.* V, ii, 264: 'the worm will do his kind.'

116. **whom . . . droun'd**] ABBOTT, § 410: So in *Matt.* xvi, 13, all the versions except Wickliffe's have: '*Whom* do men say that I, the Son of man, *am?*' Wickliffe has '*Whom* seien men *to be* mennes sone?' This passage explains the idiom. It is a confusion of two constructions, e. g. 'Ferdinand *who*, they suppose, *is drowned*,' and '*whom* they suppose *to be drowned*.'

117. **mine**] ABBOTT, § 238: *Mine, hers, theirs* are used as pronominal adjectives *before* their nouns. In the [present line] 'mine' is only separated by an adjective from its noun: '*mine* lov'd darling.' More remarkable are '*yours* and my discharge,' II, i, 277, *supra;* 'By *hers* and mine adultery.'—*Cymb.* V, v, 186; 'Even in *theirs* and in the commons' ears.'—*Coriol.* V, vi, 4. It is felt that the ear cannot wait till the end of the sentence while so slight a word as *her* or *their* remains with nothing to depend on. The same explanation applies to *mine*, which, though unemphatic immediately before its noun, is emphatic when separated from its noun.

120. **it**] ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.*): That is, 'my trespass,' my crime against Prospero. Alonzo shrinks from the more definite expression of what so suddenly harrows up his conscience.

120, &c. BUCKNILL (p. 58): Ariel charms Alonzo, Sebastian, and Antonio into madness. The intention of suicide is expressed by Alonzo, that of desperate fight, the other two. The phrensy of Alonzo is also distinguished by the fixed idea of his own guilt, and a state resembling hallucination founded upon it. These lines [120–127] afford a beautiful example of the transition of absorbing emotion into perverted sensation through the influence of excited fancy, representing the lunatic of 'imagination all compact.' It is the very opposite of matter-of-fact reason.

The name of *Proſper:* it did baſe my Treſpaſſe,
Therefore my Sonne i'th Ooze is bedded; and
I'le ſeeke him deeper then ere plummet ſounded,
And with him there lye mudded.
Seb. But one feend at a time,
Ile fight their Legions ore.
Ant. Ile be thy Second. *Exeunt.*
Gon. All three of them are deſperate: their great guilt
(Like poyſon giuen to worke a great time after)
Now gins to bite the ſpirits: I doe beſeech you
(That are of ſuppler ioynts) follow them ſwiftly,
And hinder them from what this extaſie
May now prouoke them to.
Ad. Follow, I pray you. *Exeunt omnes.*

124. Proſper] *Prospero* Anon. (ap. Grey).
baſe] *bass* Johns. Steev. Dyce, Sta. Cam. Glo. Jeph. Wrt, Huds. Wh. ii, Dtn.
my] *thy* F_4.
127, 128. *with him...But*] Om. Steev. conj.
129. [Exit. Cap.
132. *poyſon*] *yoyſon* F_3.
great] *long* Walker, Huds.
133. *the*] *their* Allen, Daniel.
doe] Om. Pope, Han.

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124. **base**] HEATH: It served as the bass in a concert, to proclaim my trespass in the loudest and fullest tone.—STEEVENS: So in the *Faerie Queene*, ii, 12, 33: '—the rolling sea, resounding soft, In his big base them fitly answered.'

125. **and**] See I, ii, 14.

132. **poison . . . after**] HOLT: Seamen are strongly persuaded that the Africans, especially on the Guiney Coast, can temper Poison so as to operate at any precise time and in any limited degree, and that during the interval the patient shall feel no effect from the dose. [STEEVENS makes a similar assertion, but gives no authority, and then adds:] So in the celebrated libel called *Leicester's Commonwealth:* 'I heard him once myselfe in publique act at Oxford, and that in presence of my lord of Leicester, maintain that poison might be so tempered and given, as it should not appear presently, and yet should kill the party afterwards at what time should be appointed.'

133. **the spirits**] ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.*): Current English certainly requires *their* instead of 'the,' and perhaps we should so write, at any rate; nothing could be easier to mistake than the MS character for *th* (much like a *y*), followed by the *r* above the line for that with the *e*.

135. **extasie**] NARES: In the usage of Shakespeare and some others it stands for every species of alienation of mind, whether temporary or permanent, proceeding from joy, sorrow, wonder, or any other exciting cause; and this certainly suits with the etymology, ἔκστασις.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Proſpero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I haue too auſterely puniſh'd you,
Your compenſation makes amends, for I
Haue giuen you here, a third of mine owne life,

2. Prospero's Cave. Pope. Prospero's Cell. Theob.

5. *a third*] Ff, Rowe, Pope, Johns. Cap. Steev.'85, Mal.'90, Coll. i, Cam. Jeph. Wh. ii. *a thrid* Tollett, Glo. Wrt, Phillpotts. *the thread* Heath. *the end* Bailey. *a thread* Theob. et cet.

5. **third**] The difficulty of a threefold division of Prospero's life occurred to Theobald, who, in a letter to Concanen (Mist's *Journal*, 16 March, 1727–28; Nichols's *Illust.* ii, 199), suggested the emendation which afterwards appeared in his edition, and which since then has been adopted by a majority of editors, who were not taught caution, as they might have been, by its very obviousness. In his edition Theobald's note is as follows: 'Why is she only a third of his own life? He had no wife living, nor any other child to rob her of a share in his affection; so that we may reckon her at least *half* of himself. Nor could he intend that he lov'd himself twice as much as he did her; for he immediately subjoins that it was "she for whom he liv'd." In *Othello*, when Iago alarms the Senator with the loss of his daughter, he tells him "you have lost half your soul." And *Dimidium animæ meæ* is the current language on such occasions. There is no room for doubt, but I have restored to the poet his true reading; and the *thread of life* is a phrase most frequent with him.' Hereupon follow several examples of Shakespeare's use of the phrase 'thread of life.' In Mist's *Journal* Theobald refers to the old way of spelling, *thrid*, and cites an example where a spider's *thread* is misprinted 'third' in *Lingua*, IV, vi.—HOLT disapproves of Theobald's change, and supposes that 'the old Gentleman,' as he is pleased to call Prospero, may have computed Miranda and himself as two-thirds and his future princely son-in-law as the remaining third.—Nor will HEATH accede to Theobald's emendation. The *thread of life* refers to Clotho's distaff. 'But,' says Heath, 'it was never imagined that more threads than one were spun for any one man. Whereas "*a* thread" supposes that the threads of Prospero's life were more than one, and that he gave away one of them in giving away his daughter. This objection will indeed be obviated if we read, "*The thread* of my own life." . . . . But I much doubt the necessity of any alteration at all, it being a liberty commonly taken by poets, in a view either of exaggerating or depreciating, to put a certain number or proportion for an uncertain.'—CAPELL believes that if the next line, 'Or that for which I live,' had been 'reflected on thoroughly by editors and their remarkers,' Theobald's correction 'had not been fallen-in with' so readily; 'for that poetical *thread* of the fates' spinning is not what we live "for," but what we live *by*.' The three thirds of Prospero's life Capell then assumes to be: his realm, his daughter, and himself; 'the daughter he *gives* away, keeping all his concern for her; the realm he hop'd to return to, ... and when retir'd to his Milan, then (as he tells us in almost his last speech), "every *third* thought should be his grave"; words that seem to derive themselves from the

[5. a third of mine owne life]

expression in this passage.'—JOHNSON adheres to the Folio, but gives no explanation. 'Prospero,' he remarks, 'in his reason subjoined why he calls her the *third* of his life, seems to allude to some logical distinction of causes, making her the final cause.'—HAWKINS: *Thread* was formerly spelled 'third,' as in *Mucedorus*, 1619: 'when the sisters shall decree To cut in twaine the twisted *third* of life.' [Knight remarks that 'third' has become *thred* in the edition of 1668. Hazlitt, whose text (Dodsley, vii) is based on the Qto of 1598, prints *thread*, as does also Collier in his reprint, 1877, and, lastly, in the best and latest edition of *Mucedorus* by WARNKE and PROESCHOLDT, containing a collation, word for word, of all the many editions, presumably as accurate as it is scholarly, the word is printed (p. 44) *thread*, and not a solitary *varia lectio* is recorded. Therefore, in this matter, which is, after all, of very small importance, our trust must rest in the word of Sir John Hawkins. Since writing the foregoing I have just noticed that COLLIER (ed. i) states that 'Hawkins misquotes *Mucedorus*, no doubt unintentionally,' and I should at once cancel what I have written, were it not that W. A. WRIGHT, who is, I think, punctilious in verifying citations, quotes Hawkins and adopts his spelling. Four other modern editors also cite *Mucedorus*, one on the authority of Hawkins, and three on their own.]—STEEVENS: The following quotation should seem to place the meaning beyond all dispute: In *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540, is this passage: '—one of worldly shame's children, of his countenance and threde of his body.' [I regret that I cannot verify this quotation]—TOLLETT: 'A *third* of mine own life' is a *fibre* or a *part* of my own life. Prospero considers himself as the *stock* or *parent tree*, and his daughter as a *fibre* or *portion* of himself, for whose benefit he himself lives. In this sense the word is used in Markham's *English Husbandman*, ed. 1635, p. 146: 'Cut off all the maine rootes, within half a foot of the tree, only the small *thriddes* or twist rootes you shall not cut at all.' Again, ibid.: 'Every branch and *thrid* of the root.' This is evidently the same word as *thread*, which is likewise spelt *thrid* by Lord Bacon.—In COLLIER'S first edition he followed the original 'third,' but his MS having written *thrid* (i. e. thread) in the margin, he accepted this correction as final, and adopted it in his subsequent editions.—DYCE (*Few Notes*, p. 13) emphasizes his preference for *thread* by remarking 'that in the language of poetry, from the earliest times, a beloved object has always been spoken of, not as the *third*, but as the HALF, of another's life or soul (so Meleager, *ἁμισύ μευ ψυχῆς*, and Horace, *Animæ dimidium meæ*).' Whereupon COLLIER, in his next edition, says of Dyce's note that if it proves anything, it shows that we ought probably to read 'third' and not *thread;* 'it is surely more expressive for Prospero to say that he had given away a "third" than a mere *thread* of it. We only wonder that Mr Dyce, when referring to Greek and Latin authorities, did not introduce English authorities to show that a man's wife was often termed "his better half."'—Dyce's friend HUNTER also reproached him (*A Few Words*, &c. p. 5) for not recollecting the *Carmen Nuptiale* [line 62] of Catullus, wherein we find 'Virginitas non tota tua est: ex parte parentum est: Tertia pars patri data, pars data tertia matri, Tertia sola tua est.' 'Father, mother, and daughter are so bound together that they form but one soul, one life; so that each was but the third part of one whole. This appears to be the meaning of the ancient poet, and this, as seems to me, is the sense of "the third of mine own life."'—DYCE (*Gloss. s. v.* thread), repeated his remark from *A Few Notes*, and, after adding another example from Mabbe's Trans. of Cervantes's *Exemplarie Novels*, thus concludes: 'This remark, however, which I still think holds good against the reading of the Folio, had

Or that for which I liue: who, once againe
I tender to thy hand: All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy loue, and thou
Haſt ſtrangely ſtood the teſt: here, afore heauen
I ratifie this my rich guift: O *Ferdinand*,
Doe not ſmile at me, that I boaſt her of,

6. *who*] Ff, Rowe, Hal. Wh. Dyce, Cam. Glo. Jeph. Wrt, Huds. Rlfe, Dtn. *whom* Pope et cet.
7. *tender*] *render* Rowe i.
9. *ſtrangely*] *ſtrongly* Sherwen, Dan- et cet.
9. *teſt*] *reſt* Ff.
10. *O*] Om. Han.
11. *her of*] *of her* Ktly. *her off* Ff et cet.

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no weight with the late Joseph Hunter (a lover of subtleties), who, in a printed Letter addressed to me, defended that reading, attaching to it a ridiculously forced meaning; nor has my remark had any influence on the Cambridge Editors, who retain here the misprint, or, rather, the old spelling (due to some scribe probably), 'third.'—GRANT WHITE (ed. i): 'Third' is rather arithmetical than poetical, and takes us too far into vulgar fractions. We regard it as $\frac{1}{3}$; and it might as well be $\frac{1}{13}$, or $\frac{1}{33}$. Prospero means to tell Ferdinand that he has given him a thread, a fibre of his existence,—one of his very heart-strings. [Grant White adopted the arithmetical $\frac{1}{3}$ in his ed. ii.] —ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.*): In favour of considering 'third' as written by *Metathesis* for *thrid*='thread,' it may be noted that similar substitutions were usual in Greek, especially where the same Liquid (*r*) was concerned—e. g. *βαρδύς* for *βραδύς*, *ἤμβροτον* for *ἤμαρτον*, *Πυκνός* for *Πυκνός*, &c.—KEIGHTLEY: It is easy to conceive how Miranda might be regarded as a *thread* or integral portion of her father's life, but not how she could be a 'third' of it.—JEPHSON: A 'third of mine own life' means 'a fibre of my own existence.'—E. MAGNUSSON (*Athenæum*, 26 July, 1884) maintains that 'Prospero had been married and had only one child, Miranda. His life's triunity had once upon a time, then, consisted of his now departed wife, his child, and himself. . . . . Could any one imagine Shakespeare talking of "living for a thread of his own life"?' The true interpretation, it seems to me, is Capell's.—ED.

6. **who**] For instances of 'who' for *whom* see Shakespeare *passim;* in this play, I, ii, 97 and 271; and ABBOTT, § 274.

9. **strangely**] JOHNSON: Used by way of commendation, *merveilleusement, to a wonder;* the same is the sense in III, iii, 111.—JOHN SHERWEN (*Gent. Mag.* Sept. 1811): In Shakespeare's age 'strong' was often written and pronounced as it is now vulgarly spoken in the north of England, *strang*, which, if the final *e* be added, it becomes *strange.* The meaning here is 'thou hast *strongly* or *strangly* stood the test.'

11. **her of**] KEIGHTLEY: Of course Shakespeare wrote 'of *her.*' The editors, without, I believe, an exception, have 'boast her *off*,'—a phrase unknown to the poet,—introduced by the editor of F_2, who had little or no idea of emendation by transposition. [WALKER (*Crit.* ii, 246) has a chapter on *The Transposition of Words*, and one of his instances occurs in this play, I, ii, 264. I have but little hesitation, therefore, in accepting a remedy so simple; especially when the alternative is the reading of the Second Folio, which somehow carries with it the image of an auctioneer's exaggeration and volubility, which is, as Sydney Smith would say, 'infinitely distressing.' —ED.]

For thou ſhalt finde ſhe will out-ſtrip all praiſe
And make it halt, behinde her.
Fer. I doe beleeue it
Againſt an Oracle.
Pro. Then, as my gueſt, and thine owne acquiſition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
If thou do'ſt breake her Virgin-knot, before
All ſanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy right, be miniſtred,
No ſweet aſperſion ſhall the heauens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barraine hate,
Sower-ey'd diſdaine, and diſcord ſhall beſtrew
The vnion of your bed, with weedes ſo loathly
That you ſhall hate it both: Therefore take heede,
As Hymens Lamps ſhall light you.

14. *doe*] Om. Pope+.
16. *gueſt*] *gift* Rowe et seq.
17. *But*] Om. Ff, Rowe, Pope.
20. *right*] *rite* Rowe et seq.
21. *aſperſion*] *aspersions* Rowe i, Theob. Warb. Johns.

16, &c. See Holt's theory of the date of this play in Appendix, *Date of Composition.*

19. **sanctimonious**] W. A. WRIGHT: That is, holy. Used now, as in the only other passage of Shakespeare where it occurs, of a holiness which is only assumed. See *Meas. for Meas.* I, ii, 7.

21. **aspersion**] ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.*): Shakespeare was probably led to use here the Latinized word 'aſperſion' by his knowledge of what is now familiarly called the *Asperges*—the form of blessing the congregation, preparatory to High Mass, by the Priest's sprinkling them with holy water, while the choir chant the Psalm: '*Asperges me hyssopo*,' &c.

26. **As**] R. L. ASHHURST (*Phila. Sh. Soc.*): The ensuing speech of Ferdinand shows this 'as' to be used in adjuration: 'Hymen's lamps' must be therefore understood metaphorically,—'As you desire to be lighted on your way through life by the true blessing of a happy marriage,'—and not literally of the nuptial ceremony merely. —ALLEN (*Ib.*): I am fully alive to the weight of the argument drawn from the parallelism between this line and that which next follows; nevertheless, I still cling (with a faint hold) to the interpretation: 'Take heed, (and act towards each other, only) as Hymen's lamps shall, by their light, give you authority.' This is supported by its obvious reference to the beginning of Prospero's charge, of which these words form the conclusion, and by the consideration that Hymen was the god—*not* of married life—but of the marriage celebration alone.

26. **Lamps**] ELZE (*Notes*, &c. 1889, p. 141): Read *lamp*. Shakespeare is well aware that Hymen has but one, or, properly speaking, torch [see line 108]. The *s* in 'lamps' has evidently intruded into the text by anticipation of the initial *s* in 'shall'; it is the reverse of what is called absorption. See *Ham.* I, i, 162: 'planets strike'; *Mid. N. D.* II, ii, 121: 'I orelooke Loues stories.' [Hereupon follow sev-

Fer. As I hope 27
For quiet dayes, faire Iſſue, and long life,
With ſuch loue, as 'tis now the murkieſt den,
The moſt opportune place, the ſtrongſt ſuggeſtion, 30
Our worſer *Genius* can, ſhall neuer melt
Mine honor into luſt, to take away
The edge of that dayes celebration,
When I ſhall thinke, or *Phœbus* Steeds are founderd, 34

29. *loue, ...now*] *love...now,* Rowe. *love...now:* Pope.
'*tis*] *is* Cap.
29. *den*] *e'en* or *ev'n* or *even* Anon. Huds.
34. Phœbus] Phœdus F_2F_3. Phœduus F_4.

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eral other apposite examples, which strengthen this correction by the learned critic, whom Germany for many a long year will be unable to replace.—ED.]

29. **den**] C. T. (*N. & Qu.* 5th S. ii, 64, 1874): Is it not probable that Ferdinand here specifies *time*, *place*, and *inclination*? Consequently, instead of 'den,' we should read *e'en* or *ev'n*. It is easy to see how, without much assistance from bad penmanship, one word may have lapsed into the other. The tautology in the use of both 'den' and 'place' indicates a slovenliness of composition, not to say confusion of thought, which we do not often find in Shakespeare.—HUDSON adopted this suggestion mainly on the ground that 'the natural logic of the passage plainly requires some word denoting time.'—W. J. BERNHARD SMITH (*N. & Qu.* 5th S. ii, 405, 1874) gave an all-sufficing answer, I think, to this emendation by referring to the *Æneid*, iv, 124: 'the Vergilian episode,' he added, 'was a favourite with both poets and painters, and no doubt there was many a "den" or "spelunca" in Prospero's isle.'

30. **opportune**] Of course, with the accent on the second syllable. For a long list of words 'where the accent is nearer the end than with us,' see ABBOTT, § 490.

30. **strongst**] The contraction here and in I, ii, 393, is a slight, but noteworthy, proof, among others, of the care with which this play is printed.—ED.

30. **suggestion**] DYCE: That is, temptation. See II, i, 316.

31. **Genius**] W. A. WRIGHT: 'In mediæval theology, the rational soul is an angel, the lowest in the hierarchy for being clothed for a time in the perishing vesture of the body. But it is not necessarily an angel of light. It may be a good or evil genius, a guardian angel or a fallen spirit, a demon of light or darkness.'—*Edinburgh Review*, July, 1869, p. 98.

31. **can**] Used in its original meaning, as in *Ham.*: 'They can well on horseback.'—CAPELL says that it 'rises from out the speaker's endeavour to express himself strongly; "can" is can suggest, a diminutive hebraism.'—KEIGHTLEY: As it is difficult to make any good sense here of 'can' alone,' we should perhaps read 'can *make*' or 'can *give*,' making 'Genius' a trisyllable, and the line of six feet.

34. **founderd**] 'Of all other sorances, Foundering is soonest got, and hardlyest cured, ... [it] commeth when a horse is heated, being in his grease and very fat, and taketh thereon a suddaine cold which striketh downe into his legs, and taking away the vse and feeling thereof. The signe to know it is, the horse cannot go, but wil stand cripling with al his foure legs together.'—Topsell, *The Hist. of Foure-footed Beasts*, 1608, p. 400.

Or Night kept chain'd below.
Pro. Fairely ſpoke;
Sit then, and talke with her, ſhe is thine owne;
What *Ariell*; my induſtrious ſeruāt *Ariell*. *Enter Ariell.*
Ar. What would my potent maſter? here I am.
Pro. Thou, and thy meaner fellowes, your laſt ſeruice
Did worthily performe: and I muſt vſe you
In ſuch another tricke: goe bring the rabble
(Ore whom I giue thee powre) here, to this place:
Incite them to quicke motion, for I muſt
Beſtow vpon the eyes of this yong couple
Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promiſe,
And they expect it from me.
Ar. Preſently?
Pro. I: with a twincke.
Ar. Before you can ſay come, and goe,
And breathe twice; and cry, ſo, ſo:
Each one tripping on his Toe,
Will be here with mop, and mowe.
Doe you loue me Maſter? no?
Pro. Dearely, my delicate *Ariell*: doe not approach
Till thou do'ſt heare me call.
Ar. Well: I conceiue. *Exit.*
Pro. Looke thou be true: doe not giue dalliance
Too much the raigne: the ſtrongeſt oathes, are ſtraw
To th'fire ith' blood: be more abſtenious,

36. *Fairely*] *Most fairly* Han. *'Tis fairly* Ktly.
38–57. As an aside. Cap.
39. Scene II. Pope+.
43. *giue*] *gave* Elze.
46. *vanity*] *rarity* Walker.
47. *from*] *for* F_4.
54. *Maſter? no?*] *master, now?* N. Crosland (*Athen.* Aug.'70).
no?] *no.* Rowe i, Cap. Steev. Mal. Var. Knt.
57. *Well:*] *Well* Steev. Var. Coll. *Well,* Rowe et cet.
59. *raigne*] *rein* F_4.
60. *abſtenious*] F_1.

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38. **What**] Simply a mode of calling, not necessarily of impatience, like Shylock's 'What, Jessica.'

42. **rabble**] This is not used slightingly of the band of lesser spirits, but simply in the sense which Cotgrave gives to '*Tas*, A heape, a pile, a bundle; a deale, sort, rabble, companie, troupe.'—ED.

46. **vanity**] STEEVENS: That is, an illusion. So, in the romance of *Emare*, 'The emperour sayde on hygh, Sertes, thys ys a fayry, Or ellys a vanytè.'—[Ritson's *Romancets*, ii, 208, ap. Dyce].

Or elſe good night your vow.
Fer. I warrant you, Sir,
The white cold virgin Snow, vpon my heart
Abates the ardour of my Liuer.
Pro. Well.
Now come my *Ariell*, bring a Corolary,
Rather then want a Spirit; appear, & pertly. *Soft muſick.*
No tongue: all eyes: be ſilent. *Enter Iris.*

64. *ardour*] *ardours* F_4, Rowe i.
66, 67. *Corolary...want a Spirit*] *choir of Lares...wanton spirits* Bulloch.
66, 67. *Corolary...pertly*] *whole array ...presently* Wilson.
67. Scene III. A masque. Pope+.
68. [To Ferdinand. Theob.

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63. 64. **heart . . . Liuer**] CAPELL: This seems to be the converse of a physical maxim which the poet might read in Sir Thomas Elyot's *Castle of Health*: 'Here is to be noted that the heat of the heart may vanquish the colde of the liver.'—ed. 1610.

66. **Corolary**] HEATH: That is, bring more spirits than are sufficient rather than want one.—STEEVENS: See Cotgrave: '*Corolaire*: A Corollarie; a surplusage, ouerplus, addition to, vantage aboue measure,' &c.

68. **No tongue**] JOHNSON: Those who are present at incantations are obliged to be strictly silent, 'else,' as we are afterwards told, 'the spell is marr'd.'

68. **Enter,** &c.] CAPELL: This masque was written in compliance with fashion, the time swarming with them (witness the works of Jonson, which in manner are sunk by them) and against the grain seemingly, being weak throughout, faulty in rimes, and faulty in its mythology; matters not within the province of Ceres, such as 'sheep' and 'vines,' are attributed to her both in the speech of Iris and the ill-riming song; and, were moderns follow'd in some of the speech's readings, *flowers* likewise, it's 'pioned' and 'tilled' being in them,—*pionied* and *tulip'd*. The propriety of other matters that follow,—as the 'broom-groves' that yield a 'shadow' for walking in; the 'pole-clipt vineyard' (once imagin'd a hop-ground) and the 'sea-marge, sterile, and rocky-hard' for Ceres to 'air' herself,—is past the editor's fathoming, and must be left by him to heads of more reach.—HARTLEY COLERIDGE (*Margin*. ii, 132): There is not much either of melody or meaning in this masque. Prospero, when his spell enforced attendance of the spirits, should have furnished them with smoother couplets and sager discourse. But perhaps it is as good as the masques in which the queen and her ladies performed, and to have made it better would have been disloyal emulation. There are lines in it, too, which smack of the poet. Iris, in her invocation to Ceres, is delightfully agricultural, the second verse is a harvest in itself. The third might have been written on Latrigg before it was ploughed. In announcing herself as at once the bow and the messenger of Juno, she slips into the common confusion of mythology, which scarce any of the ancients, save Homer, have wholly avoided. Shakespeare manifestly turns the Heathen Deities into the elementary powers, resolving the Greek anthropomorphism into its first principles. Ceres is the earth.—HENSE (*Antikes*, &c. p. 483): The masque of the goddesses in *The Tempest* is pre-eminent for its lyric beauty. Here in this comedy also the poet remained faithful to that lyric feeling which in all his creations breaks forth so richly, so gracefully, so penetratingly, and so strikingly. Herein Shakespeare resembles the antique drama-

Ir. *Ceres*, moſt bounteous Lady, thy rich Leas
Of Wheate, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oates and Peaſe;
Thy Turphie-Mountaines, where liue nibling Sheepe,
And flat Medes thetchd with Stouer, them to keepe:

69. *thy*] *the* Ff, Rowe.
70. *Fetches*] *vetches* Cap.
71. *Turphie*] *tufty* Anon. (ap. Grey).
72. *thetchd with*] Ff, Rowe i. *with thatch'd* Han.
Stouer] *clover* F_2 MS (ap. Hal.).

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tists. . . . . The Greek and Latin dramatists, with a true discernment of style, have avoided prose throughout; Shakespeare has purposely employed prose in those scenes wherein the tone of realism and the requirements of his characters have demanded it; but that prosaic, poverty-stricken starvation whereunder in later times whole dramas have been written in prose throughout, he never felt, and would have scorned to feel it; it has been noticed that even Caliban speaks in verse, and some passages are in verse even in *The Merry Wives*. In that sensitiveness to the needs of style whereby he adapts verse to situation, he is comparable to the ancients. The CAMBRIDGE EDITORS suggest (see note on line 168) that this Masque was not composed by Shakespeare; and FLEAY (*Sh. Manual*, p. 54) cites the suggestion, without dissent. 'But,' says STOKES (p. 163), 'it may be pointed out that lines 105–107, which refer to the main plot, seem to fit in so naturally that this supposition is improbable; especially if we remember what Mr Fleay has himself said (in his Canons for the Use of Metrical Tests, *New Sh. Soc. Trans.* 1874, ii, 314), "In such cases as the Masque in *The Tempest*, &c., a different rhyming treatment was clearly adopted deliberately beforehand, in order to differentiate this part of the work from the rest."'—Subsequently, in his *Life and Work of Sh.*, FLEAY is more explicit in his belief as to the authorship. 'The lines,' he observes (p. 249), 'forming the Masque are palpably an addition, probably made by Beaumont for the Court performance before the Prince, the Princess Elizabeth, and the Palatine in 1612–13; or else before the King on 1st November, 1612 (*The Winter's Tale* being acted on 5th November). This addition consists only of the heroics, ll. 69–117, 144–155; the mythological personages in the original play having acted in dumb show. In the stage-directions (l. 81) of the dumb show "Juno descends"; in the text of the added verse l. 114, she "comes," and Ceres "knows her by her gait."' [See also Fleay's note, l. 155.]

70. **Fetches**] W. A. WRIGHT: As thus spelt it is still the common provincial pronunciation of the word. In the Authorised Version of *Isaiah* xxviii, 25, 27; and in *Ezek.* iv, 9, it is spelt *fitches*. In Chaucer, *Troilus and Cressida*, iii, 887, we have the spelling as in the Folio.

72. **thetched**] W. A. WRIGHT: Compare the spelling of *thresh* and *thrash*.

72. **Stouer**] STEEVENS: This signifies, in Cambridgeshire and other counties, hay made of coarse, rank grass, such as even cows will not eat while it is green. 'Stover' is also used as *thatch* for cart-lodges and other buildings that deserve but rude and cheap coverings. So in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, xxv, 145: 'To draw out Sedge and Reed, for Thatch and Stover fit.'—NARES: Fodder and provision of all sorts for cattle; from *estovers*, law-term, which is so explained in the Law Dictionaries. Both are derived from *estouvier*, in the Old French, defined by Roquefort: 'Convenance, nécessité, provision de tout ce qui est nécessaire.—*Dictionn. de la Langue Rom.*—W. A. WRIGHT: This is the term now applied to the coarser hay made of clover and artificial grasses, which is kept for the winter feed of cattle. But in Shakespeare's

Thy bankes with pioned, and twilled brims 73

73. *bankes*] *becks* S. Verges. *pioned*] *pionied* Theob. ii, Warb. Johns. *peonied* Steev.'93, Hal. *pansies pied* Bailey. *peonèd* Dyce ii, iii, Huds.

73. *twilled*] *tulip'd* Rowe+, Var.'73. *tilled* Holt, Cap. Coll. ii (MS), Sing. ii. *lilied* Heath, Steev.'93, Rann, Wh. Dyce ii, iii, Coll. iii, Rlfe. *willow'd* Jervis, Ktly. *twisted* F_2 MS (ap. Hal.).

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time the artificial grasses were not known in England, and were not introduced till about the middle of the seventeenth century. In Cambridgeshire I am informed that hay made in this manner is not called 'stover' till the seeds have been threshed out. In the sixteenth century the word was apparently used to denote any kind of winter fodder except grass hay. For instance, in Tusser's *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*, we find, 'Thresh barlie as yet, but as need shall require, fresh threshed for stouer, thy cattle desire.'—[p. 44, ed. 1614]. And again, 'Serue Rye-straw out first, then wheat-straw and pease, then Oat-straw and Barly, then hay if ye please: But serue them with Hay, while the straw stouer last, then loue they no straw, they had rather to fast.'—[p. 49, ed. 1614]. 'Stover' is enumerated by Ray among the South- and East-Country words as used in Essex, and is to be found in Moor's *Suffolk Words* and Forby's *Vocabulary of East Anglia*.

73. **bankes . . . pioned . . . twilled**] The Textual Notes will show how this agricultural phrase, from our lack of agricultural knowledge, has turned its halcyon beak to every gale and vary of the critics. 'Twilled' became *tulip'd* at the very start, held its own for a while, and then disappeared until it emerged for one gaudy night in the Variorum of 1773. 'Pioned' had a little longer life, but, I suspect, only because ROWE, POPE, and HANMER, supposing that it meant *peonied*, thought it also spelt *peonied*. HOLT was the earliest to attempt any rational emendation of 'twilled' or any definition of 'pioned.' His note, in substance, reads: 'Here is evidently only an error of the press, which is easily rectified by throwing out the *w*, and reading *tilled*; the poet meant only to show the fertility of the banks of rivers, and the cause of that fertility, there being "pioned," i. e. *trench'd* or *dug*, and "tilled" or manured; in opposition to the barrenness of the sea-shore, which he a little after calls "sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard."' This emendation has not lacked applause. It either anticipates, or is anticipated by, Collier's MS.—Next follows HEATH: '"Twilled," though evidently corrupt, suggests the true word, to wit, *lillied*. That lillies grow on the banks of rivers we have Milton's authority in his *Arcades*, v, 97.' This emendation has met with more approval than any other; and, indeed, so heartily did it accord with STEEVENS'S sense of the 'fitness of things,' that, as elsewhere observed (I, i, 13), he forgot to mention the name of its author; he found a corroboration of *lilied* in the fact that the water-lily is mentioned as a preserver of chastity by Pliny, xxvi, 10 [ii, p. 256, Holland's trans.], and by Fenton, in his *Secrete Wonders of Nature*, 1569; in confirmation of his reading *peonied* (which he ascribes to Hanmer, and has thereby misled later editors) he cites Lyte's *Herbal* (on the information of Tollett) to the effect that one kind of *peonie* 'some call Mayden or Virgin Peonie' [p. 338, ed. 1578]. 'In Ovid's *Banquet of Sense*, by Chapman, 1625, I meet,' continues Steevens, 'with a stanza in which *twill-pants* are enumerated among flowers: "Immortal amaranth, white aphrodill, And cup-like twill-pants strew'd in Bacchus' bowers." If *twill* be the ancient name of any flower, the old reading "pioned" and "twilled" may stand.' ['Twill-pant,' says W. A. WRIGHT, 'is merely a corruption of "tulipant," a tulip.'] Dr JOHNSON, by the way, had given up the line in despair and

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confessed that he did not understand it, and CAPELL, also, made the same confession in his note (see line 68) on the whole masque.—At this stage of the discussion, as the first vindicator of the Folio, HENLEY appears, (whom Dyce pronounces 'the most provoking of all the annotators on Shakespeare.') His note is substantially as follows: 'Can the word *pionied* anywhere be found? On the banks of what rivers do *peonies* grow? Or can *they* and the *lilies* be the produce of "*spongy* APRIL"? Or whence can it be gathered that Iris here is at all speaking of the banks of a *river?* and, as the bank in question is the property, not of a water-nymph, but of Ceres, is it not to be considered as an object of her own care? Hither the goddess of husbandry is represented as resorting, because at the approach of spring it becomes necessary to repair the banks (or mounds) of the *flat meads*, whose grass, not only shooting over, but being more succulent than that of the *turfy mountains*, would, for want of precaution, be devoured, and so the intended *stover* (hay or *winter keep*), with which these meads are proleptically described as *thatched*, be lost.—The giving way and caving in of the *brims* of those banks, occasioned by the heats, rains, and frosts of the preceding year, are made good by opening the trenches from whence the banks themselves were at first raised, and facing them up afresh with the mire those trenches contain. This being done, the *brims of the banks* are, in the poet's language, "pioned and twilled." Warton, in a note on *Comus*, cited a passage in which *pioners* are explained to be *diggers* (rather *trenchers*), and Steevens mentions Spenser and the author of *Muleasses* as both using *pioning* for *digging*. "Twilled" is obviously formed from the French *touiller*, which Cotgrave interprets "filthily to mix or mingle; confound or shuffle together; bedurt; begrime; besmear,"—significations that confirm the explanation here given.—This "bank with pioned and twilled brims" is described as "trimmed, at the behest of Ceres, by spongy *April, with flowers*, to make cold nymphs chaste crowns." These flowers were neither *peonies* nor *lilies*, for they never blow at this season, but "lady-smocks all silver-white," which, during this humid month, start up in abundance on such banks.' [This interpretation is adopted substantially by JEPHSON, and by D. MORRIS, and by Rev. JOHN HUNTER, also, in so far as he says that the phrase refers 'not to flowers, but to the form of the banks.' This note, the best that Henley ever wrote, stirred Steevens, not to a defense of his own interpretation, but to abuse of the plaintiff, and his scorn (in which, in his blind wrath, he involves poor Shakespeare himself) is so cutting and so neat that it must not be forgotten. It is as follows: 'Mr Henley's note contends for small proprieties, and abounds with minute observation. But that Shakespeare was no diligent botanist may be ascertained from his erroneous descriptions of a *cowslip* (in *The Tempest* and *Cymbeline*), for who ever heard it characterised as a *bell-shaped* flower, or could allow the *drops at the bottom* of it to be of a *crimson* hue? With equal carelessness, or want of information, in *The Winter's Tale* he enumerates "lilies of *all kinds*" among the children of the spring, and as contemporaries of the daffodil, the primrose, and the violet; and in his celebrated song (one stanza of which is introduced at the beginning of Act IV of *Meas. for Meas.*) he talks of *pinks* "that *April* wears." It might be added (if we must *speak by the card*) that wherever there is a bank there is a ditch; where there is a ditch there may be water; and where there is water the aquatic lilies may flourish, whether the bank in question belongs to a river or a field. —These are petty remarks, but they are occasioned by petty cavils.—It was enough for our author that *peonies* and *lilies* were well-known flowers, and he placed them on any bank, and produced them in any of the genial months that particularly suited his

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purpose. He who has confounded the customs of different ages and nations, might easily confound the produce of the seasons.—That his documents, *de Re Rusticâ*, were more exact is equally improbable. He regarded objects of Agriculture, &c. in the gross, and little thought, when he meant to bestow some ornamental epithet on the banks appropriated to a goddess, that a future critic would wish him to say their *brims* were *filthily mixed or mingled, confounded, or shuffled together, bedirted, begrimed*, and *besmeared*. Mr Henley, however, has not yet proved the existence of the derivative, which he labours to introduce as an English word; nor will the lovers of elegant description wish him much success in the attempt. Unconvinced, therefore, by his strictures, I shall not exclude a border of flowers to make room for the graces of the spade, or what Mr Pope, in his *Duncied*, has styled "the majesty of mud." ']—As far as the critics of the Variorum Editions are concerned, BOSWELL closed the discussion. He states that 'an anonymous correspondent suggested to Mr Malone that "twilled brims" meant banks fringed with thickly-matted grass, resembling the stuff called *twilled cloth*. Mr Boaden has observed to me that Mr Steevens might [have cited in opposition to Henley] Bacon's *Essay on Gardens*, where, in an enumeration of the flowers which are in season at different periods of the year, we find: "In April follow the double white violet; the wall-flower; the stock-gilly-flower; the cowslip; flower-de-luces; and *lilies of all natures;* rosemary flowers; the tulipa; the double *peony*," &c.'—CROFT (*Annotations*, &c. p. 1): That is, levelled en parterre; to *twill* is a term in weaving to raise the warp above the woof, to produce a figure, as in diaper-work: 'April comes with his hack and bill, To raise a flower on every hill.'—KNIGHT upholds Henley in asking whether the banks of a river were meant at all, and pronounces Steevens's assertion that Shakespeare was no 'naturalist' [*sic*] to be 'utterly without foundation,' and then continues: 'It is manifest that the banks of a river are not meant. The address is to Ceres. Her rich leas, her turfy mountains, her flat meads precede the mention of her banks. The "banks" are the artificial mounds by which the flat meads and the rich leas are divided; or they are the natural ridges in grove and grassplot, which Shakespeare has himself described as the home of the wild thyme and the violet. Spongy April betrims these banks, at the command of Ceres, not with peonies and lilies,—not with the flowers of the garden and the flowers of the valley,—but with her own pretty hedge-flowers. . . . . Any one who has seen the operation of banking and ditching in the early spring, so essential to the proper drainage of land, must recognise the propriety of Shakespeare's epithets. He was a practical farmer; he saw the poetry even of the humblest works of husbandry.'—COLLIER (ed. i) follows the Folio, and 'cannot discover any unintelligibility in it, taking "pioned" as *dug*, and "twilled" as *ridged*, or made up in *ridges*, a sense it yet bears with some kinds of linen.' In his ed. ii Collier followed his MS; in his ed. iii, he followed Heath.—HALLIWELL adopts '*peonied*, covered with the peony, a verb formed similarly to Warton's [*sic*] *lillied;* and "twilled," interwoven with flowers; at the same time admitting that after a careful perusal of all that I have met with on this difficult passage, I am neither satisfied with any of the explanations of the critics nor perfectly with my own.'—STAUNTON prefers the reading and interpretation of Steevens to that of any other, but does not think it desirable to alter the old text.—C. W. BINGHAM (*N. & Qu.* 3d S. iii, p. 438, 1863): Mr Bentham, one of the highest botanical authorities of our day, says of the *piony:* 'Not indigenous to Britain, but appears to have been naturalised in the rocky clefts of the "Steep Holme" island in the Severn.' If it grew wild any-

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where else in Britain, which it does not, it would not be on the brim of river banks, but in hilly districts, as it does throughout Southern Europe and Central Asia.—GRANT WHITE: In the text of the Folio 'pioned' may mean *dug*, and 'twilled," *ridged;* and were this line only involved, these words, being so explained, should stand. But dug and ridged banks cannot 'make cold nymphs chaste crowns'; for these we must go to pionied and lillied banks. [DYCE, in both of his last two editions, quotes this remark with approval.]—KEIGHTLEY (*Exp.* 216): 'Banks' may be either the margins of streams or hillocks, or slight elevations of land; but 'brims,' which can only be the edges or margins of hollows, shows that it is the former that is meant. 'Pioned' seems to be a word of Shakespeare's own creation; for, finding the word *pioneer* in common use and *pyonings*,—a word of Spenser's coinage,—in the *Faerie Queene* (ii, 10, 63), signifying defences, the work of pioneers, he thought himself at liberty to form a verb *pion*. . . . . My own opinion is, that the sense which Shakespeare gave to his 'pioned' was fenced, and that 'twilled' was a printer's error. [In the change to *willow'd* Keightley was, unconsciously, doubtless, anticipated by Jervis.]—T. S. BAYNES (*Edin. Rev.* Oct. 1872): 'The chief difficulty lies in the word "pioned," and we had long felt that the solution must be looked for in the local use of the term. We could not but believe that there must be some flower, most probably a water-flower or one living in marshy ground, that was provincially known as a peony. In confirmation of this view, we were informed some time since by a clergyman who was for many years incumbent of a parish in the northern part of the county, that peony is the name given in Warwickshire to the marsh marygold. Knowing that he had long resided in the neighbourhood of Stratford, taking an active interest in country life, we asked him if there was any wild flower that the country people called a peony, and he promptly answered that there was, and it soon appeared from the description that it must be the marsh marygold. Here was at last a ray of light. And on a little reflection it was not difficult to see why the name of the peony should have been transferred to the marsh marygold. The flowers, though differing in colour, have a remarkable similarity in general growth and shape, especially in the early stage, when the fully-formed bud is ripe for blowing. The buds of both present the unusual appearance of perfectly rounded globes or spheres at the extremity of a thick leafless stalk, the sepals being firmly locked or folded together over the substance of the flower into a bud as round as a marble. . . . . This globular bud is so distinctive in the marsh marygold that it has been seized on as a ground of naming the flower. . . . . In many parts of England they are called *blobs*, or, from the size of the flower, horse-blobs, *blob* being an archaic word for rounded knob; only another form, in fact, of *bleb*, an older term for foam-bell or water-bubble. Thus, water-blobs is a local name for water-lilies, on account of the rounded, cup-like shape of the bud. In the same way, the marsh marygold is locally the horse-blob. . . . . We may be sure that the marsh marygold had often caught Shakespeare's eye, and it is exactly the flower which [the present line from *The Tempest*], viewed in relation to the whole context, requires in order to make the meaning complete. It haunts the watery margins as the constant associate of reeds and rushes, blooms in "spongy April," and in common with other water-flowers is twined with sedge "to make cold nymphs chaste crowns." With regard to the form of the word, as in the First Folio, Shakespeare writes it as it was universally pronounced among those who used it. In the midland and western counties the peony is a great favourite in rustic gardens, and is looked upon as an important element of floral decoration in all rural festivities,

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especially at Whitsuntide, school-feasts, and club-walkings. And we can certify from personal experience that in these districts the word is pronounced as Shakespeare spells it, pi-o-ny, with a strong emphasis on the first syllable and the full English sound of the vowel, as though it were spelt pye-o-ny.—The other obscure and disputed word 'twilled' may be disposed of more rapidly. *Twills* is given by Halliwell as an older provincial word for reeds, and it was applied like quills to the serried rustling sedges of river reaches and marshy levels. The word is, indeed, still retained in its secondary application, being commercially used to denote the fluted or rib-like effect produced on various fabrics by a kind of ridged or corded weaving. Twilled cloth might equally be described as reeded cloth,—cloth channelled or furrowed in a reed-like manner. "Twilled" is, therefore, the very word to describe the crowded sedges in the shallower reaches of the Avon as it winds round Stratford. It was, indeed, while watching the masses of waving sedge cutting the water-line of the Avon, not far from Stratford Church, that we first felt the peculiar force and significance of the epithet. And although the season was too far advanced for the reeds to be brightened by the flowers of the marsh marygold, the plant was abundant enough to glorify the banks in the early spring. The whole line, therefore, gives a vivid and truthful picture of what is most characteristic of watery margins at that period of the year.' [HUDSON, PHILLPOTTS, and DEIGHTON accept this interpretation of Baynes.] W. A. WRIGHT, in answer to Baynes's assertion, on the authority of Halliwell, that 'twills' means *reeds*, and hence sedges, replies: 'But Halliwell, following Ray, gives 'Twills' as equivalent to 'quills, reeds,' for winding yarn. By the common interchange of *t* and *k* sounds, as in twitch and *quitch*, twilt and *quilt*, 'twill' is another form of *quill*, but there is no authority for going further and saying that it means *reed*, the name of a plant. Indeed, it is questionable whether these two participles are derived from the names of flowers or plants at all, for after they are employed to describe the brims of Ceres' banks, these brims are said to be betrimmed by 'spongy April'; so that 'pioned and twilled' would appear to be descriptive of the banks before they are ornamented with flowers. [Hereupon Wright refers to the explanations of Henley and others given above, and concludes]: It seems quite possible that 'pioned and twilled' may be terms which describe some operations in agriculture, and therefore in the absence of any absolutely certain conjectural emendation they are retained in the [i. e. Wright's] text.—In *N. & Qu.* (5th S. viii, 385, 1877) E. E. F. criticises Prof. Baynes's statement that the peony is the marsh marygold. 'I do not,' he says, 'for one moment doubt the writer's good faith; but in a matter of so much importance we want to be absolutely and perfectly sure. Many years ago I knew South Warwickshire well, and took a great interest in botany and in provincialisms, but I do not remember that the marsh marygold was called by any other name than *horse-blob* and *water-blob*. On the other hand, the common garden peony was called "piānut."'—To the same effect J. T. BURGESS writes to the same periodical (5th S. ix, p. 405, 1878) that he has 'never heard the term *peony* applied to the marsh marygold (*Caltha palustris*), or found anyone who had. The marsh marygold is the "winking marybuds" of Shakespeare, and is known as May-blobs, water-blobs, and Moll-blobs. "Pioned" is the pied, parti-coloured, or variegated edges of the twilled or ribbed banks.'—For this latter interpretation he was arraigned by Dr NICHOLSON (5th S. x, p. 3, 1878), whose own interpretation (mainly Henley's) is as follows: 'The "pioned and twilled brims" mean the dug and grimy edges (or upper edges) of the banks of Ceres. If the reader objects to this meaning of "pioned," he can

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substitute the French meaning of "small twigged" or bushy hedged. . . . . Spongy April betrims these brims so that maidens, either in the rural pastimes of May or on May-day, may be adorned with garlands of the white hawthorn flower. . . . . Because April betrims the hedges for this purpose, it does not follow that they are necessarily fit for use in that month or before it ends.'—On the same page with this note of Nicholson, E. McC., writing from Guernsey, calls attention to the practice of keeping up the banks of small streams which wind through 'flat meads by a sort of wattling made of stakes driven into the earth and intertwined with small branches. "Twilled" will certainly bear the sense of *woven;* and may not "pioned" be a local word, now disused, allied to, or derived from, the French *pieu*, a stake?'—In the same volume of *N. & Qu.* p. 424, V. S. LEAN follows Henley and Knight in defining 'bank,' and interprets the passage as referring to 'the hollow gullies formed by the watershed scoring the breast of the hill; which action the prudent owner has supplemented by the labour of the pioner or drainer with his pipes and tiles. . . . . I derive "pioned," then, from this preliminary work of trenching the ground, and "twilled" from Fr. *tuyau* ("a pipe, ... canell," Cotgr.), through its Eng. form *tewell*, a funnel (Chaucer, *H. of Fame*, iii, 559), the laying of which completes the system of drainage.'—BRAE (*Robinson's Epit. of Lit.* p. 173, Nov. 1878): We ought to see the chaste crown of cold nymphs in the graceful and *sober* foliage that fringes aquatic brims; in the rushes, the sedges, the salices, and, above all, in the beautiful and delicate ferns, rather than in the tulips, the lilies, or in the vulgar garishness of the peony and other suggested flaunts, more appropriate to the coronals of Bacchantes than to the modest wreaths of chaste nymphs. Ever since the Greeks bestowed upon brakes and ferns the distinguishing epithet of *Pteris*, winged, those plants have been described in technical botany as *alated*, *pennated*, &c. Now pennated is pinioned, and pinioned differs very slightly and very probably from 'pioned,'—indeed, the two missing letters, which constitute the only difference, might be omitted in hasty writing by any one. My interpretation, then, is that 'pioned' is a misprint for *pinioned*, the misprint consisting in not repeating two letters already existing in the same word and therefore the easier left out. The accompanying characteristic, so far from presenting any difficulty to this interpretation, strongly supports it. 'Twilled' is, in fact, *quilled;* and *quill* is not only synonymous with *pinion* in its meaning of wing-feather, but it has an extended application to the whole family of quill-stemmed aquatic plants,—sedges, reeds, rushes, &c., the first of which is especially named as furnishing crowns for the naiads. *Twill* is a very common pronunciation of *quill* in many parts of England; and, indeed, in some of the northern counties if a person should send one of the lower class for 'quills' for writing, unless he caled them *twills* he would be scarcely understood. Moreover, there is one sense in which 'twill' survives, even in correct phraseology: a reed or quill for weaving is technically called 'twill,' as may be found in English dictionaries. Thus *pinioned* and 'twilled' mutually confirm and support each other, combining in appropriateness to the foliage upon the edges of streams.—RAY (*North Country Words*, s. v.): 'A *twill*, a spoole, from quill. In the south they call it *winding of quills*, because anciently, I suppose, they wound the yarn upon quills for the weavers, tho' now they use reeds. Or else reeds were called quills, as in Latin, *calami*.' SKEAT (s. v. *twill*) says: 'Ray tells us that North E. *twill* means a spool, and he *asserts* that it is a corruption of *quill*. I doubt it; for Swed. dial. *tvill* is to turn round like a spindle, to become entangled, as thread (Rietz); Norweg. *tvilla* is to stir milk round and round, also to twist into knots, as a thread; *tvila*, sb.

Which ſpungie *Aprill*, at thy heſt betrims;
To make cold Nymphes chaſt crownes; & thy broome-
Whoſe ſhadow the diſmiſſed Batchelor loues, (groues;

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is a twist or knot in a thread. *Twist, twill, twine* appear to be closely related words.' '"Twilled," in *The Tempest*, is yet unexplained.' [I doubt if there be any corruption in this line which calls for change. We have simply lost the meanings of words which were perfectly intelligible to Shakespeare's audience. As agricultural or horticultural terms 'pioned' and 'twilled' will be some day, probably, sufficiently explained to enable us to weave from them the chaste crowns for cold nymphs. In the mean time I see no reason why we should not accept Henley's interpretation as the best means of enabling spungy April, in Emerson's fine phrase, to 'turn the sod to violet.'—ED.]

75. **cold Nymphes chast**] KEIGHTLEY: I have here transposed the adjectives. We are to take 'cold,' as so frequently, in the sense of *cool*, which agrees well with flowers growing on the edge of a stream, while it seems absurd to call them 'chaste.' 'Nymphs' is evidently *maidens;* for if the Naiades were meant there would be an article.

75, 76. **broome-groues**] HEATH (p. 29): For what reason [Hanmer altered this to '*brown* groves'] I cannot conceive. Ceres was certainly not the goddess of the woods; and those very 'broom groves' seem to be expressly hinted at, in the very words of Ceres which follow a little below: 'my bosky acres,' which very properly express a *broom-brake*, as it is called.—STEEVENS: 'Broom,' in this place, signifies the *Spartium scoparium*, of which brooms are frequently made. Near Gamlingay, in Cambridgeshire, it grows high enough to conceal the tallest cattle as they pass through it; and in places it is cultivated still higher; a circumstance that had escaped my notice till I was told of it by Professor Martyn.—MASON (p. 9): In the old Scotch song of 'My dady is a canker'd carle,' a lover is placed in a broom-grove: 'But let them say, or let them do, 'Tis a' ane to me; For he's low down, he's in the broom, Is waiting for me.'—NARES (s. v.): As the broom or *genista* is a low shrub, it has been doubted what 'broom-groves' can be. Perhaps *birchen groves* may be intended.—COLLIER (ed. ii): 'Broom' does not grow up into 'groves' and the 'dismused bachelor' sought the deep shadow of the '*brown* groves' [according to the MS].—HALLIWELL: In Lyte's *Herball*, 1578, p. 663, two kinds of broom are mentioned: 'the one high and tawle, the other lowe and small,' the former 'groweth commonly to the length of a long or tawle man.' . . . . There is a notice in the ancient romance of *Guy of Warwick*, preserved in the Auchinleck MS at Edinburgh, of three hundred Saracens being concealed 'in a brom field.' See the Abbotsford Club ed. 292. 'I could finde with all my heart to sip up a sillybub with him in my father's broome pasture.'—*Two Lancashire Lovers*, 1640, p. 222.—STAUNTON: A more unhappy alteration [than Hanmer's and Collier's MS] can hardly be conceived, since it at once destroys the point of the allusion; *yellow*, the colour of the broom, being supposed especially congenial to the 'lass-lorn and dismissed bachelor.' See Burton, *Anat. of Melancholy*, Part iii, Sec. 2: 'So long as we are wooers, and may kiss and coll at our pleasure, nothing is so sweet; we are in heaven, as we think; but when we are once tied, and have lost our liberty, marriage is an hell; give me my *yellow hose* again.'—KEIGHTLEY: I have adopted Hanmer's *brown*, though contrary to my rule, as I have met no earlier authority for this use of *brown* than Milton. The poet's

[75, 76. broome-groues]

word may have been *broad* or *trim*. The broom never attains a height to justify the terming it a 'grove.' I doubt if 'grove' is ever used of any but forest trees.—LETTSOM (ap. Dyce, *Gloss.*): Is the word 'grove' ever applied to shrubs by the Elizabethan writers? Hanmer's '*brown* groves' has been before the public for more than a century, and has been vigorously assailed by men of eminent learning and ability, but no instance of this [i. e. of 'grove' applied to shrubs] has been produced, and therefore I conclude that none exists. The notion of disconsolate lovers betaking themselves to groves is common enough in poetry; Shakespeare himself has placed Romeo in a sycamore grove when Rosaline was cruel, and we may judge from this the sort of grove he would select for young gentlemen in the like case. Till it can be shown that a growth of broom may be called a grove, it seems idle to dispute about the height of the shrub. In Babington's *Botany* it is said to be 2½ or 3 feet high, and this is certainly the usual height to which it grows on Hampstead Heath, though occasionally a plant may be found taller; I am told that in Italy it grows to the height of 6 or 7 feet, but that surely is no great matter.—The defences set up for the old reading [*broom*-groves] appear to me singularly weak. 'Ceres,' says Heath, 'was certainly not the goddess of the woods.' Very true; and just as certainly she was not the goddess of 'broom-brakes,' or of 'vineyards,' or of 'bosky acres,' or 'turfy mountains,' or 'unshrubb'd downs,' or of 'flowers,' or the 'sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard'; all of which Heath has overlooked. It seems that in the present masque Ceres appears as the Goddess of the Earth, Δημήτηρ. That this was the original character of the Greek goddess is probable from the etymology of her name; but how Shakespeare came so to describe her is a question for those who have studied the subject of his learning. He may have picked up a good deal of out-of-the-way classical learning from Jonson. [Dyce questions this.—ED.] I think, however, we are warranted rather in asking why *woods* are left out in this passage than why they are brought in.—Mason's quotation from the old Scotch song proves nothing as to *broom-groves*, for the song merely mentions 'broom.' Mason accordingly is not warranted in saying that the 'songstress places her lover in a broom-*grove*.' As to Halliwell's 300 Saracens hid in a broom field, the last word (*field*) is surely incompatible with groves. Besides, the same thing might happen, and, indeed, has happened, in a field of wheat. In *The Morning Herald* of 4 July, 1861, there is an American account of 3000 rebels 'concealed in a thick undergrowth and wheat fields.' This, however, would not warrant such a phrase as *wheat-groves*.—I must confess that Staunton's note, with the quotation from Burton's *Anatomy*, appears to me far more unhappy than Hanmer's alteration. Shakespeare says nothing of the *blossom* of the broom; he only speaks of its *shadow*. Shakespeare could not have been guilty of so far-fetched an allusion, and such a perversion of language. I know of no passage in which the colour *yellow* is represented as 'especially congenial to lass-lorn bachelors.' Still, I am aware of several passages where yellow is mentioned as the colour of *jealousy*, but for the most part with reference to *married* people, not bachelors; I dare-say, however, there are similar allusions to the *jealousy* of the unmarried also. Jokes about *yellow hose*, &c. are common enough. But in this passage from Burton the phrase refers neither to jealousy nor to unsuccessful love. Surely the context shows that *here* 'give me my yellow hose again' means 'give me my bachelor's days again (when I wore *yellow hose*,—which were once in high fashion, and are still worn by the boys of Christ's Hospital,—and) when I was kissing and colling my intended, and not satiated with a wife.'

Being laſſe-lorne: thy pole-clipt vineyard, 77
And thy Sea-marge ſtirrile, and rockey-hard,

77. *pole-clipt*] *pale-clipt* Warb. Han.

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77. **pole-clipt**] HOLT, after criticising Warburton's *pale-clipt*, concludes: 'The old reading is rightest; the poles, and not the vines, being clipt or twin'd round, and here used to show that the author meant a vineyard properly so called, and not *espalier* or Wall-Vines.'—HEATH suggests, in opposition to the same emendation, that Warburton might have recollected that 'clipt' signifies also *pruned*, and consequently that the compound word might here signify that the vines by proper pruning were trained up to the poles which supported them. [We all know, now, that Holt is right and Heath is wrong; as STEEVENS rightly says: 'To *clip* is to *twine round* or *embrace*. The poles are *clipped* or embraced by the vines'; but DELIUS, as I have found once before, pinned his faith to Heath, whose interpretation he adopts, and perhaps thereby misleads the excellent SCHMIDT into the definition, in his *Lex.*, of 'pole-clipt' as 'hedged in with poles.'] Steevens adds that 'vineyard' is 'here used as a trisyllable.'—ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.* p. 56): The line appears to want a syllable. Steevens is for supplying it by pronouncing 'vineyard' in three syllables—*vín-e-yárd*. But this is arbitrary and violent. If an *e* must be got by archaically accenting some *e*-mute, it should be looked for at the end of a *word* rather than at the end of a *syllable* merely—*i. e.* 'po-lè clipt' should be resorted to in preference to 'vin-e-yard.' But even in this case there is still a choice between the more and less archaic. It is true, that poets of the later Old English period did *occasionally* accent the final *e* (Marsh's *Eng. Lit.* p. 465;) but the *e*-sound prefixed (in the form of *y*) to the Past Participle was practically much less archaic in many words, because kept in circulation by Spenser. Even in the ordinary unrhymed dialogue Shakespeare has adopted this form—as *e. g.* in *2 Hen. VI:* I, i, 4: 'Her words *yclad* with wisdom's majesty'; and Steevens himself proposes to read (*post* IV, i, 206) 'filth-*ymantled*' for the 'filthy-mantled' of F_1. To 'yclipt' there could be still less objection, on the score of archaic incongruity, than to any other similar form, inasmuch as—by virtue of being at the same time the Participle of *two* Verbs, 'clip' to embrace and the every-day 'clip' to call—it was as current and modern as 'loved.' If it should be objected, that a compositor was not likely to set up 'clipt' for 'yclipt,' it might be answered, that the compositor's 'copy' was probably the work of a scribe, writing from dictation, who was as likely to adopt one spelling as another of what, either way, had the same sound and the same signification. And, finally, when the two readings are left, in the last resort, to the judgement of the ear, I cannot conceive how there can be the balancing of a moment between them. Read, therefore: Beíng laſs-lórn; thy póle-*yclípt* vineyárd. (For Professor Corson has noted (Chaucer's *Legende*, p. xvi), that in Old English poetry the accent usually falls on the last syllable of the Present Participle in *ing*.)—ABBOTT, § 487, thus scans these lines: 'Whose shad | ow the | dismiss | ed bache | lor loves, Being | lass-lorn | thy pole | clipt vin | *e*-yard, And thy | sea-marge, | sterile | and rock | *y*-hard.'

78. **rockey-hard**] BRAE (*Roy. Soc. of Lit. Trans.* x, Part iii, p. 499, 1873): The unwitting intrusion, by Heminge and Condell, of a hyphen between these two words has caused them ever since to be regarded as a compound adjective attaching to 'sea-marge,' although 'sea-marge' has already its own adjective in 'sterile.' If anything were necessary to show that this intrusion of a hyphen has, in itself, no authority

Where thou thy ſelfe do'ſt ayre, the Queene o'th Skie,
Whoſe watry Arch, and meſſenger, am I.
Bids thee leaue theſe, & with her ſoueraigne grace, *Iuno*
Here on this graſſe-plot, in this very place *deſcends.*
To come, and ſport: here Peacocks flye amaine:
Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertaine. *Enter Ceres.*
Cer. Haile, many-coloured Meſſenger, that nere
Do'ſt diſobey the wife of *Iupiter:*
Who, with thy ſaffron wings, vpon my flowres
Diffuſeſt hony drops, refreſhing ſhowres,
And with each end of thy blew bowe do'ſt crowne
My boskie acres, and my vnſhrubd downe,

81, 82. Iuno deſcends.] Transposed to line 114, Theob. Juno commences her descent. Hal.
83. *here*] *her* Rowe et seq.

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worthy of the slightest consideration, it is presented in the same speech by the similar intrusion of a hyphen in 'turphie-mountains,' where it ought not to be, and by its omission a little further on in the compound phrase 'hony drops,' where it ought to be, and with which it is printed in all modern editions.—If, like mountain, 'hard' had a signification as a noun only, and not also another and *more familiar* signification as an adjective, then it would long since have been received as a noun, with 'rocky' as its qualifying adjective; and the hyphen would have been no more tolerated in 'rocky-hard' than in 'turfy-mountains.'—The noun *hard* is well known in nautical phraseology as a jetty or landing-place for boats, and also as an embankment for the repair of ships, called a 'careening hard.'—But in this address to Ceres it surely means one of those elevated areas or platforms, exposed to the wind, which were anciently used for the winnowing of corn by flinging it up into the air from sieves, so that the chaff might be blown away and the grain fall back upon the *rocky hard.* As such it is peculiarly applicable to Ceres, and explanatory of the phrase 'where thou thyself dost air.'

81, 82. **Juno descends**] COLLIER (ed. i): She was probably let down slowly by some machine, and did not reach the stage until Iris and Ceres were concluding their speeches. [In Collier's second edition it is stated that *slowly* is added by the MS to this stage-direction.]—DYCE (ed. ii) quotes the foregoing note of Collier, and adds: 'I much doubt if Juno was visible to the audience so soon; in old plays (printed from the prompter's copies) stage-directions are very often placed prematurely, as warnings to the performers to be ready.'

85, 87. **that . . . Who**] See II, ii, 12.

87. **saffron wings**] DOUCE: See Phaer's Virgil, *Æn.*, end of Bk IV [Sig. G 4, ed. 1620]: 'Dame Rainbow down therefore with saffrō wings of dropping sheurs, Whose face a thousand sundry hewes against the sunne deuours, From heauen descending came—.'

90. **boskie**] STEEVENS: That is, woody. 'Bosky acres' are fields divided from each other by hedge-rows. *Boscus* is Middle Lat. for *wood.* So Milton [*Comus*, 313]: 'And every bosky bourn from side to side.' Again in *King Edward I.*: 'Hale

Rich ſcarph to my proud earth: why hath thy Queene
Summond me hither, to this ſhort gras'd Greene?
Ir. A contract of true Loue, to celebrate,
And ſome donation freely to eſtate
On the bles'd Louers.
Cer. Tell me heauenly Bowe,
If *Venus* or her Sonne, as thou do'ſt know,
Doe now attend the Queene? ſince they did plot
The meanes, that duskie *Dis*, my daughter got,
Her, and her blind-Boyes ſcandald company,
I haue forſworne.
Ir. Of her ſocietie
Be not afraid: I met her deitie
Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*: and her Son
Doue-drawn with her: here thought they to haue done
Some wanton charme, vpon this Man and Maide,
Whoſe vowes are, that no bed-right ſhall be paid
Till *Hymens* Torch be lighted: but in vaine,
Marſes hot Minion is returnd againe,
Her waſpiſh headed ſonne, has broke his arrowes,

92. *ſhort gras'd*] *ſhort graſs'd* F_3F_4. *short-grass* Rowe ii, Pope, Theob. Han. Warb. *short-graz'd* Coll.
107. *bed-right*] *bed-rite* Steev. Hal. Sing. Dyce, Glo. Sta. Jeph. Ktly.
109. Marſes] Mar's F_3 et seq.

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him from hence, and in this bosky wood Bury his corpse.' [This latter quotation ought to have shown Steevens that his definition of *woody* is wrong; neither Peele nor any one else could be guilty of the tautology, 'woody wood'; in a note on it in *King Edward I*, DYCE (Peele's *Works*, i, 175) quotes this present passage in *The Tempest*, as authorising us to understand 'bosky' as in the sense of *shrubby;* and this evidently correct definition is given by MURRAY (*New Eng. Dict.* s. v.), who says it means: 'Consisting of or covered with bushes or underwood; full of thickets, bushy.' Strangely enough, Dyce seems to have forgotten his own definition when he came to compile his *Glossary;* there he gives not only Steevens's *woody* as the only definition of 'bosky' in this passage, but also Steevens's random remark about hedge-rows, as given above.—ED.]

94. **estate**] That is, *bestow*, *settle*. For other instances, see SCHMIDT.

99. **that**] For other instances where 'that' means *so that*, see ABBOTT, § 283, or, perhaps, § 284, where examples are given of 'that' implying *when*.

107. **bed-right**] W. A. WRIGHT: The Folios do not always distinguish between [*right* and *rite*]; see above, line 20. In the present instance the reading of the Folios is preferable. A 'right' may be paid, but a 'rite' must be performed. There is, however, great confusion between the words in old writers. For instance, in Chapman's *Bussy d'Ambois* (*Works*, ii, 41): 'Then come my loue, Now pay those Rites to sleepe Thy faire eyes owe him.'

Swears he will ſhoote no more, but play with Sparrows,
And be a Boy right out.
Cer. Higheſt Queene of State,
Great *Iuno* comes, I know her by her gate.
Iu. How do's my bounteous ſiſter? goe with me
To bleſſe this twaine, that they may proſperous be,
And honourd in their Iſſue. *They Sing.*

Iu. Honor, riches, marriage, bleſſing,
Long continuance, and encreaſing,
Hourely ioyes, be ſtill vpon you,
Iuno ſings her bleſſings on you.
Earths increaſe, foyzon plentie,

113. *Higheſt*] *High* Pope+. *High'st* Cap. Dyce ii, iii, Cam. Glo. Wrt, Huds.
114. *gate*] *gait* Johns.
Enter Juno.] Cap.
118. marriage, bleſſing] marriage bleſſing Rowe. marriage-bleſſing Theob.
122. Earths] Cer. *Earth's* Theob. et seq. Cer. *Earthes* Wrt conj. Kinnear.
foyzon] and foyzon Ff, Rowe+, Cap. Steev. Mal. Var. Dyce ii, iii, Huds.

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114. **her gate**] FARMER took the trouble to disprove WHALLEY'S innocent remark that the hint for this allusion might have been taken from the 'Divum incedo Regina' of Vergil, by showing that a similar phrase was used by Taylor, the Water-poet.

116. **prosperous**] MEISSNER (p. 80, foot-note): Clearly a play upon the name Prospero. It behooves the children of Prospero (Ferdinand and Miranda) to show themselves to be genuine Prosperos, and be honoured in their issue as fully as Prospero was honoured in his (in Miranda). The very name Prospero indicates the ideal man, one who had been born under a *prosperous* star and had been developed under particularly prosperous conditions. [Can the grief of the judicious be here restrained from breaking forth?—ED.]

122. From Theobald's distribution of speeches, whereby Ceres sings the rest of this song, and which has here been universally followed, HOLT (p. 73) dissents on the score that there might have been only one voice in the stage company capable of singing this song; that it was not inappropriate for Juno, as the highest queen, to pronounce the blessings which Ceres had bestowed; and, lastly, that we might quite as properly introduce Bacchus, Vertumnus, Flora, and Pomona as speaking their particular shares of the benediction. I doubt if sufficient weight has been given to the two latter reasons specified by Holt. In addition, the stage-direction says, '*They* sing.'—ED.

122. **foyzon**] COLLIER: The conjunction *and* added by F_2 is not only quite needless, but gives the measure a jigging turn, in all probability intended by the poet to be avoided. ['Which is exactly what the absence of the conjunction does,' says DYCE. To modern ears this line lacks a syllable. The Textual Notes show how the syllable has been supplied in the Folios. ABBOTT, § 484, suggests that the time of a second syllable is to be found in the long vowels of the second syllable of 'in*crease*,' and thus divides the line: 'Earth's in | *crease*, | foison | plenty.' ALLEN, and W. A. WRIGHT decide that it is found in a dissyllabic pronunciation of 'Earth's,' which Allen would find in a resolution of the two vowels at the beginning: *ɛarth's*; and Wright in the addition of a vowel sound to the *s* at the end: earth'*ɛs*, for which he has the analogy

Barnes, and Garners, neuer empty.
Vines, with cluſtring bunches growing,
Plants, wtth goodly burthen bowing:
Spring come to you at the fartheſt,
In the very end of Harueſt.
Scarcity and want ſhall ſhun you,
Ceres *bleſſing ſo is on you.*

Fer. This is a moſt maieſticke viſion, and
Harmonious charmingly: may I be bold

125. *wtth*] F_1.
126. Spring] *Rain* Coll. MS.
Spring...at the fartheſt] *Offspring ...at farthest* D. Wilson.
131. *charmingly*] *charming lay* Han. *charming Lays* Warb.

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of *Mid. N. D.* II, i, 7: 'Swifter than the moon's sphere.' And IV, i, 101, as it stands in Q_1: 'Trippe we after nights shade.' And *Love's Lab. L.* V, ii, 332: 'To show his teeth as white as whale's bone.' What is, to me, hostile to both of these latter solutions of the difficulty is that they make the noun 'increase' a trochee, whereas Shakespeare always, *I think*, makes it an iamb. The same objection may be urged against 'Earth's *rich* increase,' a conjecture by 'Jacob,' recorded in the Third Cambridge Edition. Wherefore it seems to me that the simplest way is to accept the *and* of the Folios.—Ed.]

126. **Spring**] Staunton: See the *Faerie Queene*, III, vi, 42: 'There is continuall spring, and harvest there Continuall, both meeting at one time.' See also *Amos* ix, 13: 'Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed.'—Keightley: No one ever has made, or can make, sense of this. The fact is, as the context plainly shows, that the poet's word was *Shall*. With this simple change the whole passage becomes clear and grammatical, and forms a parallel to the fairy-blessing at the end of *Mid. N. D.* —Mrs Kemble (p. 150): I think the passage simply means that spring shall rapidly succeed autumn, leaving the dreary winter out of the calendar, a blessing Shakespeare has borrowed from that proclaimed to the Jews in that wonderful and awful chapter of promises and threats, the 26th of Leviticus: 'And your threshing shall reach unto the vintage, and the vintage shall reach unto the sowing time.' From the same chapter he takes the words 'Earth's increase.' . . . . It is impossible to read his plays attentively without perceiving that his mind was absolutely imbued with the style of thought and expression of our Bible. And, strange to say, an intimate familiarity with the peculiar characteristics of its language is infinitely more perceptible in his profane (not to use the word in any but its technical sense) plays than in the great sacred epic of our English tongue, the *Paradise Lost*, whose learned author had assuredly the Bible in his heart, but so great a store of Greek, Latin, and Italian lore in his head that, though the subject of his poem is purely biblical, the style seldom, if ever, recalls that of the Bible.

131. **charmingly**] Hanmer's and Warburton's emendations died early of inanition, living only long enough to suggest 'Harmonious: charmingly!' to Holt, and 'Harmoniously charming' to Steevens. Staunton, with truth, says that 'charmingly' here imports *magically*, not delightfully.—Ed.

To thinke theſe ſpirits? 132
Pro. Spirits, which by mine Art
I haue from their confines call'd to enact
My preſent fancies. 135
Fer. Let me liue here euer,
So rare a wondred Father, and a wiſe 137

134. *from their*] *from all their* Ff, Rowe, Pope, Han.
to enact] *t' enact* Pope, Han.
137. *wondred...wiſe*] *wonder and a father wise* Sta.
137. *wiſe*] Ff, Coll. i, Hal. Wh. Dyce i, Sta. Ktly, Wrt, Rlfe, Dtn, Cam. iii. *wife* Rowe et cet.

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137. **rare a wondred**] WALKER (*Crit.* i, 129): That is, so *rare-wonder'd a* father. [For many other similar transpositions of the indefinite article, see ABBOTT, § 422.]—W. A. WRIGHT: 'Wonder'd' is, able to perform wonders. The participle is formed from the noun, as 'gifted,' not from the verb. [See 'guiled shore,' *Oth.* III, ii, 103, or ABBOTT, § 294, where the good general rule is given that participles formed from an adjective mean 'made (the adjective),' and derived from a noun, mean 'endowed with (the noun).']

137. **wise**] GRANT WHITE (*Sh. Scholar*, p. 94): To read *wife* is to degrade the poetical feeling of the passage.—STAUNTON: It is pretty evident that Ferdinand expresses a compliment to father and daughter; and equally so that the lines were intended to rhyme; with the very slight change we have ventured [see Text. N.] the passage fulfils both conditions. It is noteworthy that the same rhyme occurs in the opening stanza of the *Pass. Pil.*: 'what fool is not so wise To break an oath, to win a paradise?' a stanza quoted in *Love's L. L.* IV, iii.—A. I. FISH (*Phila. Sh. Soc.* p. 57): It appears that copies of the First Folio here differ; that some are to be found that read 'wife' and others that read 'wiſe'; and that the change was made while the sheets were passing the press, but which reading first appeared can never be known. The copy of the First Folio in the British Museum, the one at the Bridgewater House, and the eight [seven.—ED.] copies used by Mr Booth in collating his elegant reprint just finished, all read 'wise,' if the photograph and the fac-simile reprint may be trusted. The reprint of 1807 also reads 'wise'; so does Mr Forrest's copy of the First Folio; so does the copy in the Astor Library in New York. If the collation of the Camb. Edd. is to be relied on, the remaining Folios all read 'wise.' 'Wise' is certainly the reading of the Soc.'s copies of F_2 and F_4.—In Pope's Ed. Rowe's reading is followed; but whether Rowe made the change, or printed from a Folio in which the change already existed, is not known. It has been generally supposed that Rowe printed from a copy of F_4; if so, he made the change, unless some copy of that Folio existed wherein a change had been made while passing the press. It is known that Rowe did not pretend to have collated the Folios; it is also known that Pope did pretend to have so done, but in truth never actually did. Staunton changes the reading, apparently misled by the notion that a rhyme was here intended, and he actually produces from the *Pass. Pil.* and *Love's Lab.* just such a rhyme; but all the early texts are against him, and such wide deviations from all recognized readings, however acute, cannot be received with favour. It has been suggested in favour of 'wise' that the verb is in the singular; but to this it may be answered that singular verbs and plural nominatives are too frequent in the F_1 to found and determine a

Makes this place Paradiſe.
Pro. Sweet now, ſilence:
Iuno and *Ceres* whiſper ſeriouſly,
There's ſomething elſe to doe: huſh, and be mute
Or elſe our ſpell is mar'd.
Iuno *and* Ceres *whiſper, and ſend* Iris *on employment.*
Iris. You Nimphs cald *Nayades* of ỹ windring brooks,
With your ſedg'd crownes, and euer-harmeleſſe lookes,
Leaue your criſpe channels, and on this greene-Land

138. *Makes*] *Make* Pope+, Steev. Mal. Var. Knt, Sing. Coll. ii, iii, Dyce ii, iii, Huds.

139. *Sweet now, ſilence:*] *Now silence, sweet!* Han. Cap. *Sweet; now silence!* Johns. *O sweet, now silence!* Ktly.

140. Om. Han.

143. Transposed to follow 138, Cap.

144. Nayades] Ff, Rowe. *Nayads* Pope+, Cap. *Naiades* Dyce. *Naiads* Steev. et cet.

144. *windring*] Ff, Cap. Cam. Glo. Jeph. Wrt. *winding* Rowe+, Hal. Sing. Dyce i, Ktly, Clke, Wh. ii, Coll. iii. *wandring* Steev. Mal. Var. Wh. i. *windering* Knt. *wandering* Coll. i, ii, Sta. Dyce ii, iii.

145. *ſedg'd*] *ſedge* Coll. ii (MS), Walker, Sing. Huds.

146. *greene-Land*] *green land* Theob. ii et seq.

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reading.—W. A. WRIGHT: Rowe conjectured *wife* independently. Both readings of course yield an excellent sense, but it must be admitted that the latter seems to bring Ferdinand from his rapture back to earth again. He is lost in wonder at Prospero's magic power. It may be objected that in this case Miranda is left out altogether, but the use of the word 'father' shows that Ferdinand regarded her as one with himself. [In my copy of the First Folio the letter which is to make a wise wife or a wife wise is of such a doubtful shape that no one, I think, would be willing to decide which end o' th' beam should bow. Personally, seeing that I much prefer *wise*, I incline to believe that it is 'wise' in my copy.—ED.]

139. **Sweet now**] W. A. WRIGHT: It would seem more natural that these words should be addressed to Miranda. If they are properly assigned to Prospero, we should have expected that part of the previous speech would have been spoken by Miranda. They might form a continuation of Ferdinand's speech, which would then be interrupted by Prospero's 'Silence!' Otherwise the difficulty might be avoided by giving 'Sweet .... to do' to Miranda and the rest of the speech to Prospero.—ELZE (p. 143), accepting Wright's suggestion that these words are to be given to Miranda, believes that her speech ends with 'seriously.'

144. **windring**] COLLIER: Possibly *winding* is the true word. If *wandering* be not right, it is difficult to account for the letter *r* in the misprint.—LETTSOM: Perhaps the true reading is *wiring*. This word occurs in P. Fletcher's *Purple Island*, C. iv, St. 21: 'Then in small streams (through all the Island wiring) Sends it to every part, both heat and life inspiring.'—MS Note in the present editor's copy of Dyce's *Remarks*.

146. **crispe**] STEEVENS: That is, curling, winding. So in *1 Hen. IV:* I, iii, 106: 'hid his crisp head in the hollow bank.' 'Crisp,' however, may allude to the little wave or *curl* (as it is commonly called) that the gentlest wind occasions on the surface of waters.—DYCE: This does not mean '*winding* channels,' but 'channels

Anſwere your ſummons, *Iuno* do's command.
Come temperate *Nimphes*, and helpe to celebrate
A Contract of true Loue: be not too late.
Enter Certaine Nimphes.
You Sun-burn'd Sicklemen of Auguſt weary,
Come hether from the furrow, and be merry,
Make holly day: your Rye-ſtraw hats put on,
And theſe freſh Nimphes encounter euery one
In Country footing.
Enter certaine Reapers (properly habited:) they ioyne with the Nimphes, in a gracefull dance, towards the end whereof, Proſpero *ſtarts ſodainly and ſpeakes, after which to a ſtrange hollow and confuſed noyſe, they heauily vaniſh.*
Pro. I had forgot that foule conſpiracy
Of the beaſt *Calliban*, and his confederates
Againſt my life: the minute of their plot
Is almoſt come: Well done, auoid: no more.
Fer. This is ſtrange: your fathers in ſome paſſion

147. *your*] *our* Huds.
153. *holly day*] *holy-day* F_4.
156. Scene IV. Pope+.
159. heauily] Om. Pope, Han.
160. [Aside. Johns.
163. [To the Spirits. Johns.
164. *ſtrange*] *most strange* Theob. ii, Han. Warb. Johns. Cap. Steev.'93, Dyce ii, iii.

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with a curl on the surface of the water'; compare in Browne's *Brit. Pastorals*, B. i, Song 5, p. 133, ed. 1625; 'He long stands viewing of the *curled streame*.'

146. **greene-Land**] WALKER (*Crit.* iii, 6): Perhaps it is worth noticing that the Folio prints 'greene-land.' 'Land' is *lawn*.—W. A. WRIGHT: This is the 'short-grass'd green' of line 92, and we should rather have expected *laund*, which occurs [elsewhere] as a form of *lawn*.

155. **footing**] FLEAY (*Life and Work*, &c. p. 250, Foot-note): Compare with this Masque that by Beaumont, written for the Inner Temple, 1613:

1. 'Thy bank with pioned and twilled brims' (*Tempest*).
   'Bordered with sedges and water flowers' (*Inner Temple Masque*).
   'Nayades with sedged crowns' (*Tempest*).
2. 'Blessing .... and increasing' (*Tempest*).
   'Blessing and increase' (*Inner Temple Masque*).
3. The main part played by Iris in both.
4. The dance of the Naiads in both. Many of the properties could be utilized in both performances. [See note on l. 68.]

164. **This is**] WALKER (*Vers.* p. 80) conjectures that the 'is' is absorbed in 'This,' which should be printed, *This'*. Of Theobald's addition of *most*, Walker says: 'The expression, as it seems to me, is, in spite of Matilda's reply, too strong,

That workes him ſtrongly.
Mir. Neuer till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger, ſo diſtemper'd.
Pro. You doe looke (my ſon) in a mou'd ſort,
As if you were diſmaid: be cheerefull Sir,
Our Reuels now are ended: Theſe our actors,
(As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and
Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,
And like the baſeleſſe fabricke of this viſion
The Clowd-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallaces,

167. *anger, ſo*] *anger so* Theob. ii et seq.
168. *You*] *Why, you* Han. *Sure, you* Dyce ii, iii. *Nay you* Nicholson.
doe] Om. Pope, Theob. Warb. Johns.
168. *looke...ſort*] *my son, look in a movèd sort* Seymour, Huds. *look in a mov'd sort, my son* Ktly.
mou'd] *most moved* E. Hills (N. & Qu. 4, xi, 152).
173. *this viſion*] *their viſion* Ff, Rowe, Pope, Han. *th' air-visions* Warb.

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and disproportionate to the occasion. The contracted "passion," too, at the end of the line, is unlikely.' [Note the extraordinary misprint of 'Matilda,' which escaped Lettsom's eye.—ED.]—DYCE: But, in my opinion, the addition, *most*, is quite justified by Miranda's reply; and already in the present play we have had the 'contracted "passion" at the end of the line,' I, ii, 456.

168. **You doe,** &c.] ABBOTT, § 483: Perhaps, aware of Ferdinand's comment on his passion, Prospero turns to Ferdinand and says, 'It is *you* who are moved' in '*You* | do look | my son | in a | mov'd sort.' Otherwise the reading of the line so as to avoid accenting 'my' seems difficult.—CAMBRIDGE EDITORS: This line, however, can scarcely have come from Shakespeare's pen. Perhaps the writer who composed the Masque was allowed to join it, as best he might, to Shakespeare's words, which recommence at 'Our revels now are ended,' &c. [See note on l. 68.]

171. **and**] See I, ii, 14.

173–178. W. BISPHAM (*N. & Qu.* 7th S. v, 182, 1888) calls attention to the transposition and omission in these six lines which occur in the inscription on the monument to Shakespeare in Westminster Abbey, whereby line 177 is omitted and line 173 substituted for it, a transposition which the needs of the case seem amply to justify.—ED.

174, &c. STEEVENS: The exact period at which this play was produced is unknown. In the year 1603 *The Tragedy of Darius*, by William Alexander, afterwards Earl of Sterling, made its appearance, and there I find the following passage:

'Let greatnesse of her glascie scepters vaunt;
Not sceptors, no, but reeds, soone brus'd, soone broken:
And let this worldlie pomp our wits inchant,
All fades, and scarcelie leaues behinde a token.
Those golden pallaces, those gorgeous halles,
With fourniture superfluouslie faire:
Those statelie courts, those sky-encountring walles
Evanish all like vapours in the aire.'—[ap. Staunton.]

The ſolemne Temples, the great Globe it ſelfe, 175
Yea, all which it inherit, ſhall diſſolue,
And like this inſubſtantiall Pageant faded
Leaue not a racke behinde: we are ſuch ſtuffe 178

178. *racke*] *rack* F_3F_4. *track* or *trace* L. H. (Nichols's *Ill.* ii, 631). *track* Han. *wreck* Hal. Dyce. *wrack* Sing. Ktly.

Lord Sterling's play must have been written before the death of Queen Elizabeth (which happened on the 24th of March, 1603), as it is dedicated to James VI, King of Scots. Whoever should seek for this passage (as here quoted from the 4to, 1603 [1604, ap. Staunton]) in the Folio Edition, 1637, will be disappointed, as Lord Sterling made considerable changes in all his plays after their first publication. [See Appendix, 'Date of Composition.']—E. TEW (*N. & Qu.* 4th S. xi, 234, 1873) calls attention to the parallelism between these lines and Lucretius, i [1105–1109, ed. Lachman. It is interesting to note the occurrence of the same, or a similar, thought to great poets; but to imagine that Shakespeare took this imagery from Lucretius is about as reasonable as to suppose that Lucretius took it from Shakespeare. More than a parallelism, Tew does not claim.—ED.]

175–178. These lines ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.*) would thus punctuate: 'the great globe itself—Yea, all which it inherit—shall dissolve, And, like this insubstantial vision, faded, Leave not a rack behind'; that is, 'understanding "faded" to agree with "globe," and to be equal to "fading" or "having faded."'

176. **inherit**] That is, to possess; e. g. 'Such delight . . . . shall you this night inherit at my house.'—*Rom. and Jul.* and 'But to the girdle do the gods inherit.'—*Lear*, &c.; but may it not be that 'it,' in this sentence, is the nominative, and 'which' the accusative? The *s* needed to convert 'inherit' into *inherits* is present in the *s* of the succeeding 'shall.' Is there not a stricter propriety in saying 'the great globe itself, yea, everything which it possesses,' rather than 'everything which possesses it'? —ED.

177. **pageant**] MALONE: See Stowe's account of the pageants exhibited in 1604 (not many years before this play was written), on King James's passing triumphantly from The Tower to Westminster: on which occasion seven gates or arches were erected in different places through which the procession passed. Over the first gate 'was represented the true likeness of all the notable houses, *Towers*, and steeples within the citie of London.'—'The sixt arche or gate of triumph was erected above the Conduit in Fleete-streete, whereon the *Globe* of the world was seen to move, &c. At Temple-bar a seaventh arche or gait was erected, the fore-front whereof was proportioned in every respect like a *Temple*, being dedicated to Janus, &c. The citie of Westminster and dutchy of Lancaster, at the Strand, had erected the invention of a Rainbow, the moone, sunne, starres, advanced between two Pyramides,' &c.—*Annals*, p. 1429, ed. 1605. See also his *Survey of London*, p. 802, ed. 1618: '—some of them, like Midsummer *pageants*, with *towers*, *turrets*,' &c. Perhaps our poet remembered Spenser's *Ruines of Time*, 1591 [lines 92–99].

178. **racke**] The chief contest over this word did not begin until the days of Malone; before then it was a mere discussion of the various meanings of the word 'rack' as applied to clouds. MALONE suggested *wrack*, i. e. *wreck*, and thereafter the discussion was divided.—HANMER defines 'rack' as the 'course or driving of the clouds,' but nevertheless changed it in this place to *track*. This may have led UPTON

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(*Crit. Obs.* p. 210) to define it as *track* or *path*, as it is used, he says, 'in the northern parts' (in which assertion he was subsequently upheld by Brockett, *Gloss.*).—WARBURTON explains 'rack' as 'the vestige of an embodied cloud [whatever that may mean], which hath been broken and dissipated by the winds.'—CAPELL calls it 'the thin remains of a cloud, broken by the wind, and flying before it; also, the wind's action on such a cloud.'—STEEVENS: 'The winds' (says Bacon [*Sylva Sylvarum*, cent. ii, § 115.—Wright]) 'in the upper region (which move the clouds above, which we call the rack, and are not perceived below) pass without noise.' I should explain the word 'rack' somewhat differently, by calling it 'the last fleeting vestige of the highest clouds, scarce perceptible on account of their distance and tenuity.' What was anciently called the 'rack' is now termed by sailors the *scud*. The word is common to many authors contemporary with Shakespeare. [Hereupon many examples follow, and many more might have been added not only from Shakespeare's contemporaries, but from his predecessors and his followers.]—MALONE [whose note is so important that it is given entire]: *Rack* is generally used for *a body of clouds* or rather for *the course of clouds in motion*. So in *Ant. & Cleop.* IV, xiv, 10: 'That which is now a horse, even with a thought, The rack dislimns.' But no instance has yet been produced where it is used to signify *a single small fleeting cloud*, in which sense only can it be figuratively applied here. I incline to think that 'rack' is a misspelling for *wrack*, i. e. *wreck*, which Fletcher likewise has used for a minute broken fragment. See his *Wife for a Month*, where we find the word misspelt as it is in *The Tempest*: 'He will bulge so subtilly and suddenly, You may snatch him up by parcels, like a *sea-rack* [V, ii, *ad fin.*, where Dyce silently prints 'sea-wreck.' This conjecture of *wreck* for 'rack,' by the way, appeared first in 1793]. It has been urged 'that objects which have only a visionary and insubstantial existence can, when the vision is faded, leave nothing *real*, and consequently no *wreck* behind them.' But the objection is founded on misapprehension. The words '—leave not a rack (or wreck) behind' relate not to 'the baseless fabric of this vision,' but to the final destruction of the world, of which the towers, temples, palaces shall (*like* a vision or pageant) be dissolved, and leave no vestige behind.—WHITER (whose volume has never, I think, received its full meed of attention) chronologically followed Malone, and by suggesting the train of thought which prompted the use of the word 'rack,' vindicated the original text. 'Our commentators,' says Whiter, p. 195, 'have justly observed that the famous passage in *The Tempest* may receive some illustration from the Pageant; and we may add that as the reflections (which it contains) were made at the close of an exhibition of this nature, it is but reasonable to suppose that the imagery would be strongly impregnated with the same ideas by which these reflections were originally suggested. . . . . Our commentators have not been aware that [the phrase "the rack dislimns" in *Ant. & Cleop.*] refers to the Pageant; and, therefore, they have not seen, first, that the word "rack" is the true reading in *The Tempest;* and, secondly, that it appears to have a peculiar reference to the subject of the *Pageant*. To remove, however, all our doubts on this occasion, let us mark the following quotation from Jonson, *Hymenæi* [p. 59, ed. Gifford]: "Here the upper part of the scene, which was all of clouds, and made artificially to swell, and ride like the RACK, began to open; and the air clearing, in the top thereof was discovered Juno sitting on a throne, supported by two beautiful peacocks. . . . . Above her the region of fire, with a continual motion, was seen to whirl circularly, and Jupiter standing in the top (figuring the heaven) brandishing his thunder; beneath her the rainbow, Iris,

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and on the two sides eight ladies, attired richly and alike in the most celestial colours, who represented her powers, as she is the Governess of Marriage." . . . . The word in question is here introduced on the very subject, and with the same personages annexed to it, which constitute the insubstantial pageant exhibited by Prospero. We have in both cases a *Hymeneal* masque, with Juno and Iris among the characters. Having thus established the truth of the reading beyond all possibility of doubt, we have now to enquire how the obvious spirit of the passage can be reconciled with the text; as every one agrees that "leave not a rack behind" must signify that not a vestige, not the smallest part of the whole, shall be left behind; but the difficulty consists in discovering how the word "rack" is introduced on this occasion bearing such a sense. Let the reader, therefore, be informed that the poet, occupied as his mind now is with a peculiar train of ideas and imagery, does not affix to the word "rack" its general and abstracted sense, but applies it to a body of "clouds in motion" *when considered as a constituent part in the machinery of a* PAGEANT. In exhibiting, therefore, the ruins of a fabric in which the solidity of the globe itself, and such mighty edifices as towers, temples, and palaces, were dissolved, what could possibly appear more inconsiderable and evanescent than that part of the spectacle which represented the light and flimsy texture of the passing clouds? Mark then, says Prospero, the little pageant that has just passed before your eyes, and is now vanished into air. It is thus that the great Pageant of the world shall itself finally be no more; not even the minutest portion of this vast machinery shall escape the general destruction,—not a RACK,—not an atom shall remain.'—After Whiter comes HORNE TOOKE, very dogmatic, and, therefore, only partly right: 'Rack' (*Div. of Purley*, p. 599, ed. 1857) means merely That which is *Reeked*. And whether written *rak*, *wraich*, *reck*, *roik*, or *reeke*, is the same word differently pronounced and spelled. It is merely the past tense, and therefore part participle, of the Anglosaxon verb *Recan*, exhalare, *To Reek;* and is surely the most appropriate term that could be employed by Shakespeare in this passage of *The Tempest;* to represent to us that the dissolution and annihilation of the globe and all which it inherit should be so total and complete; they should so melt 'into ayre, into *thin ayre*,' as not to leave behind them even a *Vapour*, a *Steam*, or an *Exhalation*, to give the slightest notice that such things had ever been.—'Rack,' says KNIGHT, 'is the smallest feathery cloud,—the *cirrus* of modern science.'—COLLIER, in his first edition, follows Horne Tooke. '"Rack,"' he remarks, 'is vapour, from *reek*,' and adds, 'The word "rack" was often used in this way,'—an unguarded remark, for which he was brought severely to task by DYCE, who, in a note on 'a rack (i. e. wreck) of honour,' in *The Woman's Prize* (Beau. & Fl. vol. vii, p. 137), quotes the last five words of it in small capitals, and sternly comments: 'Now, the truth is, it was NEVER so used'; and then goes on to say, 'Though "the rack" (i. e. the thin vapoury clouds; see vol. ii, 120, vol. v, 10, and present vol. p. 66) is an expression very frequently employed by our early writers, no passage can be adduced in which "a *rack*" (a single vapoury cloud) is mentioned. Brockett (*Gloss. of North Country Words*) gives "RACK, a track, a trace," and insists that this is the meaning of the word as used in *The Tempest*. I am inclined to think that he is right; if not, "a rack" must be, as in the passage of our text [i. e. *The Woman's Prize*] a misprint for "a *wrack*," i. e. a *wreck*.' This was in 1844; nine years later Dyce again took up the subject in his *Few Notes*, &c. He begins (p. 13) with the emphatic statement: 'I believe Malone's objection to the reading, "*a* rack," is unanswerable,' and then after quoting Malone's objection in full, and ending with Malone's suggestion that

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'rack' is a misspelling for *wrack*, i. e. wreck, Dyce concludes: 'I am now thoroughly convinced that such is the case. In authors of the age of Elizabeth and James, I have repeatedly met with 'rack' put for *wrack;* and in all the early editions of Milton's *Par. Lost* which I possess,—viz: the first, 1667; the second, 1674; the third, 1678; the fourth, 1688; and the eighth, 1707,—I find: "—or all the elements At least had gone to *rack*" [i. e. *wrack* = wreck], B. iv, 990. "A world devote to universal *rack*" [i. e. wrack = wreck].'—HUNTER (*New Ill.* i, 185) urges Malone's objection to 'rack,' which 'like the kindred word *welkin* is never used but with the definite article, "the rack," "the welkin," while in Shakespeare it is "*a* rack." At least this reading should be justified by the production of some other passage in which we found a poet or a prose writer speaking of *a* rack, since something may be said in favour of *wreck* or *wrack*, as Shakespeare wrote. Not only will the forms into which the materials were arranged disappear,—"the cloud-capt Towers," &c.—but their very *wracks*, wrecks, ruins, will vanish from human sight, as the pageant has utterly faded away.'—A discussion arose in *Notes & Queries* in 1851 (vol. iii, p. 218; iv, pp. 121, 158, 193; v, p. 390; 2d S. vol. i, p. 425; *Ib.* vol. ii, p. 44) which turned largely on the derivation of the word, and in which those who preferred *wreck* were in the minority. In 1881 (6th S. iv, p. 444) BR. NICHOLSON vouches that '*the* rack' is now the nautical term used, and quotes Admiral Smyth's definition of it: 'The superior stratum of clouds, or that moving rapidly above [and it may be in a contrary direction to—B. N.] the scud.' Nicholson hereupon adds what is the best answer yet given to Malone's argument, pronounced by Dyce to be 'unanswerable,' as follows: 'The rack generally is not merely a stratum of continuous cloud, but more or less a congeries of clouds more or less separated the one from the other; and in R. Armin's *Italian Taylor and his boy*, 1608, we find: "Lookt like the angry cloudes in blackes, Which threaten shewers of raine; Yet ride upon the moving rackes, As it would to the maine."—Grosart's Rep. p. 185. The grammar and exact sense are here, as not infrequently in Armin, rather confused, but though "it" may refer either to the "cloudes" or to the "rackes," it is clear from "blackes" that the plural "rackes" is no misprint. Hence, there being a plural, "a rack" as a single insubstantial cloudlet may have been permissible.'—HALLIWELL accepted Malone's criticism as sound, and followed it by adopting *wreck* in his text. 'The choice,' he says, 'is clearly between *wreck* and *rack*, regarding the latter in the sense of a vapoury, moving cloud. *Wrack* is the most usual old orthography of *wreck*, so that it is clear the spelling of this word so much varied that an editor may be left to his own judgement in selecting the particular use of it in the present instance.' In reply to the objection that no passage can be adduced in which '*a* rack' is used, Halliwell cites a passage in one of Lydgate's poems (MS, Ashmole, 39, f. 51), which would lead to the inference that it may have been so employed: 'As Phebus doeth at mydday in the southe, Whan every *rak* and every cloudy sky Is voide clene,' &c.—DYCE'S note, *ad loc.*, repeats what has been given above from his *Few Notes*, and adds: 'Since the publication of the volume just quoted, Dr Richardson has favoured me with a letter containing an elaborate defence of "Leave not a *rack* behind"; but his arguments have only strengthened my conviction that it is wrong. A portion of his pleading in favour of "rack" runs thus: "Prospero the magician has presented a vision of baseless fabric, and the actors and agencies of it are *melted into thin air;* and he pronounces—that, *like this* baseless fabric, *the* fabric of the great globe itself shall *dissolve*, that is, *melt;* and, like this faded or *evanished* unsubstantial pageant, shall by

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this *dissolution* (not destruction or disruption) leave not (the only possible relict of such visionary unsubstantial pageant) a *rack* behind. All *likeness* would be lost by the substitution of *wreck*,—a mass of solid ruins." Now, I cannot but think that in the above minute analysis of the simile Dr Richardson shows himself over-subtle. Shakespeare, I believe, meant nothing more than this: "As the unsubstantial pageant had wholly vanished, so the great substantial globe itself should pass away without leaving a single fragment behind."' And to this view Dyce was faithful throughout his three editions.—COLLIER, in his second edition, defends, and, as I think, justly, not his unguarded remark, but his text. In reply to Dyce's observation that '*a* rack' is unprecedented he urges that 'there are many unprecedented expressions in Shakespeare, which he introduced for poetical force and variety, and we are not to abandon the beautiful and appropriate image afforded by "rack," i. e. thin vapour, for the commonplace and trite word *wrack* or *wreck*, merely because in other writers what Shakespeare terms "*a* rack" only occurs as "*the* rack." Those who, like Mr Dyce, prefer "Leave not a *wrack* behind," have the choice before them; we prefer "rack," and we challenge the production of an instance from the whole of the Folio, 1623, in which "wrack," i. e. *wreck*, is printed, as in the place in question, "racke." What Prospero means is that the pageant had so entirely faded as not even to leave the slightest trace behind it.'—CARTWRIGHT: By submitting to the hard, dry fact that neither 'rack' nor 'wreck' can be used without vitiating the language, we are rewarded with the happy discovery of the true reading in the homely and expressive word *scrap*,—'Leave not a *scrap* behind.'—A. I. FISH (*Phila. Sh. Soc.* p. 59), in answer to Malone's objection that 'rack,' in the sense of a single small fleeting cloud, can be only figuratively applied here, asks pertinently why it should not be so applied here? 'Suppose, too, this very interpretation is found in the original, which is thought by Malone to have suggested this passage. Let the reader turn to Lord Sterling's *Darius*: "These stately courts, these sky-encountering walls, Evanish like the *vapours* of the air."'—HALLIWELL (p. 53): Perhaps the following quotation is the most favourable one yet pointed out as regards the reading 'rack': 'Oure life shal passe away as the trace of a cloude, and com to naught as the mist that is driven awaye with the beames of the sunne, and put down with the heat thereof.'—*The Boke of Wysedome*, Cranmer's Bible, ed. 1562.—W. A. WRIGHT prefers 'rack,' *i. e.* 'the mass of clouds,' and notes that 'wreck' is 'the reading on the monument to Shakespeare in Westminster Abbey, which was erected in 1740.' [Of the same mind are Rev. JOHN HUNTER, the COWDEN-CLARKES, JEPHSON, PHILLPOTTS, D. MORRIS, MEIKLEJOHN, HUDSON, ROLFE, DEIGHTON. It is easy to see that a discussion like the foregoing was inevitable in pre-philological days. Horne Tooke is largely responsible for it by confounding two distinct words, derived from different roots, and, in the vague orthography of old times, frequently spelt alike, viz: *rack* and *reck*. The former, *rack*, is, according to SKEAT (s. v.), the same word with *wrack*, and allied to *wreck*. It means, according to WEDGWOOD, 'the drift of the sky, from the Old Swedish *wræka*, Old Norse, *reka*, to drive; *rek*, drift, motion.' The latter, *reck*, is to smoke, to steam, from the Teutonic base, according to Skeat, RECK, to smoke, reek, and familiar in modern German as *rauch*. Essentially different as these two words are, it is readily seen with what ease they may be confounded when applied to clouds, which may be driven across the sky, or rest there as an exhalation. From the Anglosaxon *wrecan*, to drive, to impel, comes Chaucer's *wrak* and our *wreck*. So that Dyce has a right to say in the present passage that 'rack' is *wreck*, and the discussion is thereby

As dreames are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a fleepe: Sir, I am vext, 180

179. *on*] *of* Steev.'93, Var. Sing. Ktly, C.-Clke.

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narrowed to mere personal preference. The only interpretation that appeals to Dyce is that not a fragment, not a material atom, is left behind; the only interpretation acceptable to others is that not a vaporous film even is left behind. That the latter is the better, to me, personally, *res ipsa vociferatur*. Therefore it is that I have reserved to the last STAUNTON'S excellent note; with me it is decisive, not alone because it adheres to 'rack,' but because it shows why that word of all others was here used, a reason which was unquestionably derived from Whiter, to whom, in fact, Staunton refers the reader. The note is as follows: 'While it is evident that by "rack" was understood the drifting vapour, or *scud*, as it is now termed, it would appear that Shakespeare, in the present instance, as in another occurring in *Ant. & Cleop.* [as given above], was thinking not more of the actual clouds than of those gauzy semblances, which, in the pageants of his day, as in the stage-spectacles of ours, were often used partly or totally to obscure the scene behind. Ben Jonson, in the descriptions of his masques, very frequently mentions this scenic contrivance. Thus in his *Entertainment at Theobalds:* "The King and Queen, with the princes of Wales and Lorrain, and the nobility, being entered into the gallery after dinner, there was seen nothing but a traverse of white across the room; which suddenly drawn, was discovered a gloomy obscure place, *hung all with black silks*," &c. Again, in his *Masque of Hymen:* "At this, the whole scene being drawn again, and *all covered with clouds, as at night*, they left off their intermixed dances, and returned to their first places." The evanishing of the actors, then, in Prospero's pageant,—who "melted into air, into thin air,"—was doubtless effected by the agency of filmy curtains, which, being drawn one over another to resemble the flying mists, gave to the scene an appearance of gradual dissolution; when the objects were totally hidden, the drapery was withdrawn in the same manner, veil by veil, till at length even that too had disappeared, and there was left, then, not even a *rack* behind.'—ED.]

179. **dreams**] VOSS (*Anmerk.* p. 185) cites parallel passages from Pindar, *Pyth.* viii, 95: σκιᾶς ὄναρ ἄνθρωπος; Æschylus, *Prom.* 550; Sophocles, *Aias.* 126. And HENSE (*Antikes*, p. 473) adds others from Aristophanes, *Aves*, 686; Euripides, *Aeol.* fr. 25 (Nauck, *fragm. tragicorum græcorum*, p. 295).

179. **on**] This is universally interpreted as meaning *of*, and I suppose that is its meaning here, as in so many other places. Still, something could be said in favour of retaining its ordinary meaning of *upon*.—ED.

180. **rounded**] KNIGHT: We have been asked the meaning of this passage, it being supposed that 'rounded' was used in the sense of terminated; and that one sleep was the end of life. This was not Shakespeare's philosophy; nor would he have introduced an idea totally disconnected with the previous description. 'Rounded' is used in the sense of *encompassed*. The 'insubstantial pageant' had been presented; its actors had 'melted into thin air;' it was an unreality. In the same way life itself is but a dream. It is *surrounded* with the sleep which is the parent of dreams. Here we have the shadowing out of the doctrine of Berkeley; and we have no doubt that Shakespeare, to whom all philosophical speculation was familiar, may have entertained the theory that our senses are impressed by the Creator with the *images* of things which form our material world,—a world of ideas,—of dream-like unrealities.—

Beare with my weakeneſſe, my old braine is troubled: 181

DYCE: Knight's exposition is, I suspect, more ingenious than true.—BIRCH, whose book, a really fine tribute to the myriad-mindedness of Shakespere, was written, be it remembered, to prove that Shakespeare was a materialist and atheist, thus epitomises (p. 55) this speech as 'a signal and brilliant consummation of the poet's materialistic teachings. In language most laboured, unequivocal, and emphatic we are told that the great globe and all humanity shall dissolve and leave no wreck of identity behind. To prevent ambiguity in the supposition that only matter is the pageant that shall fade, it is reiterated that "*we* are such stuff as dreams" are made of,—that when "our revels are ended, our little life is rounded by a sleep;" enforcing the same material ideas peculiar to Seneca and Cicero,—to ancient and modern atheists.' Again (p. 527) he says of this same speech: 'Nothing can be more conclusive of the end of all things, great and small. Perpetual change of matter is proclaimed,—perpetual loss of identity, which is the case with ourselves; as those spirits vanished, so shall we disappear. As these illusions, so are our dreams, and as these dreams are rounded by a sleep, so are our lives. We slept and knew not before we came into the world; so we shall when we leave it, of such stuff as to eternity and identity are we made. As is a dream in a sleep, so is life in eternity. Of such "stuff," not a very ennobling term, are we made. . . . . Knight, by mentioning Berkeley about dreams, wishes to have it supposed that Shakespeare had the same philosophy as the no-matter Bishop. *His* intention was avowed,—it was to support religion and points of faith; but we have no such spiritualism in Shakespeare,—all indicates materialism. . . . . To us, it appears, "life rounded by a sleep" expresses exactly what Cicero said, and the poets of antiquity, that you returned in death to what you were before you were born; the beginning, middle, and end of existence comprised in a circle of perpetual night. "A mind firm and enlightened is without inquietude; it despises death, which places man back in the same state where he was before he was born."—Cicero *de finibus*. . . . . "Our revels ended" expresses the pleasures of life ended as well as the pangs. Life rounded with a sleep seems well expressed by Seneca in consolations to a friend, though, for the same purpose as Shakespeare has in speaking of death, he makes the consolation to consist, as Shakespeare does generally, in its being the termination of our pains. "Death finishes all our pains; beyond, there remains nothing to suffer; it restores us to that profound tranquillity in which we were softly extended before that we saw the day." '—W. A. WRIGHT defines 'rounded' as 'finished off, as with a crown;' and refers to *Mid. N. D.* IV, i, 56: 'For she his hairy temples then had rounded With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;' where, however, 'rounded' being directly connected with a crown, is not precisely similar to the present 'rounded,' which is by all other editors, I think, defined simply as 'completed, finished.' Birch's interpretation, with his accusation of materialism and atheism, arises from the pernicious practice of imputing to Shakespeare personally the sentiments expressed by his dramatic characters. The comparison of death to sleep must have been coeval with conscious life and with the first sight of death; that we are dreams is an argument for our immortality. 'Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,' says The Immortal Ode. 'To die? to sleep;—no more.' The wheel comes full circle, and our little life is rounded with a sleep.—ED.

181. WARBURTON finds in the sense of *ingratitude* a sufficing cause for Prospero's great emotion of anger, which seems strange when it is considered that the cause of it was 'the plot of a contemptible savage and two drunken sailors.' But Caliban's

Be not diſturb'd with my infirmitie,
If you be pleas'd, retire into my Cell,
And there repoſe, a turne or two, Ile walke
To ſtill my beating minde.
Fer. Mir. We wiſh your peace. *Exit.*
Pro. Come with a thought; I thank thee *Ariell*: come.

183. *you*] *thou* Rowe ii, Pope, Theob. Warb. Johns.
185. *minde*] *heart* Gould.
186. *your*] *you* F_4, Rowe, Pope, Han. Hal. Walker.
186. Exit.] Exe. Fer. and Mir. Theob.
187. *thee*] *you*:— Theob. Warb. Johns. Steev.'93, Var. Sing. Ktly. *ye* Cap. Dyce ii, iii, Huds.

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ingratitude recalled his brother's, and 'that these two, who had received at his hands the two best gifts mortals are capable of, *Regal power* and the *Use of Reason*, that these should conspire against the life of the donor, would surely afflict a generous mind to its utmost bearing.'—To the same effect PHILLPOTTS, but with far more insight and vigour: 'Why was Prospero so moved with anger at such a time? Not certainly from the absurd plot of Caliban and his confederates, which he can frustrate in a moment; but from a sense of all injuries, past and present, surging on his mind at once. Therefore he seems to think, "Life is but a dream, the time of a sleep, unsubstantial, fleeting. It can at best have little in it that is sound or contenting; yet this little is usurped upon by men's wickedness. What these contemptible enemies are now vainly planning was accomplished years ago by still baser opponents, who have succeeded for years past in maiming and mutilating my life, making me the inhabitant of a desert isle, with Caliban for my sole subject, when I should have been gracing "the first of the signories" of Italy. Hence his "beating mind," and the necessity of a few moments' retirement to still it, and also to rid himself of an Italian's strong wish for vengeance on his old enemies, now so completely in his power—a wish which he conquers only when spurred to compassion by Ariel's sympathy.'

187. The Textual Notes afford hardly scope enough to give intelligibly the various readings of this line. THEOBALD was the first to deviate from the Folio (for his followers, see Text. Notes) thus: 'Come with a thought;—I thank you:—Ariel, come,' where 'I thank you' is evidently intended to be addressed to his departing children. —CAPELL'S variation from Theobald is of the slightest: 'Come with a thought,—I thank ye—Ariel, come.'—STEEVENS says expressly that these thanks are in reply to the joint wish of Ferdinand and Miranda, and followed Theobald in changing 'thee' to *you*.—DYCE (ed. i) accepts Steevens's explanation, but retains 'thee,' because 'it is certain that "thee" was sometimes used when more persons than one were addressed; as in *2 Hen. IV:* II, iii, "I pray *thee*, loving wife, and gentle daughter, Give," &c.'—STAUNTON quite agrees, both in text and note, with Dyce, who, by the way, prints: 'Come with a thought!—I thank thee.—Ariel, come!' '*Thee*,' says Staunton, 'however ungrammatical, appears to have been sometimes used in a plural sense; thus, in *Ham.* II, ii, the prince, addressing the players, says: "I'm glad to see *thee* well." '—GRANT WHITE (ed. i) was the first to interpret the line as it stands in the Folio. He derides the idea of 'making Prospero thank Ferdinand and Miranda for their salutation!' and explains that 'the authentic text plainly makes the magician, as he summons the sprite, thank him (according to his habit) for the masque which he had so deftly managed.'—DYCE, in his next edition, changed his text as follows:

Enter Ariell.

Ar. Thy thoughts I cleaue to, what's thy pleaſure?
Pro. Spirit: We muſt prepare to meet with *Caliban.*
Ar. I my Commander, when I preſented *Ceres*
I thought to haue told thee of it, but I fear'd
Leaſt I might anger thee.
Pro. Say again, where didſt thou leaue theſe varlots?
Ar. I told you Sir, they were red-hot with drinking,
So full of valour, that they ſmote the ayre
For breathing in their faces: beate the ground
For kiſſing of their feete; yet alwaies bending
Towards their proiect: then I beate my Tabor,
At which like vnback't colts they prickt their eares,
Aduanc'd their eye-lids, lifted vp their noſes
As they ſmelt muſicke, ſo I charm'd their eares
That Calfe-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briars, ſharpe firzes, pricking goſſe, & thorns,

188. [Prospero comes forward from the Cell; enter Ariel to him. Theob.

190. *Spirit:*] Separate line, Theob. et seq.

193. *Leaſt*] *Left* F_4 et seq.

194. *Say*] *But, say* Han. *Well; say* Cap. Huds. *Say yet* Nicholson (N. & Qu. 1866).

204. *goſſe*] *gorse* Coll.

'[*To Ariel*] Come with a thought!—I thank ye [*Exeunt Fer. and Mir.*]—Ariel, come!' and in reply to Grant White says, 'surely the words "We wish your peace" cannot possibly be regarded as a "salutation;" they form a very proper reply to what Prospero has just said, "I am *vex'd;* Bear with my weakness; my old brain is *troubled,*" &c.' Dyce then goes on to withdraw, as without foundation, his former remark that 'thee' was sometimes used when more than one person was addressed. 'As to the passage in *2 Hen. IV,* we must suppose (if "thee" be not a mistake for *ye*) that the full construction is "I pray *thee,* gentle wife, and *thee,* gentle daughter," &c., and as to the passage which Staunton cites from *Ham.* the position of *thee* in the sentence determines that it is an error for *ye.* Moreover, the Folio has in *Coriol.* I, i, "He that will give good words to *thee,* will flatter," &c, where the author must have written *ye* or *you.*'

190. **to meet with**] JOHNSON: That is, to counteract, to play stratagem against stratagem. 'The parson knows the temper and pulse of every person in the house, and accordingly either meets with their vices, or advanceth their virtues.'—Herbert's *Country Parson* [chap. x.—W. A. WRIGHT, who also cites: 'Crafty varlets make thee a traitor to old Harry's life! Well, well, I'll meet with some of them.'—Rowley's *When you see me you know me* (p. 69, ed. Elze)].

194. For the attempts to mend the metre of this line (which Dyce says can hardly be right), see Text. N. ABBOTT, § 484, would allow the voice to rest on 'Say' long enough to dispense with an extra syllable.

201. **eye-lids**] See I, ii, 472.

Which entred their fraile ſhins: at laſt I left them
I'th' filthy mantled poole beyond your Cell,
There dancing vp to th'chins, that the fowle Lake
Ore-ſtunck their feet.
Pro. This was well done (my bird)
Thy ſhape inuiſible retaine thou ſtill:
The trumpery in my houſe, goe bring it hither
For ſtale to catch theſe theeues. *Ar.* I go, I goe. *Exit.*

205. *ſhins*] *skins* so quoted, Warb.
206. *filthy mantled*] *filth-ymantled* Steev. conj. *filthy-mantled* Cam.
your] *you* F_2.
208. *Ore-ſtunck*] *O'erswayed* Cartwright.
feet] *fell* Wilson.

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204. **pricking gosse**] TOLLETT: The low *gorse* that only grows on wet ground, and which is well described by the name of *whins* in Markham's *Farewell to Husbandry*. It has prickles like those of a rose-tree or a gooseberry.—BEISLY (p. 12): This is the *Genista anglica*, petty whin, called *goss* in, and previously to, the time of Shakespeare. In the 15th Henry VI (1436), Humfrey, Duke of Gloster, had license to enclose 200 acres of land,—'pasture, wode, hethe, virses, and gorste, bruere et jampnorum,'—and to form thereof a park at Greenwich. From this it appears that 'furze' and 'gorse' were then treated as distinct plants, and Shakespeare so considered them.—W. A. WRIGHT: That is, *gorse*. In the same way a waterfall in Westmoreland and Cumberland is called either a 'foss' or a 'force.' Professor Sedgwick used to maintain that the latter was a corruption introduced by the Lake Poets; but both forms, 'foss' and 'fors,' are found in Icelandic, the former being more modern. Cotgrave gives 'Ajous: m. Furze, Gorse'; and 'Genest espineux. Furres, Whinnes, Gorse, Thorne-broome.' It is not clear that there was any distinction between 'furze' and 'goss.' Gerarde, in his *Herbal*, says, 'There be diuers sorts of prickley Broome, called in our English toong, by sundry names according to the speech of the countrey people where they do growe, in some places Furzes, in others Whinnes and Gorsse, and of some pricklie Broome' (p. 1138, ed. 1597).

208. **feet**] BULLOCH (p. 24) conjectures *feat*, 'implying that the filth they had passed through had overstunk their nefarious project.'—INGLEBY (*Sh. the Man*, &c. ii, 16) proposed the same emendation, 'meaning fit = fytte = dance.'—Both the CAM. ED. and DYCE record *fear* as a conjecture of Spedding. In a foot-note Ingleby (as above) says of this conjecture, *fear*, 'we know [it] to have been a bantling of Mr Staunton's.'

211. **trumpery**, &c.] HOLT suggests that without this episode 'there would have been no manifest reason why the assassins should not immediately, on their appearance, enter the cave and perpetrate their villainy; which if they had, the stage must have stood still during that time, and which this "trumpery" alone totally prevents, as it diverts them from their main design, and yet keeps the scene busy, and shows Shakespeare perfectly understood the *jeu du théâtre*.'

212. **stale**] STEEVENS: A word in fowling, used for a *bait* or *decoy* to catch birds.—W. A. WRIGHT: See Markham's *Hunger's Preuention* (1621), p. 28: 'In the very hearte or midst of the haunte you shall first pinne downe a stale, which should be a liue foule formerly taken, of the same kinde which they are that now haunt the place, and for which you now lay.'

Pro. A Deuill, a borne-Deuill, on whoſe nature
Nurture can neuer ſticke: on whom my paines
Humanely taken, all, all loſt, quite loſt,
And, as with age, his body ouglier growes,
So his minde cankers: I will plague them all,
Euen to roaring: Come, hang on them this line.

213. *on*] *in* so quoted, Abbott, § 476.
215. *all, all*] *are all* Han. Dyce ii, iii. *all are* Walker, Ktly, Huds.
218. *on them*] *them on* Rowe et seq. [Prospero remains invisible. Theob.

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213. This line ABBOTT, § 476, would scan by contracting only the first 'devil' into *de'il*, then by prolonging the *o* sound of 'born,' gain sufficient time to let the ictus fall on the first syllable of 'devil.'

215. **all, all**] To me this is exactly right, and any change worse than needless.—ED.

217. **cankers**] MALONE: Lord Essex, in an hour of discontent, said of Queen Elizabeth: 'that she grew old and canker'd, and that her mind was become as crooked as her carcase';—a speech, which according to Sir Walter Raleigh, cost him his head.

218. **line**] HUNTER (*Disquisition*, &c. p. 57): If you look for the word 'line-grove' in any Verbal Index to Shakespeare you will not find it; for the modern editors, in their discretion, have chosen to alter the line in which it occurs, and we now read, 'In the *lime*-grove which weather-fends your cell'; an alteration this, you will say, of no great pith or moment, but observe the effect of it. When Prospero says to Ariel, 'Come, hang them on this line,' he means on one of the line trees near his cell, which could hardly have been mistaken, if the word of the original copies, *line-grove*, had been allowed to keep its place. But the ear having been long familiar to *lime-grove*, the word suggested not the branches of the tree so called, but a *cord line*, and accordingly, when the play is presented, such a line is actually drawn across the stage, and the glittering apparel is hung upon it. Anything more remote from poetry than this can scarcely be imagined. There ensues some clumsy joking about the 'line' among the clowns as they steal through the line-grove with murderous intent. . . . . The jests are worthless, suited to the clownish character of the clowns who utter them. . . . . I introduce them only to observe that they all refer to the line trees, and not (*proh pudor!*) to a clothes-line.—The line tree and the lime tree are the same. The change has been made because the latter is now the more usual appellation; but as late as Elisha Cole the other was the more familiar term: 'line tree, *tilia*, a tall tree, with broad leaves and fine flowers.' The *linden* is a more refined appellation. Shakespeare was probably led to form the grove of this particular tree by what he had observed of the use of it in the neighborhood of London: 'The female line,' says Gerarde, 'or linden tree, waxeth very great and thick, spreading forth her branches wide and far abroad, being a tree which yieldeth a most pleasant shadow, under and within whose boughs may be made brave summer-houses, and banquetting arbours.' We may imagine in a grove of trees such as these, alcoves and bowers of delight in harmony with the young and lovely Miranda.—KNIGHT says that after a careful examination he is convinced that the players are right in stretching up a clothes-line; and opposes Hunter's interpretation for the following reasons: First, on the score of

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printing; nowhere here is 'line' spelt with a capital or in Italics, as it would be were a tree indicated. On the contrary, where the tree is meant, as in line 14 of the next Act, it is spelt '*Line-groue.*' Secondly, Hunter gives no example of 'line' used without the adjunct of tree or grove. In the quotation from Gerarde the word *tree* belongs as much to *line* as to *linden*. Thirdly, the 'clumsy joking' of the clowns about 'losing your hair' and 'bald jerkin' is not 'worthless' as far as concerns an explanation of the meaning of 'line.' Steevens has observed (see *post*) that clothes-lines were usually made of hair. They were especially so made in Shakespeare's day, says Knight. 'In a wood-cut of twelve distinct figures of trades and callings of the time of James I (see Smith's *Cries of London*, p. 15) we have the cry of "*Buy a hair-line!*" The "clumsy joking" would be intelligible to an audience accustomed to a *hair-line*. It is not intelligible, according to Hunter's assertion that the word suggested a *cord-line*.' Fourthly, Knight urges the unlikelihood that drunken clowns could have distinguished a *line tree* from an *elm tree* or a *plane tree*. The very word 'frippery' shows that they had in mind an old-clothes shop, with its clothes hung on a stretched line, whence the joke about stealing by 'line and level.' Lastly, to Hunter's assertion that scarcely anything can be more remote from poetry than *clothes-line*, Knight replies that the entire Scene where the clowns are tricked by Ariel was intended to be the antagonist of poetry, essentially ludicrous, and, to a certain extent, gross. The 'pool' through which they were hunted had nothing poetical about it, and compared with a fountain or a lake it was as the *hair-line* to the *line-tree*.—DYCE (*Few Notes*, &c. p. 14): With all my respect for Mr Hunter's learned labours, I must confess that I think him entirely wrong in the matter of the 'line.' If no other objections could be urged against his acceptation of the word *line*, we surely have a decisive one in the joke of Stephano, 'jerkin, you are like to lose your hair,'—a joke to which it is impossible to attach any meaning unless we suppose that the *line* was a *hair-line*. . . . . In Lyly's *Midas*, a barber's apprentice facetiously says: 'All my mistres' lynes that she dryes her cloathes on, are made only of mustachio stuffe [i. e. of the cuttings of mustachios].' 1592.—STAUNTON also opposed Hunter. 'It is hardly possible,' he says, 'to conceive that the coarse jesting of the clowns . . . . could have been provoked by, or, indeed, would have been applicable to, any other object than the familiar *horse-hair* line, which was formerly used to hang clothes on.' —HUNTER, however, was, quite naturally, unmoved. His observations were repeated in his *New Illustrations* (i, 178), and in *A Few Words*, &c. (p. 8) he replied to Dyce's objection that his interpretation did not explain Stephano's jokes. 'What "now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair" means,' says Hunter, 'I do not quite understand, and I am sure it is not worth searching into. It probably has no positive meaning; but it certainly does not necessarily imply any connection with a clothes-line, even though it were made of twisted hair. . . . . I adhere to what I have ventured to promulgate, and still more should be disposed to maintain that when the clowns are jesting about the word "line" . . . . the passages are better explained, if any sense worth searching for is to be found in them, by referring them not to the clothes-line, but to the line trees under which they were furtively creeping to the cell where they thought to surprise Prospero in his sleep.'—Hunter's best defender is Brae, who, denouncing a clothes-line in such a scene as the 'lowest depth of barbarity,' undertakes to explain those jokes of Stephano, which proved the stumbling-blocks to the acceptance of Hunter's 'line.' BRAE (*Trans. of Royal Soc. Lit.* 2d Ser. vol. x, Pt. iii, p. 466) trusts a good deal to Stephano's calling as a butler, and

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when Knight asks how such drunken fellows could have distinguished one tree from another, Brae replies, 'What more obvious than that in full summer the delicious shade and fragrance of the lime would make it the resort of the *al fresco* symposium, and that *the butler* would often be required to bring flasks and goblets *to the line*. Hence he would hail it as an old and familiar acquaintance, of which the seat beneath [where Ferdinand and Miranda watched the masque] would instantly remind him.' 'There is one peculiarity,' continues Brae, 'in Stephano's recognition which has not been adverted to,—his addressing the tree as "Mistress Line"; and I cannot see how the advocates for the clothes-line—unless by some metempsychosis of a laundry-maid—are to explain this salutation if addressed to *their* object. But to the tree its application is easily explained; it is an allusion to Philyra, a nymph as inseparably associated with the line, or tilia, as Daphne is with the laurel.' This, too, Stephano had learned in his capacity of butler; he had 'doubtless' often overheard the story of Mistress Line discussed beneath the fragrant shade of her branches, and without understanding the classical story might have merely learned to imitate his betters in calling the tree 'Mistris line.' To Knight's objection that *tree* is always an adjunct of *line*, Brae cites Holinshed, who, in his chapter on 'Woods and Marishes,' says: 'We are not without the plane, the vgh, the sorfe, the chestnut, *the line*, the black cherrie, and such like.' To Dyce's assertion that it is impossible to attach any meaning to the allusions to losing the hair and proving bald, unless we suppose the line was a hair-line, Brae opposes the explanation: 'To air is to hang near the fire, or *out of doors*, to dry or freshen; and in some parts of the country the expression to take an air (scilicet, of the fire) is in common use. Now, without going into the question of the probable sameness of pronunciation in Shakespeare's time of *hair* and *air*, it is sufficient for the present purpose to observe that even supposing one of these words was then, as now, aspirated and the other not, that circumstance would be no bar to an equivoke between them by persons of Stephano's class, especially as there are examples of similar equivokes between *hair* and *heir;* and in one or two other places in Shakespeare *hair* and *air* are to this day disputed readings. Now, when Stephano perceives the rich garments hanging abroad, as it were, for an air, he says that the jerkin when taken down will lose its air; and prove, he adds—his wit just catching at the equivoke—a *bald* jerkin. . . . . So, again, 'we steal by line and level' is but mere sound,—the echo of the tree's name suggesting a familiar phrase. The humour seems to consist in the very absence of all sense and fitness as contrasted with Stephano's drunken exuberance of praise. . . . . There is another joke which, in my opinion, must be understood as a continued equivoke upon the name of the tree. Trinculo says 'put some lime upon your fingers.' But how an equivoke upon the name of the tree if we are to call it *line*, and not *lime?* Hereupon Brae shows that 'lime,' *viscum*, was sometimes spelled and written *line*, and infers that Shakespeare may have intended it to be so spelled in this case. And, secondly, from many examples that 'an absolute convertibility existed between *lime* and *line* in almost every sense to which either of these forms could be applied; so that one form might be indifferently spoken, written, and understood for the other, even in equivoke.' Lastly, Brae says 'the only explanation necessary of "now is the jerkin under the line" is that the name of the tree again suggests the echo of a familiar nautical phrase [see Nicholson's explanation, *post*]; or it might be that he would have often heard the allusion applied in the same way in those *under-line symposia* spoken of before.'—[The tendency of the latest criticism is, I think, to approve of

Enter Ariell, *loaden with gliſtering apparell, &c. Enter*
Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *all wet.*

Cal. Pray you tread ſoftly, that the blinde Mole may not heare a foot fall: we now are neere his Cell.

St. Monſter, your Fairy, ẘ you ſay is a harmles Fairy, Has done little better then plaid the Iacke with vs.

Trin. Monſter, I do ſmell all horſe-piſſe, at which My noſe is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you heare Monſter: If I ſhould Take a diſpleaſure againſt you: Looke you.

Trin. Thou wert but a loſt Monſter.

Cal. Good my Lord, giue me thy fauour ſtil, Be patient, for the prize Ile bring thee too Shall hudwinke this miſchance: therefore ſpeake ſoftly, All's huſht as midnight yet.

Trin. I, but to looſe our bottles in the Poole.

Ste. There is not onely diſgrace and diſhonor in that

219. Scene V. Pope+.
222. *heare...Cell*] One line, Rowe ii et seq.
223–228. Prose, Pope et seq.
230. *Good*] *Good, good* Han. Cap. *O good* Ktly. *Nay, good* Huds.

Hunter's interpretation; SINGER leans to it, HUDSON 'rather agrees with it,' and W. A. WRIGHT adopts it. For myself, I accept it gladly, as I should any possible explanation rather than a clothes-line.—ED.]

219. COLLIER remarks that the stage-directions are more particular and correct in this play than, perhaps, in any other.

221. **blinde Mole**] WARTON (*The Adventurer*, iii, 38): Shakespeare seems to be the only poet who possesses the power of uniting poetry with propriety of character; of which I know not an instance more striking than the image Caliban makes use of to express silence, which is at once highly poetical, and exactly suited to the wildness of the speaker. . . . . I always lament that our author has not preserved this fierce and implacable spirit in Caliban, to the end of the play; instead of which he has, I think injudiciously, put into his mouth words that imply repentance and understanding.—HALLIWELL: See Topsell, *Hist.* &c. [ed. 1608, p. 499]: 'These Moles have no eares, and yet they heare in the earth more nimbly and perfectly then men can above the same, for at every step or small noise and almost breathing, they are terrified and run away.'

224. **the Iacke**] JOHNSON: That is, he has played *Jack with the lantern;* has led us about like an *ignis fatuus*, by which travellers are decoyed into the mire. [Either the same that Caliban speaks of as 'firebrands,' II, ii, 9; or, else, as W. A. WRIGHT explains, 'played the knave, deceived. See *Much Ado*, I, i, 186,' and see 'Jack' as used by the old Nurse in *Rom. & Jul.* II, iv, 160, which, I think, is the better interpretation.—ED.]

230. **Lord**] DYCE: Is this a dissyllable here; as it sometimes is? I think not. [ABBOTT, § 484, thinks it is.]

Monſter, but an infinite loſſe.
Tr. That's more to me then my wetting:
Yet this is your harmleſſe Fairy, Monſter.
Ste. I will fetch off my bottle,
Though I be o're eares for my labour.
Cal. Pre-thee (my King) be quiet. Seeſt thou heere
This is the mouth o'th Cell: no noiſe, and enter:
Do that good miſcheefe, which may make this Iſland
Thine owne for euer, and I thy *Caliban*
For aye thy foot-licker.
Ste. Giue me thy hand,
I do begin to haue bloody thoughts.
Trin. O King *Stephano*, O Peere: O worthy *Stephano*,
Looke what a wardrobe heere is for thee.
Cal. Let it alone thou foole, it is but traſh.
Tri. Oh, ho, Monſter: wee know what belongs to a frippery, O King *Stephano*.
Ste. Put off that gowne (*Trinculo*) by this hand Ile haue that gowne.
Tri. Thy grace ſhall haue it. (meane
Cal. The dropſie drowne this foole, what doe you

237–240. Prose, Pope et seq.
240. *o're*] *o'er head and* Han. Quincy MS.
246–249. Prose, Pope et seq.
256. *dropſie*] *deep sea* Wilson.

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243. **good mischeefe**] ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.*): A grammarian must not fail to call attention to poor Caliban's *Oxymoron*.

244. **I**] For other examples of 'I' used for *me*, see ABBOTT, § 209.

248. **King . . . Peere**] WARBURTON: The humour of this consists in the allusion to the old ballad of 'King Stephen was a worthy peer,' which celebrates that king's parsimony with regard to his 'wardrobe.' [The ballad as it appears in Percy's *Folio Manuscript* is given in the note on *Othello*, II, ii, 106 of this edition. The version as it appears in Percy's *Reliques* (i, 174, ed. 1765) has the following stanza:

'King Stephen was a worthy peere,
His breeches cost him but a crowne,
He held them sixpence all too deere;
Therefore he calld the taylor Lowne.']

252. **frippery**] STEEVENS: A shop where old clothes were sold. The person who kept one of these shops was called a *fripper*. Strype, in his *Life of Stowe*, says, that these *frippers* lived in Birchin Lane and Cornhill. [Cotgrave: '*Friperie*: f. A friperie; Brokers shop, street of Brokers, or of Fripiers.' And '*Fripier*: m. A

To doate thus on ſuch luggage? let's alone
And doe the murther firſt: if he awake,
From toe to crowne hee'l fill our skins with pinches,
Make vs ſtrange ſtuffe.
Ste. Be you quiet (Monſter) Miſtris line, is not this

257. *let's alone*] *let's along* Theob. i, iii, Hal. Wh. ii. Warb. Johns. Cap. Steev. Coll. ii, Ktly, Clke, Dyce ii, iii, Huds. *let it alone* Han. Mal. Var. *let't alone* Rann, Coll.
259. *toe*] *too* F_2.
260. *ſtuffe.*] *stuff*— Ktly.

Fripier; or broker; a mender, or trimmer vp of old garments, and a seller of them so mended.']

257. **To doate**] The gerund, for *by doating*.

257. **let's alone**] STEEVENS: This may mean 'let you and I only go to commit the murder, leaving Trinculo, who is so solicitous about the *trash* of dress, behind us.' ['A preposterous suggestion.'—DYCE.]—MALONE justifies his text by remarking that 'Caliban had used the same expression before,'—'the very reason,' says Dyce '(as will be evident to any one who carefully compares the two passages), why it should not be repeated here.' 'Has none of the commentators then,' Dyce (*Few Notes*, p. 15) goes on to ask, 'been led by the words, "And do the murder first," to the lection obviously required in what immediately precedes? Yes; Theobald's sagacity did not forsake him here; but his certain emendation is now only to be found among the rubbish of the *Variorum Shakespeare*, in a very foolish note by Malone, which concludes with, "Mr Theobald reads—"Let's *along*" !' [Theobald has no note on the subject.]—KNIGHT: [Hanmer's text] is good enough and probable.—COLLIER (ed. i): In the original manuscript it probably stood 'Let 't alone'; an abbreviation for the sake of the verse.—STAUNTON in a note on 'Alone, alone' (*Love's L. L.* IV, iii, 384) refers to the present lection in *The Tempest*, and to another instance of it in Beau. & Fl.'s *Loyal Subject*, III, v, p. 68, ed. Dyce, where, with the sense of *along*, it is spelled 'alone,' and that it cannot be a misprint is proved by its rhyming with 'gone.' Here, in *The Tempest*, Staunton says of Theobald's *along* that, 'if "alone" was not sometimes used in the same sense, it is undoubtedly the right word.'—GRANT WHITE (ed. i) does not find Steevens's note as preposterous as Dyce finds it; he pronounces the meaning 'Let us do the murder alone, without the Fool's aid,' 'obvious and appropriate.'—W. A. WRIGHT: If the reading of the Folio be the true one, it must be explained by supposing the verb of motion omitted, as in *Macb.* IV, iii, 136: 'Now, we'll together.' It would then be addressed to Stephano only. [A verb of motion is equally required whether we read *alone* or *along*. If Caliban's idea is 'let us go all by ourselves without the fool and do the murder,' I see no necessity for the word 'first'; but 'first' is important if he wishes to hurry Stephano along to do the murder, and *then* come back for the luggage. Therefore, I think, that in view of Staunton's examples, 'alone' and *along* were probably so nearly alike in pronunciation as to be almost interchangeable; the sense of the context, therefore, can alone be our guide. Here, I think, it is in favour of *along*.—ED.]

260. **stuffe**] ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.*): If you persist in stopping to appropriate this 'trash,' he will pinch our *skins* black and blue, and thus make *us* into a 'stuff' as strange in one way as those variegated stuffs appear to you in another.

my Ierkin? now is the Ierkin vnder the line: now Ierkin you are like to loſe your haire, & proue a bald Ierkin.

Trin. Doe, doe; we ſteale by lyne and leuell, and't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that ieſt; heer's a garment for't: Wit ſhall not goe vn-rewarded while I am King of this Country: Steale by line and leuell, is an excellent paſſe of pate: there's another garment for't.

Tri. Monſter, come put ſome Lime vpon your fingers, and away with the reſt.

Cal. I will haue none on't: we ſhall looſe our time,

264. *and't*] *an't* Cap. Knt et seq. 272. *none*] *done* F_2.

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262. **vnder the line**] STEEVENS: 'An allusion to what often happens to people who pass the line. The violent fevers which they contract in that hot climate make them lose their hair.'—*Edwards's* MSS. As a further elucidation it may be observed that the lines on which clothes are hung are usually made of twisted horse-*hair*.—BR. NICHOLSON (*N. & Qu.* 3d S. v, 49, 1864): The meaning is the jerkin is put as were the stakes at tennis, and so could be taken by the winner. See Florio's *Second Frutes*, ch. 2, p. 25: '*T.* Let vs keepe the lawes of the court. *G.* That is, stake money vnder the line (*sotto la corda*), is it not so? *T.* Yea sir, you hitt it right. *H.* Here is my monie, now stake you.'—Whereupon W. A. WRIGHT remarks that 'the phrase may have another meaning, derived from the same game,' and adds: 'In Heywood's *Proverbs and Epigrams* (Spenser Soc. p. 35) we find: "Thou hast striken the ball vnder the lyne," meaning, "Thou hast lost."' [See also Brae's explanation, above.—DEIGHTON'S explanation is also ingenious, that Stephano says this 'as he tucks the jerkin under his belt.']—STAUNTON (*Athenæum*, 16 Nov. 1872) quotes from a small tract called *Groans from Newgate; or, an Elegy upon Edward Dun, Esq., the Cities Common Hangman, who Dyed Naturally in his Bed, the 11th of September, 1663*, &c. the following concluding lines: 'It was (oh, Death!) an unjust thing, Thou should'st deny him his own swing; Sure, sure, thou hadst some great designe, Or else thou 'adst took him *under-line*.' 'The last words,' says Staunton, 'show conclusively that although Stephano may have alluded, as has been generally surmised, to the loss of hair common to those who visit hot climates, it was not a tree but a cord on which the clothes were suspended, for *under the line* was plainly a slang phrase, like "a Tyburn tippet," "a horse's nightcap," "the sheriff's picture-frame," and other popular sayings of the time, to signify the punishment of hanging by the neck.' [Staunton's date, 1663, is rather late, but, still, slang phrases have an enduring vitality, and, overlooking this small flaw, the explanation seems to be the best that has yet been offered.—ED.]

264. **Doe, doe**] Rev. JOHN HUNTER: This is said in approval of Stephano's punning, being an abbreviation of *That will do*. [This explanation is doubtful, but to propose a better one (unless it be that it refers to Stephano's 'Be you quiet') demands more dramatic instinct than has been bestowed on the present ED.]

268, 269. **paſſe of pate**] W. A. WRIGHT: That is, witty sally.

270. **Lime**] JOHNSON: That is, bird-lime.

And all be turn'd to Barnacles, or to Apes 273

273. *or to*] *or* Pope+, Dyce ii, iii.

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273. **Barnacles**] COLLINS: 'There are,' says Gerarde, in his *Herbal*, 1597, p. 1391, 'in the north parts of Scotland . . . . certaine trees, whereon doe growe certaine shell-fishes, ... which falling into the water, doe become foules, whom we call Barnakles, in the north of England Brant Geese, and in Lancashire tree Geese,' &c. Commend me, however, to Holinshed (vol. i, p. 38), who declares himself to have seen the feathers of these 'barnacles' 'hang out of the shell at least two inches.' And the same account of their generation is given in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, 27th Song [*ad fin.* in the account of *Furnesse*. For the pardonable error of mistaking Holinshed for Harrison, Collins was taken severely to task by DOUCE (i, 23), who presumed that the note, just given, would 'not be thought worth retaining in any future edition,' and who accused Collins of making 'Gerarde responsible for an opinion not his own.' As Collins quoted Gerarde's exact words, it is difficult to understand why, as W. A. Wright says, Douce should make this charge; furthermore, in his zeal to vindicate Harrison, Douce asserts that 'the fish barnacle, or *Lepas anatifera*, is undoubtedly furnished with a *feathered* beard.' The rest of Douce's note is good: 'The real absurdity was the credulity of Gerarde and Harrison in supposing that the barnacle goose was really produced from the shell of the fish. Dr Bullein not only believed this himself, but bestows the epithets "ignorant" and "incredulous" on those who did not; and in the same breath he maintains that christal is nothing more than ice. See his *Bulwarke of Defence*, &c. 1562, f. 12. Caliban's "barnacle" is the *clakis* or tree-goose. Every kind of information on the subject may be found in the *Physica Curiosa* of Jaspar Schot, the Jesuit, who, with great industry, has collected from a multitude of authors whatever they had written concerning it. See lib. ix, c. 22. The works of Pennant and Bewick will supply every deficiency with respect to *rational* knowledge.'—W. A. WRIGHT supplements Collins's extract from Gerarde as follows: Gerarde then goes on to tell what he had himself seen in 'a small Ilande in Lancashire called the Pile of Fouldres,' where branches of trees were cast ashore, 'wheron is found a certaine spume or froth, that in time breedeth vnto certaine shels, in shape like those of the muskle, but sharper pointed, and of a whitish colour.' In process of time the thing contained in these shells 'falleth into the sea, where it gathereth feathers, and groweth to a foule, bigger then a Mallard, and lesser then a Goose; hauing blacke legs and bill or beake, and feathers blacke and white, spotted in such maner as is our Magge-Pie, called in some places a Pie-Annet, which the people of Lancashire call by no other name then a tree Goose; which place aforesaide, and all those parts adioining, do so much abound therewith, that one of the best is bought for three pence: for the truth heerof, if any doubt, may it please them to repaire vnto me, and I shall satisfie them by the testimonie of good witnesses.'—[Harrison's description is, I think, the best (Holinshed, i, 38, 1586); it bears an earnest air of scientific investigation: 'I haue beene verie desirous to vnderstand the vttermost of the breeding of barnacls, & questioned with diuers persons about the same. I haue red also whatsoeuer is written by forren authors touching the generation of that foule, & sought out some places where I haue been assured to see great numbers of them: but in vaine. Wherefore I vtterlie despaired to obteine my purpose, till this present yeare of Grace, 1584, and moneth of Maie.' He then goes on to say that he saw some ships in the Thames, lately arrived beyond seas, on whose sides he perceived 'an infinit sort of

With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monſter, lay to your fingers: helpe to beare this away, where my hogſhead of wine is, or Ile turne you out of my kingdome: goe to, carry this.

Tri. And this.

Ste. I, and this.

A noyſe of Hunters heard. Enter diuers Spirits in ſhape of Dogs and Hounds, hunting them about: Proſpero and Ariel ſetting them on.

Pro. Hey *Mountaine*, hey.

281. Dogs and] Om. Rowe et seq.
Proſpero] Proſper F_3F_4.

282. [Calib. Steph. and Trinc. driven out roaring. Theob.

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shels,' and having obtained ten or twelve of the largest he found in one of them 'the proportion of a foule more perfectlie than in all the rest, sauing that the head was not yet formed, bicause the fresh water had killed them all (as I take it) and thereby hindered their perfection. Certainlie the feathers of the taile hoong out of the shell at least two inches, the wings (almost perfect touching forme) were garded with two shels or sheeldes proportioned like the selfe wings, and likewise the brestbone had hir couerture also of the shellie substance, and altogither resembling the figure which *Lobell* and *Pena* doo giue foorth in their description of this foule: so that I am now fullie persuaded that it is either the barnacle that is ingendred after one maner in these shels, or some other sea-foule to vs as yet vnknowen. For by the feathers appearing and forme so apparant, it cannot be denied, but that some bird or other must proceed of this substance, which by falling from the sides of the ships in long voiages, may come to some perfection.' In the same volume of Holinshed, in the Description of Scotland by Hector Boetius, there is an account (p. 17), highly circumstantial, of a tree cast up by the sea which was 'worm-eaten and full of yoong geese.'—HALLIWELL gives a list of authorities on this subject and an illustration. An entertaining account is given by MAX MÜLLER (*Lectures on the Science of Language*, ii, 552, Am. ed.) of what he supposes to have been the origin of this myth. He shows that the shells were regularly and properly called *bernaculæ*, and that Barnacle-geese were caught in Ireland, which were eaten by the priests in Lent, owing to the belief that these geese were not birds, but shell-fish; that this belief was readily adopted in France, where (so Prof. Müller assumes) these geese were called *Hiberniculæ*, and if the first syllable were dropped they would be called *Berniculæ*, which is so closely allied with *Bernaculæ* that the two were supposed to be one and the same, and that hence arose the myth. As this name for the geese, *Hiberniculæ*, could arise only out of Ireland, this theory of Prof. Müller's does not account for the existence of the myth in Ireland before it appears to have spread to France, and where the geese were called, according to Giraldus Cambrensis, not the diminutive *Berniculæ*, but *Bernacæ*. However, the story is entertaining, and a discussion, in these pages, barren until it can be determined with assurance into which of the two Caliban was in dread of being turned, into the crustacean or into the goose.—ED.

274. **foreheads**] STEEVENS: Low foreheads were anciently reckoned among deformities. See *Ant. & Cleop.* III, iii, 35.

Ari. *Siluer*: there it goes, *Siluer*.
Pro. Fury, Fury: there Tyrant, there: harke, harke.
Goe, charge my Goblins that they grinde their ioynts
With dry Convultions, ſhorten vp their ſinewes
With aged Cramps, & more pinch-ſpotted make them,
Then Pard, or Cat o'Mountaine.
Ari. Harke, they rore.
Pro. Let them be hunted ſoundly: At this houre
Lies at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly ſhall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt haue the ayre at freedome: for a little
Follow, and doe me ſeruice. *Exeunt.*

Actus quintus: Scæna Prima.

Enter Proſpero (*in his Magicke robes*) *and* Ariel.

Pro. Now do's my Proiect gather to a head:
My charmes cracke not: my Spirits obey, and Time

285. *Fury,*] *Hey, Fury,* Ktly.
286. *that they*] *that thou* F_2.
287. *dry*] *wry* Warb. conj. (Nichols, ii, p. 247) Wilson.
288. *aged*] *agued* Wilson.
292. *Lies*] Ff, Jeph. Wrt, Rlfe, Dtn. *Lye* Rowe et cet.
2. Before the Cell. Theob.
4. *cracke*] *breake* Wilson.

286. **grinde**] The subjunctive, see I, ii, 528.

287, &c. **Convultions . . . Cramps,** &c.] BUCKNILL (p. 58): The punishments here inflicted are half-medical, half-magical, and certainly do not represent a scientific description of aguish disease.

289. **Cat o'Mountaine**] W. A. WRIGHT: Topsell [p. 577] says, 'The greatest therefore they call Panthers, as Bellunensis writeth. The second they call Pardals, and the third least of all, they call *Leopards*, which for the same cause in England is called a Cat of the Mountain.' . . . . It was probably one of the smaller varieties of the leopard, and the name was not strictly confined to one animal. In *The Merry Wives*, II, ii, 27, Falstaff reproaches Pistol with his 'cat-a-mountain looks.'

292. **Lies**] For a similar singular, see I, i, 24.

4. **cracke**] It is not easy exactly to define the use of this word here. ALLEN thinks it refers to magic bands; Prospero afterwards says 'my charms I'll *break*,' and further on tells Ariel to '*untie* the spell' around Caliban; that Shakespeare applies the word 'crack' to strings, is seen in this play where Ferdinand says 'I had rather crack my sinews,' and in *Lear*, V, iii, 216: 'the strings of life Begin to crack.' —W. A. WRIGHT defines its present use as 'without a flaw.' There may be even

Goes vpright with his carriage: how's the day? 5
Ar. On the ſixt hower, at which time, my Lord
You ſaid our worke ſhould ceaſe.
Pro. I did ſay ſo,
When firſt I rais'd the Tempeſt: ſay my Spirit,
How fares the King, and's followers? 10
Ar. Confin'd together
In the ſame faſhion, as you gaue in charge,
Iuſt as you left them; all priſoners Sir
In the *Line-groue* which weather-fends your Cell,
They cannot boudge till your releaſe: The King, 15
His Brother, and yours, abide all three diſtracted,
And the remainder mourning ouer them, 17

10. *fares*] *fare* Cap. conj.
and's] *and his* Cap. Steev.'85, Mal. Var. Hal. Sing. Ktly.
and's followers?] *and his?* Steev. '93.
11. *together*] Om. Pope+.
13. *them...Sir*] *them, sir; all prisoners* Reed '03, '13, Var.'21.
13. *all*] *all your* Pope, Theob. Han. Warb. Cap. *all are* Coll. ii, iii (MS), Ktly, Dyce ii, iii.
14. Line-groue] Ff, Coll. Sing. Wh. Dyce, Cam. Glo. Clke, Wrt, Rlfe. *Lime grove* Rowe et cet.
15. *your*] *you* F_3F_4, Rowe i, Johns. Hal. Sing.

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a third interpretation, as containing a reference to the crucibles and alembics of magicians; of this DEIGHTON has an adumbration in surmising that it refers to 'a pitcher or dish which is not cracked.'—ED.

4. **Time**] WARBURTON: Time is usually represented as an old man bending under his load. He is here painted as in great vigour, and walking upright to denote that things went prosperously on.

10, 11. These two lines must be accepted as metrical in themselves, without attempting, in order to make one line, to pen them within the limits of a certain number of syllables. In the attempt to force them into one line STEEVENS discards 'followers' under the convenient plea that it is 'evidently a gloss'; and it is doubtful if the treatment suggested by ABBOTT be not quite as violent; under the section on *Dropped Prefixes* (§ 460) the latter, after remarking that 'Sometimes, perhaps, the prefix, though written, ought scarcely to be pronounced,' thus scans the line: 'How fares | the king | and's fŏllow | ers? (Con) | fĭned | together.'

13. The Textual Notes will show the attempts that have been made to render this line metrical; of them all, REED'S is to be preferred, I think, as the simplest; it involves no other change than a transposition of words. ABBOTT, § 484, would make both 'all' and 'prisoners' dissyllables. Reed's change has been overlooked not only by Collier and Dyce, but by the Cam. Edd.

14. **Line-groue**] See IV, i, 218.

16. **Brother**] WALKER (*Vers.* 108) cites this as a possible instance of the contraction of this word into a monosyllable, like *whe'er* for *whether*, or *e'en* for *even*. The dialect of the Southern negroes makes such a contraction familiar, albeit comic. —ED.

Brim full of ſorrow, and diſmay: but chiefly
Him that you term'd Sir, the good old Lord *Gonzallo*,
His teares runs downe his beard like winters drops
From eaues of reeds: your charm ſo ſtrongly works 'em
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.
Pro. Doſt thou thinke ſo, Spirit?
Ar. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.
Pro. And mine ſhall.
Haſt thou (which art but aire) a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and ſhall not my ſelfe,
One of their kinde, that relliſh all as ſharpely,
Paſſion as they, be kindlier mou'd then thou art?
Thogh with their high wrongs I am ſtrook to th' quick,
Yet, with my nobler reaſon, gainſt my furie
Doe I take part: the rarer Action is
In vertue, then in vengeance: they, being penitent,
The ſole drift of my purpoſe doth extend
Not a frowne further: Goe, releaſe them *Ariell*,

18, 19. *Brim...Him*] One line, Mal.
19. *Him*] *He* Han. Huds.
that you] *you* Steev.'93, Var.
Sir] Om. Pope+, Coll. ii, iii (MS), Huds.
20. *teares runs*] *teares run* Ff et seq.
winters drops] *Winter drops* F_4, Rowe+, Cap. Steev.'85, Dyce, Huds.
21. *reeds*] *reed* Cap. conj.
21. *'em*] *them* Steev.'93, Var. Knt, Coll. Wh. i, Ktly.
29, 30. *ſharpely, Paſſion*] *ſharply Paſſion* F_3F_4, Rowe, Hal. Wh. Dyce, Rlfe. *sharply Passion'd* Pope. *sharply, Passion'd* Han.
31. *Thogh*] F_1.
32. *gainſt*] *againſt* F_3F_4, Rowe i.
33, 34. *Action...vertue*] *virtue...pardon* Daniel.

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19. **Him that**] 'Him' is here for *he;* in II, i, 32 we have 'he' for *him.* See ABBOTT, § 208, if need be.

29. **all**] HOLT: The meaning here is either 'he relish'd all Passion as sharply' or 'he relish'd Passion all (i. e. full) as sharply as,' &c. [In this latter adverbial sense, which is assuredly correct, WALKER (*Crit.* iii, 6) also understands it; he calls attention to the corresponding phrase in Dryden's Version: 'who as sharply relish passion as they,' &c.]—DYCE: The earlier Folios have, in opposition to the sense, a comma after 'sharply.'

30. **Passion**] THEOBALD: That is, feel the force of passion; am mov'd by it. So in *Two Gent.* IV, iv, 172: ''twas Ariadne passioning For Theseus' perjury,' and in *Ven. and Ad.* 1059: 'Dumbly she passions,' &c.

34–36. CAPELL thus punctuates and amends these lines: 'they being penitent, The sole drift of my purpose, *wrath* doth end; Not a frown further:' and also gives us this note, whereof the self-complacency, at least, is intelligible: 'He must have very unworthy notions of Shakespeare who can look on [line 35, "The sole drift," &c.]

My Charmes Ile breake, their ſences Ile reſtore,
And they ſhall be themſelues.
Ar. Ile fetch them, Sir. *Exit.*
Pro. Ye Elues of hils, brooks, ſtāding lakes & groues,
And ye, that on the ſands with printleſſe foote
Doe chaſe the ebbing-*Neptune*, and doe flie him
When he comes backe: you demy-Puppets, that

39. *them*] *thim* F_3. 39. Scene II. Pope+.

in its old reading, and without stop anywhere, and then ascribe it to him: *purpose* (nay, and the *drift of purpose*, too) *extending a frown*, is an idea for Bedlam; and we were certainly help'd to 't by some amender who felt a breach in the measure, and lengthen'd "*end*" to *extend* in way of cure for it; that administer'd here [i. e. Capell's own emendation] will scarce be objected to; the term is every way pertinent; and, by that, and the punctuation, the whole passage is now of simplest construction, and has a clearness that makes explaining unnecessary.' Of course the meaning of the Folio text, in which no one but Capell has ever found any difficulty, is that Prospero's anger does not extend as much as a frown beyond their penitence. The Cam. Edd. in recording this reading as 'Anon. apud Rann' overlooked the fact that it is Capell's text.—ED.

40, 43. **Ye . . . you**] These seem to be used here indiscriminately, says ABBOTT, § 236. See I, ii, 382.

40, &c. WARBURTON: Shakespeare borrowed this speech from Medea's in Ovid.—HOLT: This beautiful incantation has shown beyond contradiction that Shakespeare was perfectly acquainted with the sentiments of the ancients on the subject of enchantments. Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, vii, 197–206, were his foundation, but he varied his plan with masterly judgement.—FARMER (p. 45): It happens, however, that the translation by Arthur Golding is by no means literal, and Shakespeare hath closely followed it.—MALONE: Shakespeare evidently copied the translation, and not the original. [The following is from the edition of 1567, p. 83, *verso*:]

'Ye Ayres and windes: ye Elues of Hilles, of Brookes, of Woods alone,
Of standing Lakes, and of the Night approche ye euerychone.
Through helpe of whom (the crooked bankes much wondring at the thing)
I haue compelled streames to run cleane backward to their spring.
By charmes I make the calme Seas rough, & make ỹ rough Seas plaine.
And couer all the Skie with Cloudes and chase them thence againe.
By charmes I raise and lay the windes, and burst the Vipers iaw.
And from the bowels of the Earth both stones and trees doe draw.
Whole woods and Forestes I remoue: I make the Mountaines shake,
And euen the Earth it selfe to grone and fearefully to quake.
I call vp dead men from their graues: and thee O lightsome Moone
I darken oft, though beaten brasse abate thy perill soone.
Our Sorcerie dimmes the Morning faire, and darkes ỹ Sun at Noone.
The flaming breath of fierie Bulles ye quenched for my sake
And caused their vnwieldie neckes the bended yoke to take.
Among the Earthbred brothers you a mortall war did set
And brought a sleepe the Dragon fell whose eyes were neuer shet.'—

By Moone-ſhine doe the greene ſowre Ringlets make, 44

MAGINN (*Fraser's Maga.* Oct. 1839): Shakespeare was perfectly acquainted with the difference between the enchantments of the ancients and those which were suitable to the character of his Prospero. Golding, indeed, mistook his author, when he translated 'Montesque, amnesque, lacusque, Dîque omnes nemorum, dîque omnes noctis adeste,' by 'ye *elves* of hills, of brooks, and woods *alone*, of standing lakes, and of the night'; for the deities invoked by Medea were anything but what, in our language, attaches to the idea of *elves;* while the epithet *alone*, though, perhaps, defensible, is intruded without sufficient warrant into the translation. . . . . But what was unsuitable for Ovid was perfectly suitable for Shakespeare; and accordingly he had no scruple of borrowing a few words of romantic appeal to the tiny deities of fairy superstition. The lines immediately following 'Ye ayres and winds,' &c., address the powers, which with printless foot, dance upon the sands; which, by moonshine, form the green, sour ringlets, not touched by the ewe; which make midnight mushrooms for pastime; which rejoice to hear the solemn curfew; and not one of these things is connected with the notions of aërial habitants of wood or stream in classical days. When Shakespeare returns to Ovid he is very little indebted to Golding. We find, indeed, that Prospero boasts of having 'bedimmed the noontide sun,' which resembles Golding's 'Our sorcerie *dims* the morning fair, and darks the *sun at noone*.' But the analogous passage in Ovid would have been, in its literal state, of no use to Prospero: 'Currus quoque carmine nostro Pallet *avi*.' With this obligation, however, the compliment due to Golding ceases. *Ope quorum:* 'Through *help* of whom.'—Golding. 'By whose *aid*.'—Shakespeare. *Vivaque saxa, sua convulsaque robora terra, et silvas moveo.* 'And from the bowels of the earth both stones and *trees* do *draw*.'—Golding. 'Rifted Jove's stout *oak* (robora) with his own bolt; and by the spurs *plucked up* (sua convulsa terra), the pine and cedar.'—Shakespeare. *Manesque exire sepulcris.* 'I call up dead men from their graves.'—Golding. 'Graves, at my command, have wak'd their sleepers; oped and let them forth.'—Shakespeare. Ovid has contributed to the invocation of Prospero at least as much as Golding.

41. **ye, that**] See II, ii, 12.

41. **printlesse foote**] STEEVENS: See Milton, *Comus*, 897: 'Whilst from off the waters fleet Thus I set my printless feet.'—HALLIWELL: Compare *Ven. & Ad.* 148: 'Dance on the sands and yet no footing seen.'

43. **demy-Puppets**] There must have been some reason for the use of 'demy,' but what it is I cannot say. To translate it as Schmidt does, and define it as 'half-a-puppet,' is merely what Dr Johnson would call 'motion without progression.' In Drayton's *Moon-calf*, ed. 1748, p. 177, we find, 'Other, like beasts, yet had the feet of fowls, That demi-urchins were, or demi-owls.'—ED.

44. **greene sowre Ringlets**] GREY (p. 35): Ringlets of grass are very common in meadows, which are higher, sourer, and of a deeper green than the grass that grows around them; and by the common people are usually call'd *fairy circles*.—DOUCE: Though a real or supposed acidity in this kind of grass will certainly warrant the use of 'sour,' it is not improbable that Shakespeare might have written *green-sward*. [So also Collier's MS.]—HUNTER (*Disquisition*, &c. p. 132): The compound *green-sour* has been invented by the modern editors. I believe no other instance of such a compound is to be collected from any other writer. [See Halliwell's note.] I would propose: 'By moon-shine *on* the green, sour ringlets make.' Or if we suppose *on* to be elided: 'By moon-shine d' on the green, sour ringlets

Whereof the Ewe not bites: and you, whoſe paſtime
Is to make midnight-Muſhrumps, that reioyce
To heare the ſolemne Curfewe, by whoſe ayde
(Weake Maſters though ye be) I haue bedymn'd
The Noone-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutenous windes,
And twixt the greene Sea, and the azur'd vault

46. *Muſhrumps*] *Muſhromes* F_3F_4. Kinnear.
48. *Maſters*] *ministers* Han. *motives*
50. *azur'd*] *azure* Walker, Huds.

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make.' But I should prefer the former were it not too obvious.—KNIGHT: Why cannot we be content to retain the *double* epithet of the Folio? We know that the ringlets are on the green sward, and on the green; but the poet, by using the epithet 'green,' marks the intensity of their colour. They are greener than the green about them. That they are 'sour' he explains by 'Whereof the ewe not bites.' No description could be more accurate of what we still call fairy-rings.—HALLIWELL: The compound epithet 'green-sour' is exactly in Shakespeare's manner, like another one, 'white-cold' [IV, i, 63]. There is surely no necessity for any alteration of the original text. [DYCE (ed. i) expresses his agreement with Halliwell and speaks for all of us. For the Folk-lore in regard to these Ringlets see Brand's *Popular Antiquities* (ii, 480, ed. Bohn), where also certain theories to account for their origin may be found, such as that they were due to thunder-bolts, to moles, and finally to a species of mushroom.—ED.]

45. **not bites**] See II, i, 122. RUSHTON (*Sh. Illust. by Old Authors*, i, 41): 'Your misplacing and preposterous placing is not all one in behauiour of language, for the misplacing is alwaies intollerable, but the preposterous is a pardonable fault, and many times giues a pretie grace vnto the speech. We call it by a common saying, to *set the carte before the horse*, and it may be done, eyther by a single word or by a clause of speech: by a single word thus: *And if I not performe, God let me never thriue.* For performe not: and this vice is sometimes tollerable inough, but if the word carry away notable sence, it is a vice not tollerable, as he that said, praising a woman for her red lippes, thus: *A corall lippe of hew.* Which is no good speech,' &c.—Puttenham, *Arte of English Poesie*, iii, cap. 22 [p. 262, ed. Arber].

46. **Mushrumps**] HALLIWELL gives several instances of this spelling from Beau. & Fl., Marlowe, Southwell, Speed's *History*, and Day; and W. A. WRIGHT adds another from Lily.

48. **Weake Masters**] STEEVENS: Though you are but inferior masters of these supernatural powers, though you possess them but in a low degree.—BLACKSTONE: That is, ye are powerful auxiliaries, but weak if left to yourselves; your employment is then to make green ringlets and midnight mushrooms, and to play the idle pranks mentioned by Ariel in his next song; yet by your aid I have been enabled to invert the course of nature. We say, proverbially, 'Fire is a good *servant*, but a bad *master*.' [In this note I am afraid His Honor's proverb somewhat allays the good precedence; 'master' is not, I think, used in quite the same sense both in the proverb and in our text, where it means merely weak proficients, weak adepts, and the sense would be *logically* as good were it even omitted.—ED.]

50. **azur'd**] Just as in 'your *sedg'd* crown,' IV, i, 145, WALKER conjectured *sedge;* so here he conjectures *azure* (*Crit.* ii, 69 and iii, 7), although doubtfully;

Set roaring warre: To the dread ratling Thunder
Haue I giuen fire, and rifted *Ioues* ſtowt Oke
With his owne Bolt: The ſtrong baſs'd promontorie
Haue I made ſhake, and by the ſpurs pluckt vp
The Pyne, and Cedar. Graues at my command
Haue wak'd their ſleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth
By my. ſo potent Art. But this rough Magicke
I heere abiure: and when I haue requir'd
Some heauenly Muſicke (which euen now I do)
To worke mine end vpon their Sences, that
This Ayrie-charme is for, I'le breake my ſtaffe,
Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth,

53. *ſtrong baſs'd*] *strong bas'd* Rowe.
56. *Haue...forth*] *Have open'd, and let forth their sleepers, wak'd* Warb.
'em] Ff, Rowe, Pope, Han. Wh. Dyce, Cam. Glo. Jeph. Rlfe, Huds. *them* Theob. et cet.
61. *is for*] *has frail'd* Warb.
62. *Bury...fadomes*] *Bury't a certain fadom* Warb.
fadomes] *fathoms* Cap.

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he finds '*azur'd* veins' in Sidney's *Arcadia*, ii, 142, line 14. The list of instances, where final *d* and final *e* are confounded, which Walker gives in the dozen pages of his volume, is almost long enough to make one accept at once any conjecture founded on it. There is a notable instance of this confusion in 'boile,' line 72 of this Scene.—In § 294, Abbott gives a list of verbs formed from nouns and participles, and, as a parallel case to the present, where an adjective would be quite as good as the participle, he cites, 'reckoning time, whose million'd accidents,' &c., *Sonn.* 115. 'Lorded,' I, ii, 115, and 'wondred,' IV, i, 137, in the present play, are instances of these verbs formed from nouns, but are not parallel to the present case.—W. A. WRIGHT: Milton (*Comus*, 893) has 'azurn.'

57. **But this**] STEEVENS: Prospero sets out with a long and distinct invocation to the various ministers of his art; yet to what purpose they were invoked does not very distinctly appear. Had our author written '*All* this,' &c. instead of '*But* this,' &c. the conclusion of the address would have been more pertinent to its beginning.—GRANT WHITE, in reference to the same idea that Steevens expresses, suggests that 'it is possible that this is the result of inadvertence on Shakespeare's part; but it is more than probable that he purposely, though not at first deliberately, avoided the clear, determinate effect of a more precise construction.' [This wavering of thought at the crisis of his fate is pathetic.—ED.]

58. **requir'd**] W. A. WRIGHT: Asked for. Both 'require' and 'demand' were formerly used in a sense slightly different from that attached to them now. Compare *Psalm* cxxxvii, 3: 'For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song,' where there is no idea of asking as a right.

61, 62. To record in the Text. Notes Warburton's arbitrary changes in these lines is amply sufficient; to give even a digest of the long notes which they called forth from Holt and Heath is not worth, as Mat Prior would say, the effusion of any more Christian ink.—ED.

62. **certaine**] EDWARDS (*Canons*, &c. p. 66), while quite aware that 'certain'

And deeper then did euer Plummet ſound 63
Ile drowne my booke. *Solemne muſicke.*

Heere enters Ariel *before*: *Then* Alonſo *with a frantick ge-* 65
ſture, attended by Gonzalo. Sebaſtian *and* Anthonio *in like manner attended by* Adrian *and* Franciſco: *They all enter the circle which* Proſpero *had made, and there ſtand charm'd: which* Proſpero *obſeruing, ſpeakes.*

A ſolemne Ayre, and the beſt comforter, 70
To an vnſetled fancie, Cure thy braines
(Now vſeleſſe) boile within thy skull: there ſtand 72

65. Scene III. Pope+.
70. *and*] Om. Cap. *as* Huds.
71. *vnſetled...thy*] *unsettled fancy's cure!—Thy* Mal.
fancie, Cure] *fancy! Sure* Harness conj. (ap. Ingleby, Still Lion, p. 69).
71. *braines*] *brains that* Ktly.
72. (*Now vſeleſſe*) *boile*] *Now useless coil,* Wilson.
boile within] F_2. *boil within* F_3 F_4, Rowe i, Mal. Ktly. *boiling in* Sing. *boil'd within* Rowe ii et cet. *bound within* S. Verges.

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means an indefinite number, supposes that Shakespeare might have intended to signify that there was 'a certain precise determinate number of fadoms, which Prospero, by his art, knew of; at which depth if he buried his staff, it would never more be discovered, so as to be used in enchantments'; which is ingenious and not impossible. —ED.

71. **vnsetled fancie**] WORDSWORTH (p. 78): It is reasonable to suppose that the service which David performed for Saul, see *1 Sam.* xvi, 23, was present to our poet's mind.

71. **braines**] HEATH: Compare *Mid. N. D.* V, i, 4: 'Lovers and madmen have such seething brains.'—MALONE: And *Wint. T.* III, iii, 64: 'Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather?'

71, 72. **thy**] INGLEBY (*Sh. Hermeneutics*, p. 68): As two persons are addressed, and 'you' is the pronoun properly applied to them in line [73], it can hardly be doubted that the possessive pronoun 'thy' is an error for *the*. [HUDSON adopted this in his text with the following note:] Prospero is evidently speaking either to all six of the men or else to none of them. If he is speaking to them it should be *your—your;* if merely in reference to them, it should be either *the—the* or *their—their*. Ingleby's correction is manifestly right; though, for my part, I should prefer *their—their*, but that it involves more of literal change. [I am afraid that here the critic has not only invaded the province of the actor, but has failed to master the situation. It is an assumption on Ingleby's part that 'two persons are addressed,' and an incorrect one. Gonzalo's brains did not boil within his skull. Ariel distinctly says that only Alonso, Sebastian, and Anthonio were distracted, and the stage-direction is explicit that it is only they who enter with a 'frantic gesture.' Prospero could use 'thy' only to Alonso, as the one to enter first, but he may well have used 'you' when he spell-stopped them all.—ED.]

72. **boile**] Rowe's change to *boil'd* has been adopted by almost every editor. It

For you are Spell-ſtopt.
Holy *Gonzallo*, Honourable man,
Mine eyes ev'n ſociable to the ſhew of thine
Fall fellowly drops: The charme diſſolues apace,
And as the morning ſteales vpon the night
(Melting the darkeneſſe) ſo their riſing ſences
Begin to chace the ignorant fumes that mantle

74. *Holy*] *Noble* Coll. ii (MS).
75. *ſhew*] *flow* Coll. ii, iii (MS).
76. *fellowly drops*] *fellowy drops* Rowe ii. *fellow-drops* Pope, Theob. Han. Warb. Cap.

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is much simpler thus to consider it as another instance of the confusion of final *e* and final *d* (see line 50, above, and line 87, below) than to suppose that there is an omission of the relative *which*.—INGLEBY (*Sh. Hermeneutics*, 68), however, strongly contends for this omission, which he pronounces 'as plain as the nose on one's face,' and that the 'brains were *boiling*, not *boiled*.' To which the answer lies that having entered 'the circle which Prospero had made' their 'franticke gestures' had ceased, leaving their brains useless as the result of an 'vnsetled fancie.' It is hardly to be supposed that Prospero would address them as intelligent men while the uncomfortable process of ebullition was going on in their brains.—ED.

74. **Holy**] COLLIER (ed. ii): *Noble* as it is corrected in the MS is, we may be confident, a restoration of the poet's language. Why was Prospero to call Gonzalo 'holy'? He was 'noble' and 'honourable,' but in no respect 'holy.'—STAUNTON: 'Holy,' in Shakespeare's time, besides its ordinary meaning of *godly*, *sanctified*, and the like, signified also *pure*, *just*, *righteous*, &c.; in this sense Leontes speaks of Polixenes as 'holy': 'You have a *holy* father, A graceful gentleman.'—*Wint. T.* V, i, 170.—DYCE adds: In *The Two Gent.* IV, ii, 41 we have 'holy' applied to Silvia, a young lady no more remarkable for her piety than her neighbours. [Collier deserted this correction in his third edition.]

75. **ev'n sociable**] PHILLPOTTS: 'Even' might be either 'even as much as yours seem' or 'even fall drops.' It is possible that 'even' here may itself have the sense of 'fellowly and sociable,' as 'their *even* Christian.'—*Ham.* V, i, 35.

75. **shew**] COLLIER (ed. ii): The error [corrected by the MS] of 'show' for *flow* is also transparent, and must have been occasioned chiefly by the mistake of the long *s* for *f*; Gonzalo was weeping, and the eyes of Prospero, 'sociable to the *flow*' of those of Gonzalo, shed companionable tears.—[DYCE pronounces this 'more plausible than the change in the preceding line.' If any emendation were needed, it is almost unexceptionable. But STAUNTON brings forward one or two 'facts which militate very strongly against' it, as he thinks: first, the word in the Folio is 'shew,' not *show*; and next that the single character *ſh* would be 'far less likely' to be mistaken for the single character *ſt* than the long *s* with *f*; which is a little doubtful, or, at least, incapable of proof.—ED.

76. **Fall**] See II, i, 326, if need be.

76. **fellowly**] For many other examples 'where *-ly* represents *like*, of which it is a corruption,' see ABBOTT, § 447.

79. **ignorant**] Here used causatively.

Their cleerer reaſon. O good *Gonzallo*
My true preſeruer, and a loyall Sir,
To him thou follow'ſt; I will pay thy graces
Home both in word, and deede: Moſt cruelly
Did thou *Alonſo*, vſe me, and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the Act,
Thou art pinch'd for't now *Sebaſtian*. Fleſh, and bloud,
You, brother mine, that entertaine ambition,
Expelld remorſe, and nature, whom, with *Sebaſtian*
(Whoſe inward pinches therefore are moſt ſtrong)
Would heere haue kill'd your King: I do forgiue thee,
Vnnaturall though thou art: Their vnderſtanding
Begins to ſwell, and the approching tide

80. *O*] *O my* Pope+, Steev.'93, Var. *O thou* Walker (*Crit.* iii, 7), Dyce ii, iii, Huds.
81. *Sir*] *suitor* Wilson.
84. *Did*] *Didſt* F_3F_4 et seq.
86. *Thou art*] Ff, Rowe i, Cap. Knt, Dyce i, Sta. Cam. Glo. Wrt, Rlfe, Wh. ii, Dtn. *thou 'rt* Rowe ii et cet.
86. Sebaſtian. *Fleſh, and bloud,*] *Sebastian, flesh and blood.* Theob. Warb. Dyce.
87. *entertaine*] Sta. Ktly. *entertain'd* Ff et cet.
88. *whom*] Ff, Hal. Wh. ii. *who* Rowe et cet.

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80. **O**] See I, ii, 105.

81. **Sir**] COLLIER (ed. ii): In the MS this is changed to *servant*, and that word may have been written with an abbreviation, and therefore mistaken; but as Shakespeare not unfrequently uses 'sir' as in the text, we introduce no change, especially as the sense of the passage is in no respect either altered or strengthened by it.

84. **Did**] This is the first word on the page. The catch-word at the foot of the preceding page is 'Didst.'

86. **Sebastian**] Theobald's substitution of a comma after 'Sebastian' and the removal of the full stop to the end of the line were pronounced by Capell an absurdity; 'for what,' he asks, 'is pinching in blood'? Dyce answers, '"flesh and blood" means, of course, the whole man,' and adopts Theobald's punctuation—injudiciously, I think, because 'flesh and blood' does not apply to Sebastian, but to 'brother mine.' See Abbott's note on 'you' in the next line.—ED.

87. **You**] ABBOTT, § 232: Prospero, who has addressed the worthy Gonzalo in the friendly *thou*, and the repentant Alonso in the impassioned *thou*, turning to his unnatural brother says, 'Flesh and blood, *You* brother mine,' but, on pronouncing his forgiveness immediately afterwards, he says, 'I do forgive thee,' &c. See also lines 150–152, &c.

87. **entertaine**] See line 50, above.

88. **remorse**] Pity.

91. **Their vnderstanding,** &c.] DEIGHTON: Their understanding had ebbed to its lowest point; but the tide is turning and will soon be at the full; overflowing with bright waves the shore of reason, now foul and muddy for want of its (reason's) flood.

Will ſhortly fill the reaſonable ſhore
That now ly foule, and muddy: not one of them
That yet lookes on me, or would know me: *Ariell*,
Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell,
I will diſcaſe me, and my ſelfe preſent
As I was ſometime *Millaine:* quickly Spirit,
Thou ſhalt ere long be free.
Ariell ſings, and helps to attire him.
Where the Bee ſucks, there ſuck I,
In a Cowſlips bell, I lie,

93, 94. *ſhore...ly*] F_2. *shores...lie* Mal. Steev.'93, Var. Knt, Sing. Coll. Hal. Wh. i. *ſhore...lies* F_3F_4 et cet.
95. *That yet*] *E'en yet* Wilson.
95. *or*] *e'er* Coll. MS, Ktly.
97. [Exit Ariel, and returns immediately. Theob.
101. ſuck] *lurk* Theob. Han.

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93. **reasonable shore**] W. A. WRIGHT: The shore of reason which has just been, by another figure, compared to clear water covered with a scum of ignorant fumes.

96, &c. HENSE (*Antikes*, &c. p. 482) calls attention to the instances of anagnorisis, or recognition, similar to the present scene, in Grecian poetry, e. g. the scene of the recognition of Ulysses by Penelope; and where Ulysses discloses himself to the group of horrified suitors. Again where Sophocles depicts the recognition of Ulysses by Philoctetes.

101. **suck I**] THEOBALD changed this to '*lurk I*,' on the plea that 'a spirit of a refin'd ætherial essence' could not be 'intended to want food,' this superfluous emendation became, for many a long year, ingrained in the popular memory by its having been adopted by Dr Arne in his musical setting. It has even yet scarcely died out.—HUNTER finds in this line another reference to the 'line' tree, whereof the flower is an 'eminent favourite of the bee, who quits even the thyme border that she may revel in "the blossom that hangs on the bough,"—its pendulous flowers.'

102. **Cowslips**] MALONE: Compare Drayton, *Nymphidia:* 'At midnight the appointed hour, And for the Queen a fitting bow'r, (Quoth he) is that fair cowslip flow'r, On Hipcut-hill that groweth.' *Nymphidia* was not written, I imagine, until after 1612. It was not printed till 1627. [There are many passages throughout Drayton, as we all know, which reveal the powerful influence on him which Shakespeare had. A striking passage was noted in *As You Like It*, and in this same *Nymphidia*, a few stanzas lower down than that above quoted, there is a description of Queen Mab's chariot, whereof the horses were gnats, their harness gossamer, the coachman a fly, and the wheels of crickets' bones, which no one can read without being reminded of Mercutio; and again when Puck is sent off by Oberon, he goes, according to Drayton, 'thorough brake, thorough brier, Thorough muck, thorough mier, Thorough water, thorough fier.'—ED.]

102. **bell**] In his note on IV, i, 73 Steevens said that it was clear Shakespeare was no diligent botanist, for 'who ever heard,' he asked, 'of a *bell-shaped* cowslip?'—BR. NICHOLSON (*N. & Qu.* 3d S. ix, 28, 1866) says that 'Ariel's bell is the calyx of the flower, which is described to this day in botanical works as somewhat bell-shaped, and is so.' A calyx undoubtedly may be bell-shaped, but in losing its corolla, a calyx

There I cowch when Owles doe crie, 103
On the Batts backe I doe flie
after Sommer merrily. 105

103. cowch] crowch F_3F_4, Rowe i. *couch:* Cap. Huds. *couch.* Heath, Var. Coll. i, ii.

105. Sommer merrily] *sunset, merrily.* Theob. Han. *summer: Merrily,* Holt.

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loses all its poetry and charm. In speaking of a cowslip we think only of the corolla, which, as in the case of all monopetalous plants, can be fairly enough termed a bell. In a poetic generalisation all flowers may be called bell-shaped; as in the *Hymn to the Flowers*, by Horace Smith, which every one knows, or ought to know, by heart: 'Neath cloistered boughs each floral bell that swingeth And tolls its perfume in the passing air.'—ED.

103. **There I cowch when Owles doe crie**] The older commentators, WARBURTON, HEATH, and CAPELL, 'abide all three distracted' over this line, which means, in its simplest terms, merely that Ariel slept at night in a cowslip; they were misled by the belief that an allusion to owls could refer only to winter. Therefore Heath proposed a full stop after 'couch,' and has been followed, substantially, by others from whom we might have expected better. Heath's note is here given because it has been cited with approval by a recent editor; Warburton's and Capell's may be omitted without loss, at least those portions which refer to this line. HEATH: If Ariel 'couches in the cowslip when owls do cry,' it follows that he couches there in winter, for that, from the general notoriety of the fact, is the season when owls do cry. How then can it consistently be said that he constantly flies the approach of winter by following the summer in its progress to other climates? I should imagine, therefore, that Shakespeare pointed the passage thus: 'There I couch. When owls,' &c.—STEEVENS truthfully observed: 'Owls cry not only in winter. It is well known that they are to the full as clamorous in summer; Titania, in *Mid. N. D.*, the time of which is supposed to be May, commands her fairies to "keep back The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots." '—MALONE, too, albeit he was beguiled by Heath, remarked that 'When owls do cry' means simply at night.

104. **Batts backe**] WALKER (*Vers.* 234): Such combinations as 'Lud's Town' (compare Newtown, &c.), 'Heaven's Gate' (compare Kirkgate, Ludgate, &c.), and others of the same kind are pronounced as if they were single words, with the accent on the first syllable. Thus Caliban's 'Shew thee a jay's nest,' &c. And here pronounce 'bat's back' as *horseback;* and [in line 203 of this Scene]: 'And I would call it fair play,' pronounce fair-play, unless there is any corruption in the words following. [I do not like this holocaust to rhythm.—ED.]

105. **Sommer**] That there is a charm, and a great charm, in Theobald's emendation of *sunset* is undeniable. It is chiefly in the twilight that bats appear, and with the poetry and sentiment of that hour in summer they are associated. The emendation first appeared in Theobald's *Shakespeare Restored*, a book which so thoroughly angered Pope that for it Theobald was made the hero of *The Dunciad;* and yet in Pope's second edition of Shakespeare he could not overlook the beauty of Theobald's change, and after the word 'summer' noted that it was 'probably *sunset*,' a remarkable concession. Hunter could 'hardly bring himself to reject it,' and Macaulay (as noted by Cartwright, p. 6) wrote: 'Who does not sympathise with the rapture of Ariel, flying after sunset on the wings of the bat?' 'Why *after* summer?' asks THEO-

Merrily, merrily, ſhall I liue now, 106
Vnder the bloſſom that hangs on the Bow.
Pro. Why that's my dainty *Ariell:* I ſhall miſſe
Thee, but yet thou ſhalt haue freedome: ſo, ſo, ſo. 109

108, 109. *Why... Thee*] One line, F_3F_4 et seq.

BALD (*Sh. Rest.* p. 176). 'Is it true that the *Bat* flies *after* summer? After summer, that is, in the winter, the Bat sleeps. His food of gnats and flies cannot be procured in winter. I am apt to think that the passage is corrupt, and that the allusion here is not to any season of the *year*, but rather to the *hour* when bats fly. From the custom and nature of this bird [*sic*], therefore, it seems to me it ought to be corrected to "After *sun-set* merrily."' To this note, here given only substantially, Theobald added, in his edition, that the original text could be right only on the mistaken notion that bats migrated in pursuit of hot weather.—WARBURTON, paying no heed to Theobald's allusion to the hibernation of bats, asserts that the 'roughness of winter is represented by Shakespeare as disagreeable to fairies and such like delicate spirits, who, on this account, constantly follow summer. Was not this then the most agreeable circumstance of Ariel's new recover'd liberty, that he could now avoid *winter*, and follow *summer* quite round the globe?'—STEEVENS saw the difficulty involved in the natural history of the 'bird,' but resorts to his ever-ready explanation of Shakespeare's ignorance. 'Ariel,' he says, 'speaks of his present situation only; nor triumphs in the idea of his future liberty till the last couplet. The bat is no bird of passage, and the expression is therefore probably used to signify *not that he pursues summer*, but that *after summer is past*, he rides on the warm down of a bat's back. . . . . Shakespeare, who, in his *Mid. N. D.*, has placed the light of a glow-worm in its eyes, might, through the same ignorance of natural history, have supposed the bat to be a bird of passage.'—KNIGHT says that in his text he 'follows the original exactly' (which is true except that he substitutes colons and semicolons for commas), and that the words of the song are the same as the poet wrote them, but that the punctuation [of lines 103, 104] ought to be as follows: 'There I couch when owls do cry On the bat's back. I do fly After,' &c. 'Here,' adds Knight, 'we have all the conditions of Ariel's existence expressed in the most condensed form. . . . . In the *night* when owls do cry, he couches on the bat's back.' This last remark is a good illustration of the blindness to which we are all liable. So clear was the meaning to Knight's eyes that he did not see that according to his punctuation Ariel couched in a cowslip when Owls cried on bats' backs (which is scarcely to be wondered at).—DYCE (*Remarks*, p. 9) called attention to Knight's oversight of the full meaning of 'There,' which clearly refers to the 'cowslip's bell,' just as in the first line '*There* I suck' refers to the preceding '*Where* the bee sucks.' 'In spite of any objections,' adds Dyce, 'that may be brought from "natural history," I believe that Shakespeare intended to describe Ariel as flying on the bat's back *in pursuit of summer*, like the swallow.' A remark which carries with it, I imagine, the assent of all. What has 'natural history' to do with *The Tempest*, where all is unnatural history? as if a spirit, that could tread the ooze of the salt deep, or work i' the veins of the earth when it is bak'd with frost, could not fly, if it chose, in perpetual sunshine, on the back of a bat, which was as torpid as a stone with the cold of a dozen winters.—WALKER (*Crit.* iii, 7) compares with this passage *Mid. N. D.* IV, i: 'Trip we after the night's shade,' and 'we fairies that do run . . . . From the presence of the sun, Following darkness like a dream.'—ED.'

To the Kings ſhip, inuiſible as thou art,
There ſhalt thou finde the Marriners aſleepe
Vnder the Hatches: the Maſter and the Boat-ſwaine
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And preſently, I pre'thee.
Ar. I drinke the aire before me, and returne
Or ere your pulſe twice beate. *Exit.*
Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits heere: ſome heauenly power guide vs
Out of this fearefull Country.
Pro. Behold Sir King
The wronged Duke of *Millaine*, *Proſpero*:
For more aſſurance that a liuing Prince
Do's now ſpeake to thee, I embrace thy body,
And to thee, and thy Company, I bid
A hearty welcome.
Alo. Where thou bee'ſt he or no,
Or ſome inchanted trifle to abuſe me,

113. *awake*] *awaked* Walker, Huds.
120. *Behold*] *Lo* Pope, Han.
[Attired as Duke. Coll. MS.
126. Alo.] Ant. Ingleby (ap. Cam.).
Where thou bee'ſt] Ff, Rowe. *Be'st thou* Pope+. *Whêr thou be'st* Hal. Dyce, Sta. Huds. *Whether thou be'st* Cam. Glo. Jeph. Wrt, Wh. ii. *Whe'er thou be'st* Cap. et cet.
126. *he or no*] *he* Jervis. *Prospero* Cartwright.
127. *trifle*] *rival* or *model* Bailey.

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109. **so, so, so**] Referring to Ariel's assistance in attiring him.

115. **drinke the aire**] JOHNSON: An expression of swiftness of the same kind as 'to devour the way,' in *2 Hen. IV.*: I, i, 47, which last, VOSS (*Anmerk.* 191) compares to 'viam vorabit' of Catullus, xxxv, 7.

116. **Or ere**] See I, ii, 13.

126. **Where**] For many other examples of this contraction of *Whether*, see WALKER, *Vers.* 103, or ABBOTT, § 466.

127. **inchanted trifle**] COLLIER (ed. ii): The MS substitutes *devil* for 'trifle,' but we hesitate to insert it in our text, because 'trifle' in this case may be understood, although it was not unnatural for Alonso to suppose he might be addressing a fiend who had assumed the shape and dress of Prospero.—STAUNTON: The change of Collier's MS is as wanton as it is foolish. 'Trifle' meant *phantom*; thus in Beau. & Fl., *Bonduca*, V, ii: 'In love too with a trifle to abuse me.'—WALKER (*Crit.* i, 164), in his chapter on 'peculiar construction with the adjective,' suspects this to be an instance of the transposition of the adjective, i. e. some trifle produced by enchantment to abuse me; for, he says, *some trifle to abuse me*, seems unlike the Elizabethan English.—LETTSOM (in a foot-note) cites the same line from *Bonduca*, cited by Staunton, where the very phrase occurs, and adds from Ford, *Fancies*, &c. IV, i: 'Why you know I am an ignorant, unable *trifle* in such business.' *Sun's Darling*, I,

(As late I haue beene) I not know: thy Pulſe
Beats as of fleſh, and blood: and ſince I ſaw thee,
Th'affliction of my minde amends, with which
I feare a madneſſe held me: this muſt craue
(And if this be at all) a moſt ſtrange ſtory.
Thy Dukedome I reſigne, and doe entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs: But how ſhold *Proſpero*
Be liuing, and be heere?
Pro. Firſt, noble Frend,
Let me embrace thine age, whoſe honor cannot
Be meaſur'd, or confin'd.
Gonz. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'le not ſweare.
Pro. You doe yet taſte
Some ſubtleties o'th'Iſle, that will nor let you

132. *And*] *An* Pope, Han. Cap. et seq.
And if this be] *If this be true* Wheler MS. (ap. Hal.).
134. *my*] *thy* Coll. ii, iii (MS).
142. *nor let*] *not let* F_3F_4 et seq.

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i: '—scourge hence this *trifle*'; II, i: 'This lady call'd the Spring, is an odd trifle.' [According to Skeat the old sense of 'trifle' is a delusion or trick.]

128. **not know**] See line 45, *supra*, or II, i, 122.

133. **Thy Dukedome**] STEEVENS: The duchy of Milan being, through the treachery of Anthonio, made feudatory to the crown of Naples, Alonso promises to resign his claim of sovereignty for the future.

134. **my wrongs**] COLLIER (ed. ii): We have often seen 'my' and *thy* confounded by the old printer, and we can readily believe such was the case here. It ought to be, as in the MS, '*thy* wrongs,' i. e. the wrongs that I have done to thee.—DYCE (ed. ii): Here undoubtedly Shakespeare wrote 'my wrongs,' i. e. the wrongs done by me to thee; just as he wrote, earlier in this Scene, 'their high wrongs,' i. e. the high wrongs done by them to me; and in *Mid. N. D.* II, i, 'Your wrongs (i. e. the wrongs done by you) do set a scandal on my sex'; so, too, Greene, in the concluding sentence of his *Groatsworth of Wit*, &c.; 'a whole booke cannot contain their wrongs,' i. e. the wrongs done by them, viz: the players. Compare also, above, 'till your release,' i. e. the release of them by you; and in *Lear*, IV, ii: 'And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment (i. e. the punishment inflicted by Cornwall and Regan on Gloster) Might have freer course.'

141, 142. **taste . . . subtleties**] STEEVENS: A phrase adopted from ancient cookery and confectionery. When a dish was so contrived as to appear unlike what it really was, they called it a *subtilty*. Dragons, castles, trees, &c. made out of sugar had the like denomination. Froissart complains much of this practice, which often led him into mistakes at dinner.—HALLIWELL: Although I think 'subtleties' is here to be accepted in one of its then ordinary senses, *deceptions*, and that there is not necessarily a metaphorical meaning, it would hardly be prudent to omit Steevens's note. . . . . The use of the word 'taste,' metaphorically applied, is so very common

Beleeue things certaine: Wellcome, my friends all,
But you, my brace of Lords, were I ſo minded
I heere could plucke his Highneſſe frowne vpon you
And iuſtifie you Traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.
Seb. The Diuell ſpeakes in him:
Pro. No:
For you (moſt wicked Sir) whom to call brother
Would euen infect my mouth, I do forgiue
Thy rankeſt fault; all of them: and require
My Dukedome of thee, which, perforce I know

144. [Aside to Seb. and Ant. Johns.
147. *I will*] Ff, Rowe, Hal. Dyce i, Cam. Glo. Wrt, Wh. ii, Dtn. *I'll* Pope et cet.
148. [Aside. Johns. To Ant. Cap.
149. *No:*] Om. Han. *Now*, Allen, Huds.
152. *fault*] *faults* F_4, Rowe+, Hal. Coll. ii, iii (MS), Sing. Dyce ii, iii, Ktly.
153. *thee*] *thre* F_2.

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that it is not, in itself, any argument in favour of the theory of Steevens. So 'taste grief,' *Rich. II*, &c.—W. A. WRIGHT: It denoted a device in pastry and confectionery work such as is described by Fabyan in his account of the feast at the Coronation of Katharine, queen of Henry V (*Chronicle*, ed. 1542, ii, 366), 'And a sotyltye called a Pellycane syttyng on his nest with he byrdes, and an ymage of saynte Katheryne holdyng a boke and disputyng with the doctoures.' [It must be confessed that there is a certain repugnance to the thought of similes, in the majestic mouth of Prospero, drawn from the kitchen, and if it were not for that one word 'taste' the idea should be scouted. But with that word preceding, and with the memory of the delusive 'banket' which had just mocked their hunger, I am afraid Steevens is right. Those interested in 'subtleties' may be referred to the *Early English Text Society's* reprint of *Two Fifteenth-Century Cookery-Books*.—ED.]

149. **No**] ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.*): The reading 'No' must be corrupt; for nothing is more certain, than that an *aside* is supposed to be heard only by the person to whom it is addressed; and Prospero, therefore, cannot have said 'No' to what he did not hear—not to dwell on the singularly unsatisfactory dryness of this shortest of adverbs, left without one additional word of enlargement or explanation. The truth appears to be that Prospero was going through a series of addresses to the principal personages before him *seriatim;* he had addressed first the King, then Gonzalo, and now—after giving a necessary *private* hint to Sebastian and Anthonio together, and neither hearing nor caring for any comments they might make—he takes up his brother alone, with a mere word of transition: '*Now* For you, most wicked Sir,' .... just as in *Ham.* I, ii, 42 the King turns from Cornelius and Voltimand to Laertes with 'And *now*, Laertes, what's the news with you?' and then (64) to Hamlet, with the same form: 'But *now*, my cousin Hamlet, and my son.' I may add that 'now' was pronounced in Shakespeare's day much like 'noo' (*N. A. Rev.* Apr. 1864, p. 368), and that therefore an amanuensis might easily write 'No' for it, under the impression that Prospero was bound to contradict the calumnious charge of his being in league with the Devil.

Thou muſt reſtore.
Alo. If thou beeſt *Proſpero*
Giue vs particulars of thy preſeruation,
How thou haſt met vs heere, whom three howres ſince
Were wrackt vpon this ſhore? where I haue loſt
(How ſharp the point of this remembrance is)
My deere ſonne *Ferdinand.*
Pro. I am woe for't, Sir.
Alo. Irreparable is the loſſe, and patience
Saies, it is paſt her cure.
Pro. I rather thinke
You haue not ſought her helpe, of whoſe ſoft grace
For the like loſſe, I haue her ſoueraigne aid,
And reſt my ſelfe content.
Alo. You the like loſſe?
Pro. As great to me, as late, and ſupportable
To make the deere loſſe, haue I meanes much weaker
Then you may call to comfort you; for I
Haue loſt my daughter.
Alo. A daughter?

157. *whom*] Hal. Wh. i. *who* Ff, Rowe et cet.
161. *I am*] *I'm* Pope+, Jeph. Dyce ii, iii, Huds.
165. *ſoft*] *ſought* Theob. conj. (Nich. Ill.).
169. *late,*] *late, ſir;* Cap. *late, you* Gould.
169. *ſupportable*] F_2. *inſupportable* F_3F_4, Rowe, Pope, Han. *portable* Steev. '93, Var. Huds. *reparable* Wilson.
172. *my*] *my only* Han.
173. *A*] *Only* Han. Om. Cap. *You have lost a* Wagner conj.
daughter?] *daughter! did you say?* Cartwright.

150–153. **You . . . thee**] See I, ii, 516–527.

161. **woe**] MALONE: That is, I am sorry for it. See ABBOTT, § 230, where, among other examples, we find, in *Cymb.* V, v, 297, 'I am sorrow for thee.'

169. **as late**] JOHNSON: My loss is as great as yours, and has as lately happened to me.

169. **supportable**] CAPELL added *sir* after 'late' in order to avoid making the accent fall on the first syllable of 'supportable,' 'which,' he says, 'if a conundrum may pass, is not *suppórtable.*'—DYCE thinks Steevens's *portable* is perhaps right.

170. **meanes**] CAPELL supposes that Prospero here refers to the fact that Alonso still has a daughter to comfort him, whereas Prospero has just lost his.

172, 173. **daughter**] WALKER (*Vers.* 207), followed by DYCE, says 'daughter' is here a trisyllable. As neither critic specifies which of the two 'daughters' is a trisyllable, the inference is that the word is to be so pronounced in both places. To my ear it is abhorrent enough in only one case; but if Prospero is to say *daugh-a-ter*, and Alonso, in his anguish, responds *daugh-a-ter*, can the effect be anything else but comic? —ED.

Oh heauens, that they were liuing both in *Nalpes*
The King and Queene there, that they were, I wiſh
My ſelfe were mudded in that oo-zie bed
Where my ſonne lies: when did you loſe your daughter?
Pro. In this laſt Tempeſt. I perceiue theſe Lords
At this encounter doe ſo much admire,
That they deuoure their reaſon, and ſcarce thinke
Their eies doe offices of Truth: Their words
Are naturall breath: but howſoeu'r you haue
Beene iuſtled from your ſences, know for certain
That I am *Proſpero*, and that very Duke
Which was thruſt forth of *Millaine*, who moſt ſtrangely
Vpon this ſhore (where you were wrackt) was landed
To be the Lord on't: No more yet of this,
For 'tis a Chronicle of day by day,

174. Nalpes] *Naples* Ff.
180. *deuoure*] *demure* Gould.
180. *ſcarce*] *ſcare* F_2.
181. *eies*] *eie* F_2. *eye* F_3F_4.

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179. **admire**] In its Latin sense.

180. **deuoure their reason**] ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.*): They stood agape,—with mouths wide open,—in their 'admiration,' *i. e. amazement;* they looked (I hardly dare to say it) as if they had *swallowed their reason.*

181. **Their words**] CAPELL (who reads '*these* words'): Surely no astonishment could so affect them as to make them question the reality of their own existence, for this (in effect) is the result of [reading 'their words']: of Prospero's they might; and we find, do, in the sentence that precedes; where they are not said to doubt whether they see, but whether they see rightly; nor could it be intended here that they should doubt whether themselves spoke, but whether that was real which they heard others speak.—MALONE received a communication from an anonymous correspondent giving the same reasons as Capell for the change to *these.* 'Their doubts related only to Prospero, whom they at first apprehended to be some "inchanted trifle to abuse them." They doubt, says he, whether the words they hear are spoken by a human creature.'—DYCE pronounced Capell's emendation 'not improbable,' and HUDSON adopted it.—HALLIWELL, however, thinks that precisely that astonishment seized them which Capell thought impossible, and that they scarcely think 'the words they speak are really those that would be naturally uttered by themselves.' As the question resolves itself merely into one of degrees, whatever expresses the highest astonishment would seem to be nearest right.—ED.

182. **howsoeu'r**] WALKER (*Crit.* i, 85) calls attention to this spelling, 'eu'r,' instead of the more common 'e'er,' and refers to several instances in *Othello*, II, i, 181; III, iii, 521, where it occurs twice in the same line; III, iv, 117 in this present edition. 'I have a notion,' concludes Walker, 'that Spenser always does this, but that his editors have altered it. This spelling, however, is much less frequent than the other.'

185. **Which . . . who**] See ABBOTT, § 266.

Not a relation for a break-faſt, nor
Befitting this firſt meeting: Welcome, Sir;
This Cell's my Court: heere haue I few attendants,
And Subiects none abroad: pray you looke in:
My Dukedome ſince you haue giuen me againe,
I will requite you with as good a thing,
At leaſt bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much, as me my Dukedome.

Here Proſpero diſcouers Ferdinand and Miranda, playing at Cheſſe.

193. *you haue*] *you've* Rowe+, Jeph. Dyce ii, iii, Huds.
193. *me*] *it me* Hunter.
196. Scene IV. Pope+.

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198. **Chesse**] STEEVENS: Shakespeare might not have ventured to engage his hero and heroine at this game had he not found Huon de Bourdeaux and his Princess employed in the same manner. See the romance of *Huon*, &c. chap. 53, ed. 1601: 'How King Ivoryn caused his daughter to play at the chesse with Huon,' &c.—DYCE (*Few Notes*, p. 16): There may have been something like this in the novel or tale which furnished Shakespeare with the materials for *The Tempest;* but if that was not the case, and if *The Tempest* was first produced shortly before the year 1611, it is not improbable that the idea of 'discovering' Ferdinand and Miranda engaged at chess was suggested in Barnaby Barnes's *Divils Charter*, 1607. . . . . In that tragedy Cæsar Borgia, after taking Katherine prisoner and making her believe that he had put to death her two sons, says: 'Behold thy children living in my tent. *He discoureth his Tent where her two sonnes were at Cardes.*'—ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.* p. 67): Steevens thinks that Shakespeare occupied Ferdinand and Miranda, while by themselves, in playing Chess, because he had read something of the kind in the romance of *Huon of Bordeaux.* Certainly he was not led to do so by any special interest of his own in the game. For, what he *was* interested in (as, for example, law) was often on his tongue; but of Chess he is said by an authority in Twiss (*Chess*, i, 111) to have made no mention whatever, save in this one place.* Nay, *here* his language is not Chess-language. No Chess-player would accuse his adversary of making what is called 'a false move' in terms, that would be just as appropriate to any other game—terms, which (in fact) signify no more than 'cheating' at play. Suppose, therefore, that Steevens were right—that Shakespeare *did* accept a hint from the romance of *Huon* —he could have been led to do so only by an impression, on his part, of some *peculiar* appropriateness in representing *his* betrothed pair as engaged in a game of 'thoughtful Chess.' Now whence did Shakespeare derive that impression? *Perhaps* merely from his knowledge that—from the time when Haroun al Raschid sent a set

* Another authority in Twiss (*Chess*, ii, 125) does indeed remark that 'Shakespeare seems to have a punning allusion to Chess in the First Scene of *The Taming of the Shrew*, where Katharine says: "I pray you, Sir, is it your will To make a *Stale* of me amongst these *Mates?*"' And Douce (himself a writer on Chess antiquities) is of the same opinion (*Ill.* i, 327). I would add that there *may* have been an allusion to Chess in *Macb.* V, i, 86: 'My mind she hath *mated* and amazed my sight;' and that Shakespeare would appear to have been aware of the story of Chess being an invention of Palamedes, during the Siege of Troy, when he makes Troilus say (*Tro. & Cress.* IV, iv, 89): 'I cannot play at *subtle games*, to which the Greeks are prompt and pregnant.'

[198. **Ferdinand and Miranda, at Chesse**]

of Chessmen to Charlemagne, and when a son of William the Conqueror and a son of the French king fought each other with Chess-pieces on the one side and the Chess-board on the other, down to the reign of Queen Elizabeth herself, who was fond of the game—Chess had always been 'The *Royal* Game'—a deeply intellectual pastime, above the reach of the vulgar, confined to royal and princely personages and to those who lived in close connection with them, learned ecclesiastics and doctors of the law. It may be added, too, that Shakespeare—knowing Chess to be a prerogative of royal personages—might consider it highly natural, that this profound and 'subtle game' should have occupied the attention of just such a being, as he had represented Prospero to have been, and that this 'rare wondered father' should have taught the game to his daughter, to vary their intellectual employments when thus left entirely alone by themselves. But I feel quite confident that Shakespeare was aware, still further, that there was a *special* and remarkable appropriateness in representing a Prince of *Naples* as a Chess-player—and so skilful a player, to boot, that Miranda (the clever pupil of her deep father) was playfully disposed to account for his beating her so easily only on the supposition that he had in some way 'played false.' This special appropriateness I discover in the fact that Naples, precisely during the lifetime of Shakespeare, was the centre of Chess-playing, at a period when Chess-skill had temporarily attained a height which it never saw again until the days of Philidor or (more correctly, perhaps) the marvellous contests of La Bourdonnais and McDonnel. At that time (during the Regency of the Duke of Ossuna) the Palace of the Prince of Gesualdo was the stated resort of eminent players; and so solemnly did they study the game that they assumed the title of *L'Academia degli Scacchi*. Here was formed Lionardo da Cutri; here Paolo Boi of Syracuse came to ascertain his real strength; and here Alessandro Salvio, learned in the law, not only practised the game and illustrated it in his valuable treatise, but also became the Plutarch of the Chess-heroes of his time.* The supremacy of this great Neapolitan school was likely to be celebrated all over Europe, because of the chivalrous adventures of its most eminent professors. Lionardo da Cutri (surnamed *Il Puttino*) journeyed into Spain, where the rival Chess-school was flourishing, and defeated the learned ecclesiastic Ruy Lopez, tutor of Don Carlos, in the presence of 'the good king,' Philip the Second;† while from another sovereign he received, as a chivalrous seeker of adventures, the title of 'The Chess Knight-errant.' Paolo Boi followed after Il Puttino, and engaged in fierce contest with him on the very scene of his victories; and then played, at Lisbon, with Don Sebastian, immediately before that monarch's fatal expedition to Morocco. For twenty years he wandered—now in Africa, ransoming himself from captivity by his skill; at another time in Hungary, trying his strength with Turkish Delhis, who played on horseback without boards and men; and then fighting for the cross, in sterner strife, under Don Juan of Austria (apparently in the Battle of Lepanto), and winning the personal favour of the austere Pope, St Pius the Fifth, by the stainlessness of his knightly aud Christian character.‡ Such

* *Trattato dello Inventione et Arte liberale del Gioco di Scacchi dell Dottor Alessandro Salvio Napolitano. In Napoli*, MDCIIII. The biographical matter first appeared in the second edition, which bore the title of *Il Puttino, altramente detto, il Cavaliero errante del Salvio, sopra il gioco de' Scacchi, con la sua Apologia contra il Carrera, diviso in tre Libri. In Napoli*, 1634. A third edition (containing *Il Puttino*) appeared at Naples in 1723. Sarratt's imperfect translation of Salvio's Treatise (London, 1813) omits the biography.

† About the year 1575.

‡ The adventures of Paolo Boi are recorded by the good priest Don Pietro Carrera (who knew

Mir. Sweet Lord, you play me falſe.
Fer. No my deareſt loue,
I would not for the world. (wrangle,
Mir. Yes, for a ſcore of Kingdomes, you ſhould

200. *my*] Om. Coll. MS.
deareſt] *dear* Pope+. *dear'st* Cap. Sta. Dyce, Cam. Glo. Jeph. Clke, Wh. ii, Huds. Dtn.
202. *Kingdomes, you*] *Kingdoms you* F_4. *kingdoms. You* Johns.

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adventures were the surer to fly through the mouths of men at a time when Spain (with her Neapolitan kingdom) was the leading power in Europe, and when Italy still attracted the eyes of the world. I can have no doubt that these rumours of adventure caught the ear of Shakespeare; and that he made Prospero discover the Neapolitan Prince and Miranda playing at Chess, precisely because he was aware that Naples was the source and centre of the Chess-*furore*, which was still at its height while his mind was teeming with the wonders of *The Tempest*.

In his eagerness to discover the season of the year wherein this play takes place, MEISSNER (p. 105) decides that this game of chess makes for autumn. 'Whatsoever other signification it may have in regard to the fundamental idea of the drama, we could not have helped being surprised had the lovers preferred to make love elsewhere than in the open air, under summer skies—if the summer skies were there.'

202. **score**] WARBURTON: That is, if the subject or bet were kingdoms. 'Score' here signifies not the number *twenty*, but *account*.—Mr SMITH (ap. GREY, i, 37): The passage, in all probability, should be thus restored: '*Mir.* Yes for a score of kingdomes, And should I wrangle, you would call it fair play.' Yes, says Miranda, you would for a much less thing than the world, Ay, *for a score of kingdomes*, and should I wrangle (i. e. should I tell you, as I do now, That you plaid me false) you would call it fair play, as you do now. [The name of the author is appended to his note, as is usual in Grey's volumes; inadvertently it is here preceded by merely a comma, so that Miranda is made to address her love thus archly: 'as you do now, Mr Smith.' This is one of the gleams which relieves the sombre drudgery of an editor. Omitting the unwarranted emendation, Dr Johnson's interpretation of the passage is the same as Smith's, it is thus:] JOHNSON: I take the sense to be only this: Ferdinand would not, he says, play her false for the *world;* yes, answers she, I would allow you to do it for something less than the world, for *twenty kingdoms*, and I wish you well enough to allow you, after a little *wrangle*, that your play was fair.—W. A. WRIGHT: The usage of 'should' and 'would' in this sentence becomes like our own by a very slight change, 'for a score of kingdoms should you wrangle I would call it fair play.' This is merely an illustration of the manner in which the sentence would be changed in adopting it to modern habit. Another modern form would be obtained by substituting 'might' for 'should.' [It is not at once manifest whether 'score' here is *account*, *game* or the number *twenty*, but in either case, I

him when an old man) in his very rare *Il Gioco degli Scacchi, Militello* M.DC.XVII (of which I have the honour of possessing Mr Lewis's copy), [Prof. Allen's Chess Library, one of the most complete in the world, is now in The Philadelphia Library.—ED.] and in Mr Lewis's excellent translation of the same (London, 1822).—From the materials thus furnished by Carrera and Salvio, George Walker has worked up a charming article in his *Chess and Chess-players* (London, 1850), pp. 330–363.

And I would call it faire play.
Alo. If this proue
A viſion of the Iſland, one deere Sonne
Shall I twice looſe.
Seb. A moſt high miracle.
Fer. Though the Seas threaten they are mercifull,
I haue curs'd them without cauſe.
Alo. Now all the bleſſings
Of a glad father, compaſſe thee about:
Ariſe, and ſay how thou cam'ſt heere.
Mir. O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there heere?
How beauteous mankinde is? O braue new world
That has ſuch people in't.

209. *I haue*] *I've* Pope+, Jeph. Dyce 210. [Ferd. kneels. Theob. ii, iii, Huds.

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think, we should expect that Miranda, in order to show her boundless faith and love, would exaggerate Ferdinand's vaunt, and not diminish it, as she does, according to Mr Smith and Dr Johnson.—ED.]

202. **wrangle**] HOLT (p. 93): To preserve the sentiment we should read *wrong me* for 'wrangle'; fraud, the cause, being mention'd, when she said he play'd her 'false,' and not 'wrangling,' the effect, tho' 'tis not unusual with Shakespeare to substitute the one for the other. [Holt here anticipates STAUNTON, who (*Athenæum*, 16 Nov. 1872) proposed, of course, innocently, the same change, on the ground that 'no instance has ever been brought forward, either from Shakespeare or from any contemporary author, where the word 'wrangle' bears the sense required of it here.' Staunton is undoubtedly right. The ordinary meanings of 'wrangle' do not strictly apply here. Sherwood gives *noiser* as the French for 'wrangle,' and Cotgrave defines *noiser* as 'to brawle, chide, scould, brabble, sqvabble, wrangle, brangle, fall at odds, or be at variance with; goe to suite, or hold debate against.' But we must pardon something to the situation.—ED.]

203. **faire play**] WALKER would pronounce these two words as one, with the accent on the first—which verges on an undue devotion to metre, as it seems to me. See line 104, above.—ED.

212. **Arise**] With this word before us, is not the stage-direction *Ferdinand kneels* superfluous?—ED.

215. **new world**] BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE (March, 1833): The whole wide world is henceforth, in her imagination, Paradise. Oh! did it not once seem so to one and all of us,—when our bliss bade the sun shine bright on a day of clouds; when we could change at will gloom into glory; when at the sight of a few daisies the earth seemed all overspread with flowers, and flowers that knew no withering; when the inarticulate voice of streams murmured to ours their own unwearied joy in the wilderness; when we said in our hearts the very words of the magician's child; when *thou* hadst thine own Ferdinand, and *we* our own Miranda!

Pro. 'Tis new to thee. (play?
Alo. What is this Maid, with whom thou was't at
Your eld'ſt acquaintance cannot be three houres:
Is ſhe the goddeſſe that hath ſeuer'd vs,
And brought vs thus together?
Fer. Sir, ſhe is mortall;
But by immortall prouidence, ſhe's mine;
I choſe her when I could not aske my Father
For his aduiſe: nor thought I had one: She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of *Millaine*,
Of whom, ſo often I haue heard renowne,
But neuer ſaw before: of whom I haue
Receiu'd a ſecond life; and ſecond Father
This Lady makes him to me.
Alo. I am hers.
But O, how odly will it ſound, that I
Muſt aske my childe forgiueneſſe?
Pro. There Sir ſtop,
Let vs not burthen our remembrances, with

221. *vs thus*] *us* F_4.
222. *ſhe is*] *she's* Pope+, Steev. Mal. Var. Knt, Sing. Ktly, Dyce ii, iii, Huds.
225. *aduiſe*] *advice* F_4 et seq.
235. *Let...remembrances*] One line, Mal. Steev.'93, Var. Coll. Wh. i, Ktly, Rlfe.
235. *remembrances*] *remembrance* Rowe ii+, Cap. Steev.'85, Knt, Glo. Jeph. Dyce ii, iii, Wrt, Huds. Wh. ii, Dtn.

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217. **'Tis new to thee**] ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.* p. 64): May there not be in this comment of Prospero's somewhat of a sad irony? 'When this world has ceased to be new, it will no longer, perhaps, appear to you so brave, its creatures so goodly, mankind so beauteous.'

219. **eld'st**] WALKER (*Vers.* 167): This word, I imagine, must have been pronounced, *euphoniæ gratiâ, elst.*

219. **cannot**] WALKER (*Vers.* 159) thinks that *cannót*, with the accent on the last syllable, was the earlier pronunciation, and that towards the end of Shakespeare's poetical career the modern pronunciation, as in the present line, began to be more prevalent.

227. **renowne**] ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.* p. 64): Perhaps 'renown' here is not used with reference to 'famous,' but to 'saw,' i. e. it is used in its primary meaning (like the Fr. *renommée*) of repeated or loud mention, common *report.* So (*apud* Rich. *Dict.*) in *The Golden Legend:* 'They that ben in hye estate of the world a lyght *renome* troubleth them;' and in Berners's *Froissart:* 'It was a common *renome* through Englande.'

235. **remembrances**] ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.*): I have no doubt whatever that Shakespeare used the plural. And yet I would not disturb the 'with.' For the

A heauineſſe that's gon.
Gon. I haue inly wept,
Or ſhould haue ſpoke ere this: looke downe you gods
And on this couple drop a bleſſed crowne;
For it is you, that haue chalk'd forth the way
Which brought vs hither.
Alo. I ſay Amen, *Gonzallo.*
Gon. Was *Millaine* thruſt from *Millaine*, that his Iſſue
Should become Kings of *Naples*? O reioyce
Beyond a common ioy, and ſet it downe
With gold on laſting Pillers: In one voyage
Did *Claribell* her husband finde at *Tunis*,
And *Ferdinand* her brother, found a wife,
Where he himſelfe was loſt: *Proſpero*, his Dukedome
In a poore Iſle: and all of vs, our ſelues,
When no man was his owne.
Alo. Giue me your hands:
Let griefe and ſorrow ſtill embrace his heart,
That doth not wiſh you ioy.
Gon. Be it ſo, Amen.
Enter Ariell, with the Maſter and Boatſwaine amazedly following.

236. *A*] *An* F_4, Rowe+, Steev.
237. *I haue*] *I've* Pope+, Steev. Mal. Jeph. Dyce ii, iii, Huds.
252. [To Ferd. and Mir. Han.
255. *Be it*] *Be't* Pope+, Steev. Mal. Knt, Hal. Sing. Ktly, Sta. Dyce ii, iii, Huds.
256. Scene V. Pope+.

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solution of the difficulty is, that this is a case under Walker's rule by which the final *s*, although written, is not pronounced. I may add here—in proof, that the Irish pronunciation of English represents that of Shakespeare's day—that I have several times heard a highly educated Irish clergyman, even in a sermon, say: 'Such are the *consequence*,' abhorring the repetition of the *s* sound at the end of a word as markedly as Shakespeare himself. [I think that Allen is unquestionably right, and that this comes under Walker's rule as fairly as 'aye but their sense are shut'; the strange point about it is that Walker himself never noticed it, but approved (*Crit.* i, 247) of the change, for the sake of the metre, to *remembrance*. Of course, in accordance with Allen's view, the word should be printed, in a modern text, *remembrance*', to indicate the elision of the *s*.—ED.]

251. **When**] JOHNSON: Perhaps this should be *where*.—STEEVENS: 'When' is certainly right, i. e. *at a time when* no one was in his senses. Shakespeare could not have written *where* (i. e. in the island), because the mind of Prospero, who lived in it, had not been disordered. It is still said in colloquial language that a madman *is not his own man*, i. e. is not master of himself.

253. **still**] That is, always, for ever, as still in Shakespeare, *passim*.

O looke Sir, looke Sir, here is more of vs:
I propheſi'd, if a Gallowes were on Land
This fellow could not drowne: Now blaſphemy,
That ſwear'ſt Grace ore-boord, not an oath on ſhore,
Haſt thou no mouth by land?
What is the newes?
Bot. The beſt newes is, that we haue ſafely found
Our King, and company: The next: our Ship,
Which but three glaſſes ſince, we gaue out ſplit,

258. *looke Sir, looke Sir,*] *look Sir, look,* F_3F_4, Rowe i.
here is] Ff, Cap. Wh. Dyce, Cam. Glo. Jeph. Wrt, Rlfe. *here are* Pope et cet.
261. *ſwear'ſt*] *swar'st* Han.
262, 263. One line, Pope et seq.
264. *ſafely*] *ſafe* F_3F_4, Rowe i.

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258. **here is**] See I, i, 24, if need be.

261. **swear'st**] ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.*): Read *swar'st.* Gonzalo is not thinking of the boatswain's *general* habit (of which he knows nothing), but of the one *particular* occasion, on which he had sworn so blasphemously. The two words being alike in sound, nothing was more natural than that a writer from dictation (or a compositor carrying the whole of the line in his head, but recollecting only the pronunciation and not the letters) should substitute the one for the other. [Allen was unaware that Hanmer had anticipated him.]

264. **safely found**] That is, found them safe.

266. **three glasses**] BR. NICHOLSON (*New Sh. Soc. Trans.* 1880–2, Pt i, p. 53): At a meeting last session I ventured to dissent from the view that the seaman's glass in *The Tempest* was of an hour's duration. This dissent was founded on three considerations: that the customs of the sea are as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians; that the seaman's glasses of the present day, like the bells that betoken them, mark half-hours; and that Shakespeare, as shown especially by the First Scene of *The Tempest*, seems to have been unusually conversant with nautical matters. After referring, however, to the well-known passage in *All's Well*, II, i, 159–164, the latter part of which runs: 'Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass,' I retracted my opinion, saying that either the sea custom had altered, or Shakespeare was wrong in a technology, in which one is, according to my experience, more apt to make a mistake than in any other.—As it seemed worth while to pursue the subject, I consulted *The Seaman's Grammar*, by Capt. John Smith, Governor of Virginia, published in 1627, within about three years of his death. In ch. ix, p. 38, are these words: '—or each squadron [i. e. party or half the crew] for eight Glasses or foure houres, which is a watch.' I quote from the first edition. . . . . It is, of course, true that 1627 is after Shakespeare's date; but Smith went to sea in 1603 or earlier, and, not to speak of the improbability and almost impossibility of such a change in those non-changing times in a profession least of all given to it, it is a certainty that if so important an alteration had occured in Smith's sea-life he could not but have explicitly noticed it.—It follows, therefore, that Shakespeare was wrong in *All's Well.* Whether he were wrong also in *The Tempest* is not so immediately evident, and there is, of course, an *à priori* possibility that he might

[266. **three glasses**]

by that time have learnt his error. Without, however, entering into the question in detail, I would say that, having carefully considered both sides of the question, I have been compelled, though once of the contrary opinion, to come to the conclusion that here also he was wrong, and took the seaman's glass to be a full hour glass instead of one of half an hour.*—This conclusion is of interest in two points of view: 1. It is the first instance in which Shakespeare, in his use of technicals, has been found wrong. 2. I hold it a sure proof that Shakespeare *never was at sea*. I fully admit that wherever else he has used a sea technical he used it rightly, and that he has made an allusion in *Sonnet* cxvi, which, being misunderstood, or rather, not understood, by landsmen, has been pronounced a crux, though it requires no emendation at all. I admit also that the handling of his ship in *The Tempest* is intelligent and seamanlike, and has gained the approbation of naval officers. Admitting, I say, these things as appearing to be contrary to my supposition, and, on that supposition, only to be explained with difficulty, I cannot lose sight of the fact that he, being wrong in this point, the conclusion that he never could have been at sea at all inevitably follows.—If he had been, we must suppose that, quick, inquiring, sagacious as he was ever ready to pick up even crumbs of information, he failed to pick up what every boy picks up at once, and what every one, sailor or passenger, *must* have picked up. Shakespeare could not have been 'in the cabin' unless in a mere coasting craft, and the steerage passenger is even more bound than he 'in the cabin' to learn ships' hours if he would live. A cabin passenger of that day was also more bound to attend to them than he is at present, when passenger ships have become floating hotels. Take, first, the mere novelty and consequent curiosity: At 8 A. M. he hears eight bells; at half-past eight, one bell; at nine, two bells, and so on. Then at noon, when lunch is laid, and every one sharp set, some curious doings evidently cause delay. At last the chief officer, touching his cap, says, 'Eight bells, sir.' 'Make it so,' replies the captain. *Eight* bells are sounded, the watch below 'tumbles up' and relieves the other, and lunch is begun on the table. But half-past twelve is again one bell, and one o'clock is sounded as two, &c. Then, again, there is more cause of curiosity. At every eight bells or four hours, and during the dog-watches, every two hours, the watches change, a noticeable time now; the boatswain whistles and calls loudly, and there is unusual bustle. But at that date it was the more noticeable, for every watch was commenced with prayer and the singing of a psalm. Besides, the curious landsman, transported to a wholly new world, and with, therefore, his curiosity and intelligence both awakened, if abaft the binnacle, or, in other words, a cabin passenger, could see and see handled the running or out-run glass, and hear the consequent cry of two (or so many) bells.—But there was more than mere curiosity. Those essential times of life, and especially of life at sea, the meal-times and the time of 'lights-out,' are all regulated by the glasses and their bells. If one would live, he must learn and obey them. Are we to suppose that Shakespeare never asked for and never received the simple explanation: We reckon by periods of four hours, a watch, and every half-hour is noted?—Hence my conviction that Shakespeare, having on two occasions, and on the second persistently, and late in life, made the mistake that the seaman's hour-glass, like the landsman's hour-glass, marked an hour's length, never could have been at sea.

* As noticed by P. A. Daniel, in his *Time Analysis*, p. 119: 'Alonso's "three hours," followed shortly by the Boatswain's "three glasses," must decide this measure of time for *The Tempest* to be a *one-hour glass*.' As he also notes, the pilot's glass in *All's Well* is a two-hour glass.

Is tyte, and yare, and brauely rig'd, as when
We firſt put out to Sea.
Ar. Sir, all this ſeruice
Haue I done ſince I went.
Pro. My trickſey Spirit.
Alo. Theſe are not naturall euens, they ſtrengthen

267. *tyte*] *tite* F_4.
269–271. [Aside. Cap.
272. *euens*] See Commentary.

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267. **yare**] See I, i, 8.

271. **tricksey**] There can be scarcely a better commentator than Cotgrave, who gives: '*Nettelet: m. ette: f.* Prettie and neat; minion, briske, smug, trickesie, smirke.'

272. **euens**] This is one of the proofs that, of old, typographical errors were corrected while a work was actually going through the press. Staunton called attention in *The Athenæum* (16 Nov. '72) to this word, which is thus spelt, so he stated, 'in Lord Ellesmere's copy, in Sir Henry Dryden's, and in that formerly belonging to Steevens, while in Mr Grenville's copy, in Mr Cracherode's, and in that of the King's Library in the British Museum, the word is correctly printed *events*.' Two other variations occur on this same page of the Folio, 'Who' in line 338, and 'Ifle,' line 340. In both instances, according to Staunton, there occurs the same distinction in the copies just mentioned; the three former read 'Who' and 'Ifle,' and the three latter read *Why* and *Iſle*. It is needless to remark that my copy, from which the present text is printed with all the accuracy at my command, agrees with the three former, the uncorrected, and, therefore, earlier copies, as does also Staunton's own Photolithograph. The Reprint of 1808 and Booth's Reprint follow the corrected copies, and most probably the Cambridge Editors used one of these copies; they make no note of a *varia lectio*. In collating the Reprint of 1808 with an original, Upcott probably used one of these later copies; these three variations could hardly have escaped him had he not; he records only four misprints in this play in the Reprint. (Let me add parenthetically, that prefixed to Upcott's MS, which happens to be in my possession, there is the following MS note by Dawson Turner: 'The contents of the following pages are the result of 145 days' close attention by a very industrious man. The knowledge of such a task having been undertaken and completed caused some alarm among the booksellers, who had expended a considerable sum of money upon the Reprint of Shakespeare, of which this MS discloses the numerous errors. Fearful, therefore, lest this should be published, they made many overtures for the purchase of it, and at length Mr Upcott was induced to part with it to I. and A. Arch, from whom he expected a handsome remuneration. He received a single copy of the reprint!' It is pleasant to recall that Campbell toasted Napoleon for having once shot a bookseller.) Of course it follows that the uncorrected copies were struck off before the corrected copies, and might be therefore termed the earlier. But the extremest caution should mark every statement connected with Shakespeare, how remote soever. In this particular instance, my copy of the Folio is earlier than that used by the Cambridge Editors. In six instances in *As You Like It* their copy is earlier than mine. This fact, which is at first somewhat confusing, is to be explained, I think, when we remember that the volume was set up piecemeal by an indefinite number of journeymen printers, and struck off on at least four

From ſtrange, to ſtranger: ſay, how came you hither? 273
Bot. If I did thinke, Sir, I were well awake,
I'ld ſtriue to tell you: we were dead of ſleepe, 275
And (how we know not) all clapt vnder hatches,
Where, but euen now, with ſtrange, and ſeuerall noyſes
Of roring, ſhreeking, howling, gingling chaines,
And mo diuerſitie of ſounds, all horrible.
We were awak'd: ſtraight way, at liberty; 280
Where we, in all our trim, freſhly beheld
Our royall, good, and gallant Ship: our Maſter
Capring to eye her: on a trice, ſo pleaſe you, 283

275. *of ſleepe*] *a-sleep* Pope+. *asleep* Cap. Steev.'85, Mal. *on sleep* Var.
276. *vnder*] *under the* Hunter.
279. *mo*] F_2, Wrt, Cam. iii. *moe* F_3F_4, Dtn. *more* Rowe et cet.
281. *Where*] *When* Dyce ii, iii, Huds. *our trim*] Ff, Rowe, Pope, Knt. *her trim* Thirlby (Nich. Ill. ii) Theob. et cet.

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different presses. At the heads of Heminge and Condell anathemas are frequently hurled for the misprints in the First Folio, but very mistakenly. If we turn to the last page of that book, we shall find at the bottom: 'Printed at the Charges of W. Jaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley, 1623.' How many journeymen these four stationers employed we shall probably never know. Each journeyman may have carried his work home to his own house. The upshot of it all is, that when we are dealing with a book whereof it is conceivable that almost every page may represent a different edition, all collation must be restricted to certain specified copies. Any attempt beyond this, to be perfect, would involve nothing less than a collation of every copy of the First Folio in existence, which reduces the whole subject to puerility and caricature.—ED.

275. **of sleepe**] ABBOTT, § 168: 'Of,' meaning *from*, passes naturally into the meaning *resulting from, as a consequence of*. [As in the present instance, and in many others given by Abbott. In the old Variorum days much discussion arose over this 'of,' which Malone changed to *on*.]

281. **Where**] ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.*), unaware that he had been anticipated by Dyce, proposed *When*, because there had been no change of place on the part of the men—they were still on board ship. When roused from sleep, *where* they had been confined, *then* they saw the renovation of their vessel.

281. **our trim**] KNIGHT will not accept Thirlby's emendation of '*her* trim.' '*Our* trim,' he says, 'expresses what Ariel had mentioned in the First Act: "On their sustaining garments not a blemish."'—KEIGHTLEY asserts that 'we must of course read *her*. It was probably caused by the "Our" in the next line; but from similarity of pronunciation "our" is sometimes confounded with *her* and *a*.'

281. **freshly beheld**] That is, beheld her fresh and fair.

283. **Capring**] ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.*): Hardly, I think, capering (i. e. running) for the purpose of eyeing her; for he, with the rest, was actually on board the ship, but, rather, just as we say 'I'm rejoiced *to* see you' = 'I'm rejoiced *at* seeing you,' so the Master fairly *capered* (danced with joy) *at seeing* the ship in such perfect trim.

Euen in a dreame, were we diuided from them,
And were brought moaping hither.
Ar. Was't well done?
Pro. Brauely (my diligence) thou ſhalt be free.
Alo. This is as ſtrange a Maze, as ere men trod,
And there is in this buſineſſe, more then nature
Was euer conduct of: ſome Oracle
Muſt rectifie our knowledge.
Pro. Sir, my Leige,
Doe not infeſt your minde, with beating on
The ſtrangeneſſe of this buſineſſe, at pickt leiſure
(Which ſhall be ſhortly ſingle) I'le reſolue you,

284. *them*] *her* Ktly conj.
285. *moaping*] F_2. *moping* F_3F_4.
286, 287. [Aside. Cap.
288. Alo.] Ar. Ff.
292. *Leige*] F_2. *Liege* F_3F_4.
293. *infeſt*] *infect* F_4, Rowe i.
294. *leiſure*] *ſeiſure* F_2. *ſeizure* F_3F_4.
295. *ſhortly ſingle*)] *shortly, single* Rowe ii et seq. *shortly singled*) Theob. conj. *shortly, singly* Orger.

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283. **on a trice**] SKEAT (*Dict.* s. v.): The whole phrase is borrowed from the Spanish. Span. *tris*, noise made by the breaking of glass; also a trice, a short time, an instant; *venir en un tris*, to come in an instant. . . . . The word *tris* is imitative. Not to be confused with Mid. Eng. *treis*, which is of quite another origin. . . . . Wedgwood well compares the Low Scotch, *in a crack*, with the Spanish phrase.

285. **moaping**] W. A. WRIGHT: To 'mope' is, originally, to be dim-sighted, but is applied to dullness of sense generally.—ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.*): Depressed and moping, because suddenly interrupted in the midst of their rejoicing, separated from their companions, and 'enforced' (*anté*, 113) to go, whither they knew not, by some irresistible, supernatural power.

290. **conduct**] For *conductor*, as in *Rom. & Jul.*: 'Come bitter conduct, come unsavoury guide.'—ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.*): The meaning of 'conduct' here must be determined, apparently, by considering it in connection with the word 'maze'—to which 'rectify' also has evident reference. 'This is a *maze* in which *nature* cannot be a competent *conductor;* and therefore we must resort to a *divine* source—to an *oracle*—for the knowledge how to *go right* in it.'

293. **infest**] Cotgrave: '*Infester.* To infest, annoy, molest; rauage, wast,' &c.

295. **single**] The misprint of including this word in the parenthesis was early detected, and ROWE'S change has never been, I believe, gainsaid. WARBURTON and CAPELL understand 'single' as referring to 'my Liege,' and meaning 'to you alone, in private, because the conspiracy against him of his brother Sebastian and of his own brother Anthonio, would make part of the relation,' And this is, I think, the true meaning, although W. A. WRIGHT understands the word as referring to Prospero, and paraphrases it 'by myself'; and DELIUS suggests that it is used adverbially for *singly*, that is, one by one, which is a little superfluous; it would be somewhat in the nature of an oration if he were to address them all at once.—HALLIWELL (p. 62) greatly doubts the propriety of placing a comma after 'shortly.' 'The word "single" may be used,' he says, 'in a somewhat peculiar sense.'—ED.

(Which to you ſhall ſeeme probable) of euery
Theſe happend accidents: till when, be cheerefull
And thinke of each thing well: Come hither Spirit,
Set *Caliban*, and his companions free:
Vntye the Spell: How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet miſſing of your Companie
Some few odde Lads, that you remember not.

Enter Ariell, driuing in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo in their ſtolne Apparell.

Ste. Euery man ſhift for all the reſt, and let

298–300. *Come...Spell*] Aside. Cap.
302. Scene VI. Pope+.
305–307. Lines run on, Pope et seq.

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296. **Which . . . seeme probable**] JOHNSON: These words seem, at the first view, to have no use; some lines are perhaps lost with which they were connected. Or we may explain them thus: 'I will resolve you by yourself, which method, when you hear the story [of Anthonio's and Sebastian's plot], shall seem probable; that is, shall deserve your approbation.'—ANONYMOUS: Surely Prospero's meaning is: 'I will relate to you the means by which I have been enabled to accomplish these ends; which means, though they now appear strange and improbable, will then appear otherwise.'—HALLIWELL: This parenthetical sentence is to be understood after the word 'accidents.' 'I will explain to you the history of every one of these strange events, so that you shall be perfectly satisfied of their occurrence and probability.'—ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.*): 'Which' refers to the noun 'resolution' involved in the verb 'resolve,' i. e. there is a *constructio ad sensum*. 'Seem' (as in I, ii, 5) is stronger than in current English: it is equal to 'appear,' 'be shewn to be' (like the Greek *φαίνομαι* in the passive). 'Probable' (by what Walker calls Shakespeare's incorrect use of words) here means 'proved' (*probatum*, not *probabile*). 'I will make a resolution (or explanation) which shall be seen by you to have been completely made out and proved.' [I think Allen goes a little further than is necessary in holding 'probable' to mean *proved*. It seems to me quite sufficient that Prospero's resolution should appear 'probable' to Alonso, especially if we take 'seem' in its strongest sense.—ED.]

296. **euery**] See ABBOTT, § 12, for instances where 'the adjectives, *all*, *each*, *both*, *every*, *other*, are sometimes interchanged and used as pronouns in a manner different from modern usage.'

297. **happend**] W. A. WRIGHT: For a similar use of the participle, see Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, i, 8, § 1 (ed. Wright, p. 67): 'To accept of nothing but examined and tried,' that is, that which is examined and tried.

305. **Euery . . . rest**] This drunken perversion MEIKLEJOHN takes seriously, and observes: 'If in the infinite complexity of human life Shakespeare ever sought for what is called a *moral*, this would be the moral of the play; and it is significant of Shakespeare's art that he puts it into the mouth of one of the lowest characters in it. Even *his* brain has been permeated by the plain meaning of these strange events. The *external* "is but fortune and chance"; conduct and fidelity everything.' Elsewhere he says that Shakespeare uses 'nuptial' eight times in the singular, and 'only

No man take care for himſelfe; for all is
But fortune: *Coragio* Bully-Monſter *Coraſio.*
Tri. If theſe be true ſpies which I weare in my head,
here's a goodly ſight.
Cal. O *Setebos*, theſe be braue Spirits indeede:
How fine my Maſter is? I am afraid
He will chaſtiſe me.
Seb. Ha, ha:
What things are theſe, my Lord *Anthonio*?
Will money buy 'em?
Ant. Very like: one of them
Is a plaine Fiſh, and no doubt marketable.
Pro. Marke but the badges of theſe men, my Lords,
Then ſay if they be true: This miſhapen knaue;

307. Coraſio] F_1.
310. Setebos] Setebus F_4.
315. *'em*] *them* Cap. Steev. Mal. Var. Knt, Coll. Hal. Wh. i.
319. *miſhapen*] *mis-shap'd* Pope+, Huds.

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five times in the plural, number'; and again that 'in the Folio Edition [the Epilogue] is printed on a separate page.'

312. **chastise**] WALKER (*Crit.* iii, 8): Write 'He'll chástise me,' according to Shakespeare's uniform pronunciation (if I mistake not). So, also, *Tro. & Cress.* V, v: 'Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan.' Write 'I've chástised.' It is frequently written *chástice*; so *chasticement*; in *Solyman and Perseda*, G 3, p. 1, *chastisment.* We find this pronunciation earlier; Surrey has, ed. 1831, p. 93: 'By folk of power what cruel works unchastised were done.' Not that *chastíse* was unknown in Shakespeare's time. [Here follow examples from Heywood and Rowley.]

316, 317. WALKER (*Crit.* i, 21): I do not feel quite certain that Anthonio's speech ought not to be printed as prose.

318. **badges**] Stephano and Trinculo are frequently referred to, erroneously, as sailors; even Capell so speaks of them in the next note. This word alone indicates their character; household servants usually wore on their arms, as a part of their livery, silver 'badges,' whereon the shield of their masters was engraved.—ED.

319. **true**] JOHNSON: That is, honest. A *true* man is, in the language of that time, opposed to a *thief.* The sense is: 'Mark what these men wear, and say if they are honest.' [An interpretation which is scarcely helpful; Capell's is perhaps better, which implies in this address to Sebastian and Anthonio 'a decent reproof, putting them indirectly upon a comparison of their own usurpations with the sailors' thievery.' —Sebastian has just asked what these creatures were; may it not be that Prospero here, by way of answer, tells him to examine their badges and see if they are genuine and if he recognises them? That is, 'they' refers to 'badges,' and not to 'these men.'—ED.]

319. **mishapen**] WALKER (*Crit.* iii, 9) conjectured *mis-shap'd*; ABBOTT said, § 460, with 'great probability,' both of them unaware that it was Pope's reading a hundred and fifty years ago.—ED.

His Mother was a Witch, and one ſo ſtrong
That could controle the Moone; make flowes, and ebs,
And deale in her command, without her power:

322. *And...power:*] *And its power deal in her command withal.* Herr.

322. *without*] *with all* Coll. ii, iii (MS).

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320. **His Mother**] ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.*): It may be a question whether the words 'this misshapen knave' are used *absolutè* (as the grammarians say) = 'as for this misshapen knave,' or whether 'knave' do not, with the 'his' at the beginning of the next line, make a real genitive = 'this misshapen knave's mother.' Such a genitive was (of course) by no means strange to Shakespeare. Cf. *Sonn.* iv: 'Nor *Mars* —*his* sword nor war's quick fire,' &c.

320, 321. **so . . . That**] For other examples of *so* followed by the relative *that*, see ABBOTT, § 279.

320. **strong**] REED: In our ancient *Reports* are several cases where persons [who had been falsely accused of being witches] sought redress in court. And it is remarkable in all of them that to the scandalous imputation of being 'witches,' the term 'a *strong* one' is constantly added. In Mich. T. 9, Car. I, the point was settled [inter alia] that the epithet '*strong*' did not enforce the other words. See 1 Viner, 422.

321. **Moone**] DOUCE (i, 26): In II, i, 189 Gonzalo says, 'You would lift the moon out of her sphere.' In Adlington's trans. of *Apuleius*, 1596, a book well known to Shakespeare, a marginal note says, 'Witches in old time were supposed to be of such power that they could pul downe the moone by their inchauntment'; and see Scot's *Discoverie*, pp. 174, 226, 227, 250. [BR. NICHOLSON, in his ed. of Scot, calls attention to a similar allusion on p. 10. Douce gives many references to Greek and Latin authors where this belief in the power of witchcraft is expressed.]

322. **without her power**] MALONE: He who 'deals in the command,' or, in other words, executes the office of another, is termed his lieutenant or vicegerent, and is usually authorised and commissioned to act by his superior. Prospero, therefore, I think, means to say that Sycorax could control the moon, and act as her vicegerent, without being commissioned, authorised, or *empowered* by her so to do. If Sycorax was *strong* enough as by her art to cause the sea to ebb, 'when the next star of Heaven meditated to make it flow,' she in this 'respect' might be said to control her. [In all his editions DYCE holds that Malone has thus rightly explained the passage.] —COLLIER (ed. ii): The MS puts an end to the difficulty, telling us that 'without,' as we can well suppose, was a blunder for *with all;* Sycorax dealt in the command of the moon '*with all* her power' in making ebbs and flows.'—KNIGHT (ed. ii, replying to Collier): But how is the difficulty, if any, removed? To 'control the moon' is to interfere with the general action of the moon. The moon makes 'flows and ebbs' according to natural laws. If Sycorax by her witchcraft would 'deal' in the moon's 'command' by an occasional suspension of natural laws, it could not be said that she possessed *all the power* of the moon. Sycorax exercised, locally and exceptionally, the office of the moon, but *without her power* as a universal cause of the tidal action.—LETTSOM (*Blackwood's Maga.* Aug. 1853): By 'power' we are here to understand *legitimate* authority [see Walker's note, *post*]; and of this Sycorax has none. By means of her spells and counter-natural incantations she could make ebbs and flows, and thus wielded to some extent the lunar influences; but she had none of that rightful and natural dominion over the tides of the ocean which belongs only

Theſe three haue robd me, and this demy-diuell; 323
(For he's a baſtard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of theſe Fellowes, you 325
Muſt know, and owne, this Thing of darkeneſſe, I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I ſhall be pincht to death.

Alo. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken Butler? 330

Seb. He is drunke now;
Where had he wine?

Alo. And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe: where ſhould they
Finde this grand Liquor that hath gilded 'em? 333

323. *three*] *two* Wilson.
326. *know*] *known* F_4.
330, 331. Lines run on, Pope et seq.
331. *Where*] *but how? where* Han.
333. *Liquor*] *'lixir* Theob. Han. Warb. Cap.
gilded] *'guiled* Wilson.
'em] *them* Cap. Steev. Mal. Var. Knt, Hal.

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to the moon. Our verdict, therefore, is in favour of the old reading [as opposed to Collier's MS].—WALKER (*Crit.* iii, 9): 'Power' is here used in its original and etymological sense of *power* or *pouvoir; potestas*, not *vis;* what we now call *authority*, or *legal power*.—STAUNTON (in a note on *Mid. N. D.* IV, i, 150: 'Without the peril of Athenian law'): That is, *beyond* the peril, &c. 'Without' in this sense occurs repeatedly in Shakespeare and the books of his age. [In *The Tempest*] '*without* her power' means *beyond* her power, or *sphere*, as I am strongly inclined to think the poet wrote. Thus, too, in Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, I, iv: 'Oh, now I apprehend you; your phrase was *Without* me before.' [This note of Staunton seems to me decisive,—although Dyce (*Gloss.* s. v. 'deal') believes it to be 'quite erroneous.'—W. A. WRIGHT, corroborating Staunton, adds from *2 Corinthians* x, 13: 'But we will not boast of things beyond our measure.' And Chapman, *Bussy D'Ambois* (*Works*, ii, 65): 'Not I, it is a worke, without my power.'—ED.]

323. **demy-diuell**] ALLEN (*Phila, Sh. Soc.*): The train of thought in Prospero's mind I take to be this: 'The misshapen knave, whom *you* suppose to be a mere *monster*, *I* call a demi-*devil*, because he really *is* half a devil, as being the bastard progeny of Satan and Sycorax.' To indicate this, the verb 'is' must receive an emphasis. It cannot, therefore, stand (as in F_1) 'he's,' but must be written 'he is.' The stress on 'demi-devil,' also, is not on 'demi,' but on 'devil'; and that on 'bastard' is purely secondary—what some elocutionists call the *circumflex*.

332. **reeling ripe**] W. A. WRIGHT: Compare 'weeping ripe,' *Love's L. L.* V, ii, 274: 'The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.' And Sidney's *Arcadia* (ed. 1598), i, p. 61: 'But Lalus (euen weeping ripe) went among the rest.' See also Beau. and Fl., *Woman's Prize*, i, 1: 'Being drunk and tumbling ripe.' And in the same play, ii, 1: 'He's like little children That lose their baubles, crying ripe.'

333. **grand Liquor**] WARBURTON: Shakespeare, to be sure, wrote 'grand *'lixir*,' alluding to the *grand* Elixir of the alchymists which they pretend would restore youth and confer immortality. This, as they said, being a preparation of gold, they called *Aurum potabile*, which Shakespeare alluded to in the word 'gilded,' as he does again

How cam'ſt thou in this pickle?
Tri. I haue bin in ſuch a pickle ſince I ſaw you laſt,
That I feare me will neuer out of my bones:
I ſhall not feare fly-blowing.
Seb. Who how now *Stephano?*
Ste. O touch me not, I am not *Stephano*, but a Cramp.
Pro. You'ld be King o'the Iſle, Sirha?
Ste. I ſhould haue bin a ſore one then.
Alo. This is a ſtrange thing as ere I look'd on.

335, 337. Lines run on, Pope, Theob. et seq.
335. *in...laſt*] One line, Han.
338. *Who*] See note on *euens*, line 272.
340. *o'the*] *o' th'* F_3F_4.
Iſle] See note on *euens*, line 272.
341. *then*] Om. Han.
342. *This is a ſtrange*] *'Tis a ſtrange* F_3F_4, Rowe, Pope, Theob. Warb. Johns. *This is as strange a* Cap. Knt, Ktly, Dyce ii, iii, Huds.
ere I] *I ever* Han.

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in *Ant. & Cleop.* I, v, 37. [Warburton here goes on to show by several quotations that *Elixir* seems to have been a cant name for *sack*, and hereby convinces Capell, who adopted the emendation.—STEEVENS very sensibly remarks: 'As the alchymists' *Elixir* was supposed to be a liquor, the old reading may stand, and the allusion holds good without any alteration.' That 'gilded' meant drunk may be seen by referring to Nares or to Dyce; the former supports Warburton's supposition that it may contain an allusion to the *Aurum potabile*.]

337. **fly-blowing**] STEEVENS: *Pickling* preserves meat from 'fly-blowing.'

339. **Stephano**] WARBURTON: In reading this play, I all along suspected that Shakespeare had taken it from some Italian writer, the unities being all so regularly observed, which no dramatic writers but the Italian observed so early as our author's time, and which Shakespeare has observed nowhere but in this play. Besides, the persons of the drama are all Italians. I was much confirmed in my suspicion when I came to this place. It is plain a joke is intended, but where it lies is hard to say. I suspect there was a quibble in the original . . . . which ran thus: 'I am not Stephano, but *Staffilato*.' *Staffilato* signifying, in Italian, a man well lashed or flayed, which was the real case of these varlets, see IV, i, 204. In Riccoboni's Catalogue of Italian plays are these: 'Il Negromante di L. Ariosto, prosa e verso,' & 'Il Negromante Palliato di Gio-Angelo Petrucci, prosa.' But whether *The Tempest* be borrowed from either of these, not having seen them, I cannot say. [This note, with its remarkable conjecture, would not have been repeated here, were it not for its suggestion of a supposed source of the plot of the play, to which subsequent critics have referred. HEATH remarks for 'the reader's satisfaction' that he has read Ariosto's *Negromante*, and that it 'hath not the least resemblance to this play, either in the fable or in any other respect whatsoever. As to Petrucci's piece, the very book quoted by Mr Warburton might have informed him that it was not printed till 1642, many years after Shakespeare's death.' See Appendix, 'Source of the Plot.']

341. **a sore one**] STEEVENS: The same quibble occurs in *2 Hen VI:* IV, vii, 9: 'Mass, 'twill be sore law then, for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear and 'tis not whole yet.'

342. **is a strange**] ABBOTT, § 276: In the case of *as* . . . . *as*, the first *as* is some-

Pro. He is as diſproportion'd in his Manners
As in his ſhape: Goe Sirha, to my Cell,
Take with you your Companions: as you looke
To haue my pardon, trim it handſomely.
Cal. I that I will: and Ile be wiſe hereafter,
And ſeeke for grace: what a thrice double Aſſe
Was I to take this drunkard for a god?
And worſhip this dull foole?
Pro. Goe to, away. (found it.
Alo. Hence, and beſtow your luggage where you
Seb. Or ſtole it rather.
Pro. Sir, I inuite your Highneſſe, and your traine
To my poore Cell: where you ſhall take your reſt
For this one night, which part of it, Ile waſte
With ſuch diſcourſe, as I not doubt, ſhall make it
Goe quicke away: The ſtory of my life,
And the particular accidents, gon by
Since I came to this Iſle: And in the morne
I'le bring you to your ſhip, and ſo to *Naples*,
Where I haue hope to ſee the nuptiall
Of theſe our deere-belou'd, ſolemnized,
And thence retire me to my *Millaine*, where

356. *which part*] *which, part* Rowe et seq.

362. *nuptiall*] *Nuptialls* Ff, Rowe+, Cap.

363. *belou'd, ſolemnized*] *beloved solemniz'd* Rowe+, Cap. Steev. Mal. Knt, Coll. Clke.

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times omitted [as here. To the instances given by Abbott add *Ham.* I, ii, 70: 'Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,' and II, ii, 206: 'You should be old as I am if, like a crab,' &c., and *Mer. of Ven.* V, i, 105: 'A substitute shines brightly as a king.' Similar instances are worth noting, because through forgetfulness of this idiom Dyce and other Shakespeare scholars here needlessly deserted the Folio.—ED.]

357. **not doubt**] See II, i, 122, if need be.

362. **nuptiall**] W. A. WRIGHT: Shakespeare always uses the singular form, except in *Othello*, II, ii, 8, where, however, 'nuptialls' is the reading of the Qq only; and *Pericles*, V, iii, 80.

363. **solemnized**] BOSWELL: *Solémnized* was the accentuation of the time. So in *Love's L. L.* II, i, 41: 'Of Jaques Falconbridge *solémnized*.'—GRANT WHITE: So, also, Milton, on the only occasion where the participle is used in his poems: 'Ev'ning and Morn solemniz'd the Fift day.'—Bk vii, 448.—CAMBRIDGE EDITION: 'Solemnized' occurs in four other verse passages of Shakespeare. It is three times to be accented *sólemnized*, and once [as in the line cited by Boswell].

364. **retire me**] See ABBOTT, § 296, for examples of other verbs besides this, which were used by Shakespeare reflexively, but are now intransitive.

Euery third thought ſhall be my graue.
Alo. I long
To heare the ſtory of your life; which muſt
Take the eare ſtarngely.
Pro. I'le deliuer all,
And promiſe you calme Seas, auſpicious gales,
And ſaile, ſo expeditious, that ſhall catch
Your Royall fleete farre off: My *Ariel*; chicke
That is thy charge: Then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thou well: pleaſe you draw neere.
Exeunt omnes.

368. *ſtarngely*] F_1.
371. *that ſhall*] *it shall* Han.
372. Ariel; *chicke*] *Ariel,—chick,—* Johns.

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371. **so . . . that**] ALLEN (*Phila. Sh. Soc.*): It is certainly thoroughly Shakespearian to leave the 'it' (='sail' or a 'sailing') to be understood; yet it is also quite probable that he actually wrote 'it,' but that the scribe who took down the words of the 'copy' from dictation did not distinguish the second *t*-sound from that which preceded it as the final mute of 'that.' Perhaps, therefore, we should either write 'that' with an apostrophe (*that'*) upon the system (partially carried out) of F_1, or insert the 'it' (in full or abbreviated) at once: 'that it shall catch' or 'that 't shall catch.' [While it is not unlikely that Allen is here right, and that this is an instance of that absorption which he was the earliest, I think, to develop from Walker's rule, yet we must not lose sight of the fact that after *so* Shakespeare uses *that* as a relative, whereof we had an instance in line 320: 'One so strong That could control,' &c.—ED.]

373. **Elements**] KEIGHTLEY: I confidently read *element*, that is, air, his return to which had been already promised him.

375. COLLIER: It may be doubted whether the other actors went out or 'drew near' to Prospero while he spoke the Epilogue. . . . . The stage-direction in the Folio is 'Exeunt omnes,' as if Prospero himself also withdrew and possibly returned.

EPILOGVE,

ſpoken by *Proſpero.*

NOw *my Charmes are all ore-throwne,*
And what ſtrength I haue's mine owne. 4

1, 2. advancing. Cap.
2. Proſpero] Proſper F_3F_4.
3. Now] Now now F_3F_4.

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1. **Epilogve**] GRANT WHITE (ed. i): No one conversant with its history need be told that the Prologues and Epilogues of the English Drama are generally written by other persons than the authors of the plays themselves. It would be strange indeed were Shakespeare's an exception to this general rule, surrounded as he was with verse-writing friends, and his dramas having been written not as literary performances, but as acting plays, to become the absolute property of the theatre in which he was shareholder and actor. But it needs not these considerations to sustain the conclusion that some of the Epilogues which appear in the First Folio were certainly not written by Shakespeare, and that among them is the Epilogue of *The Tempest.* Let any one who has found that he can trust his ear for rhythm and his comparative appreciation of style read the Epilogue carefully and judge. Did Shakespeare write, 'And what strength I have's mine own, *Which is most faint:* now 'tis true,' &c.? Could he have written, 'Gentle breath of yours, my sails Must fill, or else my project fails, *Which was to please:* Now I want,' &c.? Ben Jonson might have written this clumsy verse; John Bunyan could have done it easily had he been alive and willing; but Shakespeare! It is not necessary to dwell upon the poor and commonplace thoughts of which the Epilogue is entirely composed, though these confirm the judgement which the miserable and eminently un-Shakespearian rhythm compels. . . . . Will any one familiar with his works believe, that after writing such a play, he would write an Epilogue in which the feeble, trite ideas are confined within stiff couplets, or else carried into the middle of a third line, and there left in helpless consternation, like an awkward booby, who suddenly finds himself alone in the centre of a ball-room?—It is to be noticed, too, that the speaker in this Epilogue asks the help of his hearers' hands, to free him from the bands of necromancy, and again, their prayers, to save him from despair; which puts the commentators to the trouble of [an explanation]. Now, setting aside the fact that Prospero was a mighty master of his art, and had power *over* devils, being in no degree subject to them,—which Shakespeare could not have forgotten,—Prospero, at the end of Act V, is no longer a magician; he has himself dissolved the enchantments of the island, and is but as other men. His petitions are well enough for such an Epilogue as might have been written by any one for theatrical purposes, but absurd when we suppose them put into his mouth by the author of *The Tempest.* It seems plain that this Epilogue was written for the theatre by some person other than Shakespeare; and an examination of that to *Henry VIII* can hardly fail to convince the reader that they are from the same pen. [White

Which is moſt faint: now 't is true
I muſt be heere confinde by you,
Or ſent to Naples, *Let me not*
Since I haue my Dukedome got,
And pardon'd the deceiuer, dwell
In this bare Iſland, by your Spell,
But releaſe me from my bands
With the helpe of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours, my Sailes
Muſt fill, or elſe my proiect failes,
Which was to pleaſe: Now I want
Spirits to enforce: Art to inchant,
And my ending is deſpaire,
Vnleſſe I be relieu'd by praier
Which pierces ſo, that it aſſaults
Mercy it ſelfe, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your Indulgence ſet me free. Exit.

5. now] and now Pope+.

15. Now] For now Pope+. Now that Wagner conj.

goes on to speak of the Epilogue to *Henry VIII* and to the *Second Part of Henry IV*, and of Dr Johnson's opinion, which, in regard to these, agrees with his own. He then gives the result of an examination of the way in which the Epilogues were printed in the Folio, and of the way in which *Exeunt* was placed before or after them, and this result is that] the player-editors have thus indicated as clearly as they could by typographical arrangement that the Epilogues to these three plays, *The Tempest, 2 Hen. IV, and Henry VIII*, were by some other hand than Shakespeare's. In the absence of the author's own testimony such a union of external and internal evidence must be accepted.

12. **hands**] JOHNSON: By your applause, by clapping hands.—STEEVENS: Noise was supposed to dissolve a spell. So in IV, i, 68 and 141; so also in *Macb.* IV, i.

18. **praier**] WARBURTON: This alludes to the old stories told of the despair of necromancers in their last moments, and of the efficacy of the prayers of their friends for them.—JEPHSON: An allusion, I think, to the custom prevalent in Shakespeare's time of concluding the play by a prayer, offered up kneeling, for the sovereign. The whole thing is, therefore, merely a fanciful and graceful mode of saying that the play is over and of asking for the applause of the audience, after the fashion of the Roman dramatists.

20. **Mercy it selfe**] WALKER (*Crit.* iii, 9): That is, the Almighty.

20. **frees**] ABBOTT, § 200, suggests that perhaps there is here the omission of a preposition, 'frees *from* all faults,' as in 'deprive your sovereignty of reason,' i. e. *take away* the controlling principle of reason.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

THE TEXT

THERE is no dissenting voice to the opinion that THE TEXT of this play as it has come down to us in the Folio,—and there is no Quarto,—is of remarkable purity. It shares with *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, according to WALKER (*Crit.* iii, 1), the excellence of being printed with more correctness than, perhaps, any other play in that volume. It would be needless to repeat here the many instances, to which, when they occurred, attention has been called in the notes, where, as indications of this correctness, abbreviations or elisions, for the sake of the rhythm, are marked by apostrophes, nay, in some instances, even the absorption of the final *t*-sound is thus marked, a rhythmical process which it was reserved for recent times fully to comprehend and elucidate.

It does not seem unlikely, considering the quality of the majority of Shakespeare's auditors, that his fame was greatest as a writer of Comedies. It may possibly have been, therefore, with a view to making the volume as attractive, and therefore as saleable, as possible, that Heminge and Condell, in arranging the order of the three groups, Histories, Tragedies, Comedies, put Comedies before the other two, and among the Comedies placed that Comedy first in order which they may possibly have thought (and who would not agree with them?) was first in charm, in beauty, in attractiveness.

With one exception, *The Tempest* is the shortest of all Shakespeare's plays. In a List of the Plays, prepared by Miss T. R. SMITH and Mr FURNIVALL (*New Shakspere Society's Transactions*, 1880–85, Pt ii, p. 3†), where the plays are graded according to the number of lines, *Hamlet* leads with 3931 lines and *The Comedy of Errors* closes with 1778, immediately preceded by *The Tempest* with 2064.

For this brevity GRANT WHITE (ed. ii) accounted by supposing that the text was abridged for Stage purposes; to this conjecture he was led by 'the suddenness of the action in some scenes'; he adds, 'if there were a quarto copy of *The Tempest*, it 'would probably add quite as much to this play as the second quarto of *Hamlet* does 'to the text of that tragedy printed in the folio.'

FLEAY'S opinion coincides with Grant White's. 'This play,' says the former (*Sh.'s Life and Work*, p. 66), 'as we have it, has unfortunately been abridged for 'Court performances, probably by Beaumont in 1612 or 1613.'

This is quite possible. But we must remember at the same time, that a drama had to be confined within 'the two hours' traffic of our stage,' and in the case of *The Tempest* no little time must have been demanded for the proper handling of the unusual amount of stage-machinery, required not only for the tempest in the First Act, but for the vanities of Prospero's art in the Fourth. These long 'waits' may possibly have made up for some of the deficiencies of the text.

Dr GARNETT (*Universal Rev.* Apr. 1889, p. 558) suggests 'two excellent and indeed imperative reasons' for this brevity, on the supposition that the play was writ-

ten for representation at Court at a time of general festivity, viz.: 'the time of the 'monarch and his guests must not be unduly encroached upon; and the piece must 'not be on too large a scale to be written, rehearsed, and put on the stage with great 'expedition.'

In Professor INGRAM'S Table (*New Sh. Soc. Trans.* Pt ii, p. 450, 1874) where the plays are arranged in the order of their proportion of Light Endings and Weak Endings, *Love's Labour's Lost* heads the list, and *The Tempest* is the twenty-ninth, followed by *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *Henry the Eighth*, the last of all. The general agreement of this result, drawn from the text itself of the play, with what is accepted as the historic evidence of the date of composition, affords a proof of the value of these metrical investigations.

THE DATE OF COMPOSITION

IN 1749 there appeared: *An Attempte To Rescue that Aunciente, English Poet, And Play-Wrighte, Maister Williaume Shakespere, from the Maney Errours, faulsely charged on him, by Certaine New-fangled Wittes; And To let him Speak for Himself, as right well he wotteth, when Freede from the many Careless Mistakeings, of The Heedless first Imprinters, of his Workes. By a Gentleman formerly of Greys-Inn.*

The 'Attempte' was restricted to the single play of *The Tempest;* 'the Gentleman of Greys-Inn' was one John HOLT; and the 'New-fangled Wittes' were THEOBALD and WARBURTON.

It is hardly to be expected that a man who could announce himself to the public, tricked out in such fanciful frippery, would receive much notice from men like Warburton, an incipient Bishop, or like Theobald, a wide-read scholar, on whose hearth extreme poverty cast its subduing shadow. Nor did the public at large seem to have been much more interested than his victims, in the 'Gentleman of Greys-Inn.' About a year after this 'Attempte' appeared, and after the public had had the privilege of judging of his powers, John Holt issued Proposals for a new edition of Shakespeare, with notes by himself. Apparently the public did not respond. The edition never appeared. And after all, it might have proved a respectable edition. To the great *crux* of *The Tempest:* 'most busy lest,' Holt suggested an emendation which stands second in the list of the recipients of popular approval. (Unfortunately by a misprint in the CAMBRIDGE EDITION, this emendation by Holt was attributed to Holt *White*, and to the latter accordingly has been generally given the fame.)

In this 'Attempte,' however, now before us, there is, as far as I know, the earliest conjecture in regard to the 'Date of the Composition' of *The Tempest.* In speaking of the Masque, in Act IV, where Juno sings 'Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,' &c., HOLT suggested that this Masque 'may perhaps give a Mark to guess at the time this 'play was wrote; it appearing to be a compliment intended by the Poet, on some 'particular solemnity of that kind; and if so, none more likely, than the contracting 'the young Earl of Essex, in 1606, with the Lady Frances Howard; which marriage 'was not attempted to be consummated, till the Earl returned from his travels four 'years afterwards; a circumstance which seems to be hinted at, in IV, i, 18; unless 'any one should choose to think it designed for the marriage of the Palsgrave with 'the Lady Elizabeth, King James's Daughter, in 1612. But the first seems to carry 'most weight with it as being a testimony of the Poet's gratitude to the then Lord

'Southampton, a warm Patron of the Author's, and as zealous a friend to the Essex 'family: In either case, it will appear, 'twas one of the last Plays wrote by our 'Author, though it has stood the first, in all the printed editions since 1623, which 'Preheminence given it by the Players is no bad Proof of its being the last, this 'Author furnished them with.'

It is quite impossible to determine from the foregoing passage the exact date to which Holt gives the preference; it may be 1606, when the marriage of Essex was contracted, or in 1610, when the Earl returned from his travels and lived with his wife, or it may be 1612. He tells us, however, further on (p. 62) that 'there is great 'reason to believe' that this play 'was not wrote till 1612, or 13, or, at the earliest, 'not till 1610, as has been observed' in the passage just quoted. 'And this,' adds Holt, 'will appear more probable, if it is considered that Ben Jonson, in the Intro-'duction to his *Bartholomew Fair*, after having had a Fling at Shakespear's *Titus* '*Andronicus* as an old Play, speaks of his *Winter's Tale*, and this Play, *The Tem-*'*pest*, as recent performances.'

When, in the course of his annotations, Holt comes to Prospero's warnings to Ferdinand, just before the Masque, he finds in these warnings evidence sufficient 'to 'fix the date of this play to the year 1614.' And this date, after having apparently wavered from 1610 to 1612 or '13, we may accept as his last and maturest conclusion.

The belief that Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* contained an allusion to *The Tempest* we owe originally to THEOBALD. In a note on 'servant-monster,' a name which Stephano gives Caliban, Theobald says that he 'can't help taking notice of the virulence 'of Ben Jonson, who, in the Induction to his *Bartlemew Fair*, has endeavour'd to 'throw dirt, not only at this single character, but at this whole play! "If there be '"never a Servant-Monster in the Fair, who can help it (he says), nor a nest of '"Anticks? He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget '"Tales, Tempests, and such like Drolleries, to mix his head with other men's '"heels."' Theobald drew no inference, however, from this passage as to the date of the composition of *The Tempest*. That was reserved for almost every succeeding editor and critic.

The first attempt to ascertain the dates on which all of Shakespeare's plays were written, and to set them all forth in Chronological Order, was made by MALONE. There had been stray conjectures and assertions by editors and commentators in regard to separate plays, scattered here and there, throughout the notes on all the plays; and long before Malone published his *Chronology*, CAPELL had collected a store of facts bearing directly on the subject. But it is the date of publication which decides priority, and to Malone this priority unquestionably belongs; and, be it noted, so well did he accomplish the task that out of the thirty-five plays whose dates he supplied, ten have been undisturbed from his day down to the latest investigations, and in eight others the variations between Malone and *The New Shakspere Society* amount to merely a year, or to a fraction of a year,—practically, a mathematical quantity so infinitely small that it may be neglected. Hence, for half of the plays of Shakespeare the dates have been, in reality, determined for us by Malone, and the determination of the dates of the other half furnishes, to this hour, an admirable field for Shakespearian critics, wherein to display their prowess in wrestling, in high-jumping, in casting stones, and in putting hammers.

It was to Johnson and Steevens's *Variorum* of 1778 that Malone contributed

his 'Attempt to ascertain the Order in which the Plays of Shakespeare were written'—a noteworthy contribution of painstaking scholarship. It was, of course, re-issued in every subsequent *Variorum;* but each year new facts were brought to light, fresh allusions found either in the plays or in contemporary literature, involving a modification of the first list, so that the Order of the Plays, which, of course, involves their dates, as given in Malone's own edition of 1790, differs widely from that of his first draught, and the Order of his final list, in 1821, differs in turn from that of 1790. Whatever the changes, however, in the dates of other plays (which do not here immediately concern us), Malone's list, through all the *Variorums*, down to and including that of 1813, remained steadfast to the date of *The Tempest* as in 1612 (with *Twelfth Night* following and closing the list in 1614); but in the *Variorum* of 1821, where Malone's final conclusions are given, *The Tempest* appears as the last play of all, and its date is 1611.

Now, although it would be scarcely worth the price of the labour to record at length all the reasons which induced Malone in his successive editions to modify his conclusions, yet, seeing that, as the years went on, other commentators arose, who, denying some of Malone's dates, urged others of their own, it will be best to proceed historically and note the grounds which Malone first brought forward as fixing the date of this play, and how they were accepted or controverted by his successors.

In 1778, Malone (*Variorum*, vol. i, p. 341) says as follows: 'Though some account 'of the Bermuda Islands, which are mentioned in this play, had been published (as 'Dr Farmer has observed), yet they were not generally known till Sir George Somers 'arrived there in 1609. *The Tempest* may be fairly attributed to a period subsequent 'to that year; especially as it exhibits such strong internal marks of having been a 'late production.

'The entry at Stationers' Hall does not contribute to ascertain the time of its com- 'position; for it appears not on the Stationers' books, nor was it printed till 1623, 'when it was published with the rest of our author's plays in Folio; in which edition, 'having, I suppose by mere accident, obtained the first place, it has ever since pre- 'served a station to which it indubitably is not entitled.' Malone assumes, by the way, that the compilers of the Folio were bound to print the plays in the order in which they were written.

'As the circumstance, from which this piece receives its name, is at an end in the 'very first scene, and as many other titles, all equally proper, might have occurred to 'Shakespeare (such as *The Enchanted Island—The Banished Duke—Ferdinand* '*and Miranda*, &c.), it is possible, that some particular and recent event determined 'him to call it *The Tempest.* It appears from Stowe's Chronicle, p. 913, that in the 'October, November, and December of the year 1612, a dreadful tempest happened 'in England, "which did exceeding great damage, with extreme shipwreck through- '"out the ocean." "There perished" (says the historian) "above an hundred '"ships in the space of two hours." Several pamphlets were published on this 'occasion, decorated with prints of sinking vessels, castles toppling on their warders' 'heads, the devil overturning steeples, &c. One of them, describing the appearance 'of the waves of Dover, says, "the whole seas appeared like a fiery world, all spark- '"ling red." Another of these narratives recounted the escape of Edmond Pet, a 'sailor, whose preservation appears to have been no less marvellous than that of 'Trinculo or Stephano, and so great a terror did this tempest create in the minds of 'the people, that a form of prayer was ordered on the occasion, which is annexed to 'one of the publications above mentioned.

'There is reason to believe that some of our author's dramas obtained their names 'from the seasons at which time they were produced. It is not very easy to account 'for the title of *Twelfth Night*, but by supposing it to have been first exhibited in the 'Christmas holydays. Neither the title of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, nor that 'of *The Winter's Tale* denotes the season of the action; the events which are the 'subject of the latter occurring at the time of sheep-shearing, and the dream from 'which the former receives its name happening on the night preceding May-day. 'These titles, therefore, were probably suggested by the season at which the plays 'were exhibited, to which they belong; *A Midsummer Night's Dream* having, we 'may presume, been first represented in June, and *The Winter's Tale* in December.

'Perhaps, then, it may not be thought a very improbable conjecture, that this 'Comedy was written in the summer of 1612, and produced on the stage in the latter 'end of that year; and that the author availed himself of a circumstance, then fresh 'in the minds of his audience, by affixing a title to it which was more likely to excite 'curiosity than any other he could have chosen, while at the same time it was suf-'ficiently justified by the subject of the drama.'

Malone hereupon refers to Steevens's citation, at IV, i, 173, of a passage from Sterling's *Darius*, which was first printed in 1603, and asserts his belief that 'Shake-'speare borrowed from Lord Sterline. The date which [Holt] has assigned to this 'play (1614) is certainly too late; for it appears from the MSS of Mr Vertue, that *The* '*Tempest* was acted by John Hemming and the rest of the King's company before 'Prince Charles, and Lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine Elector, in the begin-'ning of the year 1613.

'The names of Trinculo and Antonio, two of the characters in this comedy, are 'likewise found in that of *Albumazar;* which was first printed in 1614; but it is sup-'posed by Dryden to have appeared some years earlier.'

Malone, as we have just seen, refers to 'the MSS of Mr Vertue' as conclusive authority in the matter of dates. It is worth while to make a short digression here in order to see what these MSS were. The calm assurance with which they were brought forward as a *deus ex machinâ* seems to have annoyed a critic named Chalmers, who particularly objected to having his fine-spun theories coolly brushed aside by this unknown and yet supreme authority; he, therefore, made inquiries (*Supplemental Apology*, p. 463), with the result that he was informed by Steevens, that the MS book, from which the irritating extracts were taken, and which were often cited by Malone, as well as by Steevens himself, as 'the Vertue MSS, had belonged, with 'several others lost, to Secretary Pepys, and afterward to Dr Rawlinson, who lent 'them to Mr Vertue. There is a MS note, subjoined to the MSS of Vertue, which 'about thirty years ago were lent to Mr Steevens by Mr Garrick.' Among the MS books thus referred to, there was, according to Peter Cunningham, a volume of Langbaine with Oldys's MS notes. These notes, it appears, were copied by Dr Percy, his transcript copied by Steevens, whose transcript was again copied into an interleaved Langbaine by Joseph Haslewood. From this final transcript the items referring to Shakespeare's plays were printed by Peter Cunningham for The Shakespeare Society (*Papers*, vol. ii, 123), under the title 'Plays acted at Court, Anno 1613 (from the 'Accounts of Lord Harrington, Treasurer of the Chamber to King James I.).' There are but eight items, all told, as there given, whereof the only one of immediate interest to us is as follows: 'Paid to John Heminges uppon the councells warrant, dated at 'Whitehall xx° die Maii, 1613, for presentinge before the Princes Hignes, the La.

'Elizabeth, and the Prince Pallatyne Elector, fowerteene severall playes, viz. one play 'called Filaster, one other call'd the Knott of Fooles, one other Much Adoe aboute 'Nothinge, the Mayeds Tragedie, the Merye Dyvell of Edmonton, The Tempest, a 'Kinge and no Kinge, the Twins Tragedie, the Winters Tale, Sir John Falstafe, the 'Moore of Venice, the Nobleman, Cæsars Tragedie, and one other called Love lyes 'a Bleedinge, all which playes weare played within the tyme of this accompte, viz. 'paid the some of iiij. (xx). xiij. *li.* vj. *s.* viij. *d.*' (Halliwell's transcript (vol. i, p. 134) has been followed, as probably more correct than Cunningham's.)

This then is the only extrinsic evidence which we possess of the existence of *The Tempest* before it appeared in the Folio of 1623. Be it remembered, therefore, that the date is 1613, and its authority is Vertue's MS. Any earlier date must depend on intrinsic evidence, furnished by the play itself.

As has been said, the first draught of Malone's chronology was published in 1778. Two years later the second volume of CAPELL'S *Notes and Various Readings* appeared, containing his remarks on *The Tempest.* In commenting on the phrase 'still-'vex'd Bermoothes' Capell cited a passage from Hakluyt, where it is said that 'the 'sea about the Bermudas is a hellish sea for thunder, lightning, and Storms'; but Capell disclaimed any intention of suggesting that Shakespeare's phrase came from Hakluyt; 'it should rather,' he said (p. 58), 'have been the offspring of some fuller 'and later relations, by print or otherwise, which should not have been gathered 'earlier than 1612, perhaps later: These are the reasons:—In 1609 Sir George 'Somers .... was cast upon (the Bermudas) by shipwreck; stay'd a year on them; 'return'd to them again from Virginia, and then dy'd on them; that colony calls them 'within it's limits; and the then managers of it sold them to some particulars, mem-'bers of their society, who, in April, 1612 "sent thither a ship with 60 persons, who '"arrived and remaynd there very safely," the furnisher of these particulars, and of 'the extract that follows them, speaking of the islands themselves, says further—they 'were "of all Nations said and supposed to be inchanted and inhabited with witches '"and devills, which grew by reason of accustomed and monstrous Thunder, storme '"and tempest neere unto them." Now as these particulars must, from the nature 'of them, have been the subject as well of writings as talk at the time they were 'passing, the presumption is—first, that the afore-mentioned epithet ("still-vexed") 'rose from them; and next that they were also suggesters of Sycorax and her sor-'ceries, of the preter-natural Being subjected to her, and of Prospero's magic—which, 'if it be allowed, then is this play proved by it a late composition, and weight added 'to the opinion that makes it the Poet's last; a circumstance that might determine 'the players to place it foremost in their published collection:—Stratford, his place 'of birth and residence, was burnt in 1614; which should in reason have drawn him 'thither, and in 16 he dy'd. The extracts, and what relates to these islands, are 'from Howe's Continuation of Stowe, Ed. 1631, fol. b. l.'

On p. 66, Capell is somewhat more explicit, and in quoting the use by Ben Jonson of 'servant-monster' in 1614, draws the inference from this date, which Theobald overlooked, that *The Tempest* is 'not much older.'

In 1795 appeared what are known in Shakespearian literature as the 'Ireland 'Forgeries,' the dishonest trickeries of a clever, unscrupulous boy of seventeen, who supposed that in order to imitate the style and spelling of Shakespeare's days, it was necessary only to double all consonants and put in, as he himself afterwards con-

fessed, 'as many double-yous and esses as he could.' Clumsy as this attempt was, it nevertheless deceived many, not alone among those who made no pretence to learning, but even among those who were held in high repute as scholars. It was in the enquiry into the authenticity of these forged Shakespearian documents, and in the exposure of their falsity, that Malone in 1796 won great fame—greater perhaps than from any other single investigation which he made, unless it be from his dissertation on *The Three Parts of Henry VI.* But his excellence was not destined to go uncriticised.

GEORGE CHALMERS (not to be confounded with Alexander Chalmers, a Shakespearian Editor of a later date), issued in 1797 an octavo volume of six hundred pages which he called *An Apology for the Believers* in the genuineness of these Ireland Papers, wherein, while half conceding that these Papers were spurious, Chalmers attacked Malone, with the acrimony which was typical of our gentle forbears, not for condemning these Ireland Papers as forgeries, but for not condemning them on the proper grounds, and for errors in his method of discussing them. The attack was so sudden and so sharp, and the *Apology* revealed such an intimate acquaintance with Elizabethan literature, wherein Malone and Steevens had been wont to consider themselves the chiefest authorities among men, that apparently Malone's breath was taken away, and although it was frequently reported, I believe, that he was preparing an answer to Chalmers, no answer ever appeared. It may be that Malone was merely obeying Dr Johnson's rule, that a man can be written down by no one but by himself, and therefore left Chalmers to his fate, who within two years published another volume, larger even than the former, which he called *A Supplemental Apology* for the Believers as aforesaid, and wherein the longest chapter is devoted to that which Malone considered his peculiar province, viz: the Chronology of Shakespeare's plays. It is this chapter which alone concerns us here, and in this chapter only the conjectures as to the date of *The Tempest.*

I confess that I have always had a lurking admiration for Chalmers; I place no atom of trust in his theories, but their profusion is attractive; his learning seconds his vehemence, and his fertility of resource seems inexhaustible; his verbal accuracy in quotations stands at times in striking contrast with the inaccuracy of his conclusions. Then too his unblinking courage of his opinions compels our favour even when it carries him so far as to give up his practice in the Colonial Courts of Maryland and return, a sturdy, uncompromising Tory, to England.

So completely does Chalmers differ from Malone in the Chronology of the plays that there were only five wherein he would acknowledge that Malone was right, viz: *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Julius Cæsar*, and *Anthony and Cleopatra.*

As we have seen above, Malone, in his earliest publication, gives the date of *The Tempest* as 1612, and founds his belief on the account in Stowe of the terrible tempests which prevailed in England during that year. Chalmers maintains that the date is 1613, not so much on the score of tempests in England, although they may have had their influence, as on the reference to the 'still vex'd Bermoothes,' whereof Shakespeare found an early notice in Raleigh's *Discoverie*, printed in 1596, wherein Raleigh says, 'the rest of the Indies for calms and diseases are very troublesome; 'and the Bermudas, a hellish sea for thunder, lightening, and storms.' 'Subsequent 'misadventures,' continues Chalmers (p. 579), 'in these seas, and posterior publica- 'tions in London, kept the "still vex'd Bermoothes" constantly before the public eye. 'Jourdan, who accompanied Sir George Somers when he was shipwrecked on Ber-

'mudas in 1609, published, in 1610, *A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called* '*the Isle of Divels.* A ship, named the Plough, sailed from the Thames in April, '1612, with adventurers for Bermudas, who .... established the first colony in the 'Isle of Devils on the 11th of July, 1612. This enterprise was followed by the pub- 'lication, in 1613, of *A Plaine Description of the Bermudas, now called Summer* '*Islands*' [which was, in the main, a republication of Jourdan's Tract, says Chalmers in a foot-note, and retained the assertion, found in that Tract, that 'the Islands of the 'Bermudas, as every man knoweth, that hath heard, or read of them, were never in- 'habited by any Christian, or heathen, people, but ever esteemed and reputed, a most 'prodigious, and enchanted, place, affording nothing but gusts, storms, and foul 'weather']. These dates, together with the fact (from the Vertue MS) that *The Tempest* was acted in 1613, are all sufficing proofs to Chalmers that 'the true epoch' of this play was in 1613, according to the evidence. Moreover, in this *Plaine Description* is to be found some of the contrarieties in government which Shakespeare ridicules in Gonzalo's speech: 'Had I plantation of this isle,' &c.

As an illustration of Chalmers's headlong vehemence, it turns out that all this while he believes that the 'still vex'd Bermoothes' is the scene of *The Tempest.* On p. 581, he says: 'Knowing the common opinion, that the Bermudean isles were 'enchanted, and governed by spirits, Shakespeare showed great judgment in causing 'by enchantment, the King's ship to be wrecked on the still-vex'd Bermoothes with 'allusions to the Shipwreck of Somers, and the government by spirits.' Strangely enough, this idea that the Bermudas are the scene of *The Tempest* is not confined to Chalmers. It crops up now and again in literature, even in Tom Moore's Letters; and, most remarkable of all perhaps, in Mrs Jameson's *Characteristics of Women*, i, 292.

Where Gonzalo, in the second Act, describes his ideal commonwealth, it is proved, as is supposed in the notes, that Shakespeare borrowed from Florio's translation of of Montaigne, which was published in 1603. Now although this date did not really interfere with Chalmers's date of 1613, yet the difference of ten years between the two was a little too large to suit Chalmers, and to accord with a fresh impression made by the translation, on Shakespeare's mind; he accordingly assumed that Shakespeare used the second edition of that translation, which appeared in 1613.

As an example of the facility wherewith a figment of his brain becomes to Chalmers solid fact, we have his explanation of Stephano's allusion to a 'dead Indian,' —an allusion which Malone confessed was beyond his power to explain. Not so Chalmers,—he will endeavour to show us the street where the Indian died, albeit, in an outburst of candour, he acknowledges that he does not 'pretend to know the 'house.' After having thus whetted our appetite, he proceeds to gratify it by showing that, in 1611, five savages were brought from New England; of these, in 1614, three were returned to their home, one 'adventured to the European Continent'; and the fifth Indian '*we may easily suppose died in London and was exhibited for a show*' (the Italics mine). And this is all the conclusion we obtain after the swelling prologue.

Two years later, in 1799, Chalmers published his *Supplemental Apology*, wherein he repeats his former arguments, wisely repressing, however, his blundering confusion of 'the still vex'd Bermoothes' with the scene of the play, and adds what is really his strongest argument against Malone, if it could be verified—namely, that England was visited not merely by one extraordinary tempest, but that there were many others during 1612, and an especial mention is made, so he says, in 'Winwood's *Memorials*,

'iii, 422, of a great tempest of thunder and lightening on Christmas day, 1612.' 'This intimation,' adds Chalmers, 'necessarily carries the writing of *The Tempest* into 'the subsequent year, since there is little probability that our poet would write this 'enchanting drama in the midst of the tempest which overthrew so many mansions 'and wrecked so many ships.' But, as I have just intimated, I am unable to verify this reference to Winwood. It is certainly not to be found in the volume or on the page to which Chalmers refers, where there is, to be sure, an allusion to a storm, but it is not specified as happening on Christmas day, and its havoc is wrought at Dover. Mr Chamberlain writes to Sir Ralph Winwood, 9th January, 1612, that 'the Lord 'Bruce stayed at Dover, where we hear these late Winds and Tempests have done 'great harm and in a manner ruined and defaced the Peer or Haven.' Again, three weeks later (p. 428), Mr Chamberlain refers to these storms, but he does not say that they occurred on Christmas day, according to Chalmers's citation, and he expressly states that London was exempt. 'We have had strange winds,' says Winwood's correspondent, 'which have been so violent and continual, as I never knew the like, 'with great Tempests of Thunder and Lightning in divers places, though not here at 'London, especially at a place on Kent called Chart; where in the Christmas Holy-'days, the People being at Church, there were 35 blasted with Lightning, whereof 'the Minister in the Pulpit was one, though they be all since recovered, saving a 'Miller that was struck dead in the Place, and one more that dyed six or seven days 'after.' After all, neither the exact date, nor the exact phraseology, is of importance to Chalmers's argument, which is to show that, if Shakespeare named his play after some noteworthy tempests, these fell too late in 1612 for the drama to have been written in that year. Malone must have felt the force of this; for the storms which he himself adduced from Stowe occurred in October, November, December, and in the *Variorum* of 1821 he omitted all reference to them, or to any conjecture that they influenced the choice of the name of the play.

In 1797 a feeble criticism of Malone appeared in some *Remarks* on *The Tempest* by CHAS. DIRRILL, Esq., the assumed name, according to Bohn, of Richard Sill. Dirrill rejected Malone's arguments, and offered but little reason for rejection beyond his personal dissatisfaction; and ended at last with the conclusion that *The Tempest* was written 'between the years 1612 and 1616.' The qualities which Dirrill possesses for a leader may be judged by his finding in Prospero's assertion that 'the very rats 'had quit it,' an allusion 'to the English vessels which had conveyed those animals 'to the Bermudas.' And again he finds the circumstance 'somewhat curious' and 'perhaps worthy of observation,' that 'Shakespeare should give Caliban the appel-'lation of "Moon-Calf"; seeing that the chief or largest of the Bermuda Isles, 'should be shaped like a half moon.'

Five or six years after Chalmers's last word in his *Supplemental Apology*, DOUCE, the learned Archeologist, published his *Illustrations of Shakespeare* (1807) and therein (i, 5) expresses his belief that it was the shipwreck of Sir George Somers in 1609 which was the source of *The Tempest;* not that any novelty was claimed for the suggestion, but Douce believed that the particulars of this shipwreck were incorporated in the drama to a greater extent than was generally supposed; a discussion of these various items is not germane to the present subject, but belong to a study of the sources whence Shakespeare drew his Plot. All that is necessary to note here is that, led by them, Douce placed the first limit of his first date in 1609, and since Ben Jonson alluded to *The Tempest* in his *Bartholomew Fair*, the later limit in 1614.

A few months after Douce's volume appeared Malone printed privately an Essay, which was afterward reprinted in the *Variorum* of 1821, wherein he claimed that he had 'discovered the source of the incidents from which the title and Part of the Story 'of *The Tempest* were derived,' and that he had thereby ascertained the true date when the play was written. Unalterable in the belief that Shakespeare could never have devised a play founded on a tempest without having a tempest made to his hand in real life, Malone, driven perhaps by Chalmers, perhaps by common sense, from the tempests on land in 1612, discovered his long-lost, indubitable, genuine tempest in that fierce tornado which wrecked Sir George Somers on the Bermudas. Malone did not claim to have been the first to refer to Sir George's historic wreck; this had been referred to, as we have seen, by several of Malone's predecessors; but he maintained that he had detected what had escaped others, and had found in the peculiar incidents attending that shipwreck the immediate origin of *The Tempest*;—and 'that to these incidents there is a covert reference in various passages of that 'comedy;—and that the fate of Somers not having been known in England for about 'fifteen months after he left it, that is, not till about September or October in the year '1610, during all which time it was feared and generally believed that he was lost; 'and the poet, as appears from a passage in his play, having known that he had 'landed on one of the Bermuda islands in safety; it necessarily follows, that this 'Comedy was written after the news of that event had reached England; and, as I 'know that it had "a being and a name" in the autumn of 1611, the date of the play 'is fixed and ascertained with uncommon precision, between the end of the year 1610 'and the autumn of 1611; and that it may with great probability be ascribed to the 'Spring of the latter year.'

It is to be observed that in the foregoing quotation Malone says that he *knows* this play was in existence in the Autumn of 1611. Unfortunately, he has not bequeathed to us the source of this knowledge. He makes the same unsupported assertion in regard to the date of *Othello*. We know him too well to suppose that he would make such unqualified remarks without adequate proofs. The dates 1611 and 1604 are given for performances of *The Tempest* and of *Othello* respectively in the *Revels Accounts* forged by Peter Cunningham. That sixty years before Cunningham offered his forgery for sale to the British Museum, Malone should have said that he *knew* these dates to be true, deepens the mystery involved in these forged *Revels Accounts*, whereof their MS record is as unquestionably forged as their dates seem to be unquestionably true; that is, if we are to put implicit faith in Malone's accuracy, which, perhaps, we may follow Halliwell's example in doing.* The forged accounts will be referred to again.

What Malone found in the account of Somers's shipwreck to supply Shakespeare with material for his play falls under the *Source of the Plot.*

Malone's *Essay*, however, neither convinced nor silenced his former assailant, and in 1815 Chalmers printed privately *Another Account of The Incidents from which the Title and a Part of the Story of Shakespeare's Tempest were derived; and the True Era of it ascertained, evincing the original connexion of the Royal Family with the Poet's drama.* Both Chalmers and Malone were agreed on two points: first, that

* This puzzle of these *Revels Accounts* may be some day solved. At present it is inscrutable. Halliwell's treatment of it in his *Outlines* is unsatisfactory; he acknowledged, in private correspondence, that the subject needed entire revision; but unfortunately the lassitude of his fatal illness was even then upon him, and he was unable to accomplish the task. The circumstances of the case are set forth in full in the *New Variorum Othello*, p. 351, and a solution attempted on p. 356.

The Tempest is one of the latest of Shakespeare's dramas; and, secondly, that Ben Jonson referred to *The Tempest* in 1614. But after leaving this common ground, Chalmers acknowledges the force of none of the allusions in the play which are so manifest to Malone; but in their stead allusions, clear to demonstration, are visible to him throughout the play, pointing to the events of 1612. For instance, the 'emphatical mention' in the play of the death of the King's son, 'plainly alluded to 'the real decease of the Prince of Wales, on the 4th of November, 1612; and must 'have made a great impression on the audience.' 'The allusion to the slow poison, 'which was made use of in 1612–13 for destroying Overbury, must have greatly 'affected the audience, whose indignation was greatly incited by the fact.' This looks at first sight like a slip on the part of Chalmers. It is now generally accepted that the Overbury tragedy occurred in 1613. Chalmers follows Camden, and says in a foot-note that even if 1613 be correct, and not 1612, it would prove only that '*The* '*Tempest* was written in the Autumn rather than the Spring of 1613.' He quite overlooks the fact, however, that it must have been *the trial* of Somerset for Overbury's murder which emphasized this poisoning in the public mind, and this trial did not take place for two full years after Overbury's death—not until October, 1615.

Chalmers then continues: 'The sarcasms on King James's temperament and prac- 'tice allude to the events of 1612. Mr Malone went back to the year 1609, for a 'tempest to wreck Somers's ship on the Bermudas: But Shakespeare called specially 'for "this last tempest" [in Act V, Prospero speaks of "the last tempest"], which 'lasted the three last months of 1612, and which wrecked so many ships and did so 'much damage. Nor is Somers's shipwreck even alluded to in *The Tempest*. Shake- 'speare's mind was drawn to the Bermudas by the colonization of that enchanted 'island by a ship from the Thames in 1612, and the consequent publications: Thus 'was it in allusion to these publications and to that settlement on the Bermudas that 'Shakespeare threw out so many sarcasms against the colonization of that period, 'which was promoted by so many absurd and contradictory descriptions of the coun- 'try which were published for the delusion of settlers.' As an illustration of the extreme to which Chalmers continued, as in former years, to push his theory of the allusions to contemporary events which are to be detected in *The Tempest*, be it noted that in the so-called triumphs or pageants at the Princess Elizabeth's marriage there were some rocks and forts which were said to resemble Argier, and to them, Chalmers proclaimed, there was a reference in the Argier whence Sycorax was banished. 'Mr Malone,' continues Chalmers, 'has wholly omitted the mention of the marriage 'in the mask, which is so emphatically mentioned in the fourth Act of *The Tempest*, 'though it be so important, as it recalled to the audience the real motive that induced 'the poet to write his comedy.' [How happy it is for us, that in all Shakespearian questions there is always one man to whom Shakespeare's inmost thoughts are known!] 'Yes; Masques were common, as Mr Malone has observed; but a royal 'marriage was very uncommon, and gave occasion to such triumphs, pastimes, mask- 'ings, and other courtly entertainments, as England had seldom seen before. Shake- 'speare in taking advantage of all these popular entertainments, like other dramatists 'from that time to the present, seized the passing scenes to produce his comedy of '*The Tempest* as a *sequence* to those princely sports, in celebration of the Palatine's 'marriage with the Princess Elizabeth on the 22d of February, 1613. What was 'Somers to Shakespeare, or Shakespeare to Somers, that our poet should have written 'such a Comedy on his *shipwreck* and *death!* But, in this uncommon and splendid 'marriage, which drew so many consequences after it, there was a striking occasion,

'which induced our dramatist to bring out his appropriate play: And Mr Malone, 'by not adverting to this occasion and that marriage, has egregiously failed in his 'account of the *incidents* from which the *title* and a part of the *Story* of SHAKE-'SPEARE'S TEMPEST were derived, as well as the true date of its production. Mr 'Malone has still more egregiously failed in showing the latent connection of Shake-'speare's *Tempest* with the royal family on the British throne.'

Chalmers insists on 'the last Tempest' (referred to by Prospero, and which must have been that in the Christmas holidays of 1612), as *the* tempest which started the play. If, therefore, this play was completed for the royal marriage, which took place on the 22d of February, 1613, it seems as though Chalmers must have supposed the play to have been written in about seven weeks, and I am by no means sure that, with his vehement temperament, he did not thus suppose. It is not unlikely that he himself would have undertaken, *stans uno pede*, to produce a play within that term, but then, it may be feared, it would not have been *The Tempest*. After all, Chalmers need not be pressed thus closely to the wall. Whether or not he remembered it I cannot say, but the year in those days began on the 25th of March; therefore, between the Christmas of 1612 and the February of 1613, more than a year intervened, and Chalmers is saved. I am inclined to think that Chalmers did not recall this fact; had he recalled it, he would have been sure to emphasize it. At any rate, in dealing with the dates of these years, the Old Style should be always kept in mind.

Even had Malone been living when this final criticism of Chalmers was passed on his labours, it may, perhaps, be doubted whether that criticism would have at all changed his views, or whether he would have replied to the attack. In the *Variorum of 1821*, BOSWELL, Malone's literary executor, could, of course, only follow Malone's latest MSS, and in them, as appears in that Edition (vol. ii, p. 465), Malone adheres to the views expressed in his *Essay*, to the effect that since he had first investigated the subject, he had collected information which placed the question in his opinion 'beyond a doubt, that this play was founded on a recent event and was produced in '1611.' In regard to the other references mentioned in his earliest investigation, Malone, in his latest, reiterates, in the main, his belief in them; he still thinks it possible that Shakespeare borrowed from Lord Sterling, and that Ben Jonson, in his *Bartholomew Fair* 'endeavored to depreciate this beautiful comedy by calling it a 'foolery' [*sic*]. And Malone now places *The Tempest* the last on the list, as Shakespeare's final composition.

Both Chalmers and Malone accepted as one of their dates this allusion to *The Tempest* by Jonson in 1614, and it has been likewise accepted since their day, by many and many an editor, from some of whom we have a right to expect better things. The passage occurs in the Induction; it has been already quoted, but no harm will be done by repeating it; it runs thus: 'If there be never a servant-monster 'in the fair, who can help it, he says, nor a nest of antiques? he is loth to make 'nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget tales, tempests, and such like droll-'eries, to mix his head with other men's heels.' It was Theobald who first suggested, as we have seen, that there is here in 'servant-monster' a direct and sneering allusion to Caliban, and the sneer herein alleged was accepted by Steevens, and by Chalmers, and by Malone. The last, in referring to the passage, misquoted the word 'drollery' and called it *foolery*; for this he was brought to book by GIFFORD, in a note on the passage in Jonson, which is one of the most satisfactory of Gifford's many satisfactory notes, and ought to have settled, for all time, the question of any covert, sneering

allusion to Shakespeare. '*Foolery*,' says Gifford (vol. iv, p. 370), 'cannot be applied 'to any work without an intent to depreciate it; but this was not Jonson's word, nor 'was it even in his contemplation. The term used by him is "drollery," which had 'a precise and specific bearing upon the whole subject of his Induction. A *droll* or '*drollery* was the appropriate term for a puppet-show, and so is applied by all writers 'of his time. Thus Claudia, in the Tragedy of *Valentinian*, declares that "she had '"rather make a *drollery* till thirty," i. e. spend her youth in making puppet-shows, 'which she considers as the lowest scene of degradation; and, so, indeed, in many 'other places. The term continued in use down to the last century, for Dennis says, 'in one of his letters, that "he went to see the siege of Namur, a *droll*, at Bartholo-'"mew Fair." Subsequently to Jonson's time the word was applied to a farcical 'dialogue in a single scene; but there is, I confidently believe, no instance of *drollery* 'being used for a legitimate comedy. The reader now sees all the advantage derived 'by Mr Malone from his sophistication; had he adhered to Jonson's own language, 'this part of the charge against him could not have been sustained for a moment. '"Servant-monster" is undoubtedly to be found in *The Tempest;* but I am yet to 'learn that the expression was the invention of Shakespeare, or even peculiar to him; 'though he has applied it with inimitable humour. The reader is now to learn that 'the town in those days abounded with exhibitions of what were familiarly called '*monsters*, i. e. creatures of various kinds which were taught a thousand antic tricks; 'the constant concomitants of puppet-shows. "I would not have you," says Machin, '"step into the suburbs and acquaint yourself either with *monsters* or *motions*."— '*Dumb Knight.* And Jonson, himself, in a subsequent part of this play, makes 'Bristle tax Haggise with loitering behind "to see the *man with the monsters*." Ele-'phants, bears, camels, horses, &c. were all accompanied by apes, who amused the 'spectators by assuming a command over them. Nor is the custom, nor the language 'yet obsolete. I have frequently seen, at a country fair, a dog or bear called out to '"show his obedience to his *master*," an ape or monkey, that mounted, and drove him 'about at will. This was the servant-monster of Jonson's age, but there was yet 'another, the clown who conducted the mummery of such characters as the machinery 'of the show required, beasts and fishes of the most monstrous and uncouth forms. '.... It is impossible to look at the part of Trinculo, without seeing that it bears an 'immediate reference to this custom; and we may form some idea of the roar of the 'old theatre at hearing him and his associate unwittingly characterise themselves as '*monsters* by adopting the well-known expression. Long as this note is, I am unwill-'ing to dismiss it without noticing the immense importance of the "malignity" of 'Jonson to the commentators! It settles dates, it decides controversies, and it occa-'sionally reconciles the bitterest enemies; "your *if* is not a more excellent peace-'"maker." *The Tempest*, "it seems, must have been written before 1614." But 'why? *The answer is as ready as a borrower's cap:* "because Jonson sneers at it in '"that year!" And this settles the contest.'

The moral of this good lesson has not even yet sufficiently leavened Shakespearian criticism: we find critic after critic detecting allusions in Shakespeare's plays which are founded on assumptions quite as baseless as Jonson's alleged sneers. This note of Gifford has been overlooked, and, I am sorry to say, where it has not been overlooked its conclusion has been denied, as by Knight.

In the Fourth Act of *The Tempest*, Prospero says of 'These our actors,' that they—

'Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.'

In a note on this passage, in 1778, STEEVENS called attention to the following lines in *The Tragedie of Darius*, by William Alexander, afterward Earl of Sterling:

'Let greatnesse of her glascie scepters vaunt;
Not sceptours, no, but reeds, soone brus'd soone broken:
And let this worldlie pomp our wits inchant.
All fades, and scarcelie leaues behinde a token.
Those golden Pallaces, those gorgeous halles,
With fourniture superfluouslie faire:
Those statelie Courts, those sky-encountring walles
Evanish all like vapours in the aire.'

This tragedy, says Steevens, must have been written before the death of Queen Elizabeth (which happened on the 24th of March, 1603), because it is dedicated to James VI, King of Scots. Steevens quotes the lines from the Quarto of 1603, which differ slightly in spelling from those in the Quarto of 1604, which are given above, from Staunton.

That there is a parallelism between the passages is evident. The date, therefore, of *The Tragedie* becomes of importance, if we decide that this parallelism is so exact that Shakespeare must have copied from Lord Sterling. If we believe that Shakespeare 'conveyed' from *Darius*, we obtain a definite early limit, viz.: 1603, after which *The Tempest* must have been written, and thereupon all theories as to an earlier date, and there are several, must be swept away. STAUNTON asserts that 'it 'is impossible to doubt that Shakespeare remembered the lines in Lord Sterling's '*Tragedie*.' W. ALDIS WRIGHT, while granting that there is sufficient resemblance to warrant the quotation of Lord Sterling's lines as a parallel passage, thinks that there is 'hardly enough to justify any inference with regard to priority of dates;' with this more temperate opinion I agree; but little faith is to be placed in conclusions drawn from parallelisms which are to be regarded as fortuitous.

For many years after Malone's death his date for this play, 1611, and his assertion that it was Shakespeare's last, were generally accepted. In 1838, CAMPBELL says: '*The Tempest* has a sort of sacredness as the last work of the mighty work-'man.' In the next year, however, in 1839, the Rev. JOSEPH HUNTER published *A Disquisition on the Scene, Origin, Date*, &c., of Shakespeare's *Tempest*, a noteworthy contribution to the subject; and as the work of one of the most learned, albeit fanciful, and gentle-minded of Shakespearian commentators, it deserves particular attention, especially as it discards all the preceding theories that *The Tempest* is one of the latest of Shakespeare's plays; and maintains that, on the contrary, it is one of the earliest. Much of Hunter's *Disquisition* is taken up with proving that Prospero's isle is Lampedusa, a topic with which we are not here concerned. His first task is

to disprove the belief of Malone and Chalmers, that this comedy must have been written after 1610; this he attempts by showing that Shakespeare's *Tempest* was not suggested by the shipwreck of Sir George Somers in 1609, but by Ariosto's *Orlando;* and that the reference to the 'still vex'd Bermoothes' did not come from Jourdan's book in 1612, but that 'the idea of a stormy sea was so associated with the idea of 'the Bermudas, in the minds of the poets contemporary with Shakespeare, that this 'island is for ever being intruded upon us when storms and tempests are their theme.' Hunter here refers to 'honest John Taylor,' to Drayton in *The Odcombian Banquet*, to Fulk Grevile in *Cælica*, *Sonn.* lviii, to Chapman in his *Epicede or Funeral Song* on the death of Prince Henry, and to Thomas Tymme in his *Silver Watch Bell.* 'The Bermudas was in fact a commonplace of the time.'

Hunter, therefore, assumes that he is no longer bound to limit his inquiry to the period between 1610 and 1616 (the year of Shakespeare's death), but that he is at liberty to fix, according to the evidence, any date of the play, early or late, in the poet's dramatic life; and it is his impression that this play is an early work; 'but,' he continues, 'I lay no stress on the circumstances that when the plays were first col- 'lected into a volume, the first place was assigned to *The Tempest*. It is difficult to 'discover a principle in which the arrangement was made; and it is not difficult to 'divine other reasons, besides priority of composition, for the place assigned to it. 'Yet it may seem strange that if it were the last work, it should first meet the eye in 'such a collection. As little attention should I be inclined to give to what some 'people have imagined they perceived in this play—intimations of its being the Poet's 'farewell, as if the retirement of Prospero were a kind of adumbration of the retire- 'ment of Shakespeare himself from the practice of the more innocent magic with 'which he had so long enchanted his countrymen. Others have discerned in the 'style and sentiment marks of a period beyond the maturity of a Poet's life. But we 'see how extremely dubious and uncertain reasoning of this kind is, when we observe 'how often the most plausible conclusions of this kind have been dissipated by the 'discovery of some decisive evidence from without, fixing limits which no reasoning 'from the style or sentiments can justify any person in overleaping.'

While protesting against any determination of the chronological order of these plays other than by *testimony*, apart from all considerations of style and sentiment, yet, since this latter mode of decision has been resorted to by others, Hunter 'ven- 'tures to observe, though on a point such as this, I am bound to speak with no small 'self-distrust, that I do not discern those marks of long practice in the dramatic art, 'and of the full maturity of a poet's genius, which some have discovered in [*The* '*Tempest*]. Of the general merit of its dramatic structure I am fully sensible; of 'the skill with which the characters are grouped, of the clearness with which the 'story is developed, and the profusion with which some of the choicest flowers of 'poesy are scattered everywhere in the reader's path. But then I ask if this is not 'the case with *The Merchant of Venice*, with *Romeo and Juliet*, with *A Midsummer* '*Night's Dream*, all early plays; and with *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*, 'which, though not so early as those which I have before mentioned, were all upon 'the stage before the close of the reign of Elizabeth? I ask where are we to look 'for evidence of greater maturity of moral taste, of dramatic art, or poetic power in '*The Tempest* than may be discovered in the plays I have just named? Perhaps '*Romeo and Juliet* might be excepted, in which, with all its beauties, and they are 'many, there are decided marks of immaturity, something which reminds one of the 'taste which such a play as *The Jew of Malta* was likely to create. Perhaps also in

'the full maturity of his art he would not have so constructed his play as to render 'necessary the long conversation in the second scene [between Prospero and Miranda], 'which is evidently intended for the information of the audience, and not for carrying 'on the business of the drama; or given us the two constrained passages [the descrip- 'tion by Francisco of Ferdinand's swimming, II, i, 115–122; and Alonzo's recalling 'his offence against Prospero, III, iii, 121–127], which seem to betray that they were 'written at a time when he was not fully aware of his power, and before he had found 'out the great secret that he wrote best when he committed himself fearlessly to his 'own transcendent genius. Perhaps, also, in the maturity of his powers he would 'not have copied, or at least not copied so servilely, the incantation of Medea in 'Golding's *Ovid*, when he wrote the abjuration speech of Prospero, or the words of 'Montaigne in his ideas of a new Commonwealth. Perhaps, also, there is some 'want of dramatic skill in the abruptness of the charge [by Prospero] against Ferdi- 'nand, that he had a sinister purpose in his appearance on the island. I may also 'remark, though it is a subject to which I never recur without pain, that *The Tempest*, 'in common with the other earlier plays, is disfigured by some of those impurities 'which are more rarely found in the late compositions.

'On all this, however, I lay no great stress, and only introduce it as a *set-off* 'against remarks of the same kind which may have an opposite bearing. I go at 'once to the testimony, and in the first place, ask you to look at the Epilogue, and to 'tell me whether it is the work of one who has long been assured of the public 'favour, and who had won golden opinions from all sorts of men, or of the diffident 'aspirant to dramatic fame. Mark the modest and timid address. To my ears these 'words [of Prospero] are not the words of one who was taking his leave of the 'stage.

'I would invite your attention, in the next place, to what has not, I think, been 'observed before, that a great change seems to have come over the mind of Shake- 'speare soon after his fortieth year, respecting the kind of stories which were best 'adapted to the purposes of the drama, or on which he thought it most befitting him 'to direct his own genius.' Hunter hereupon enumerates the plays which, according to Malone and Chalmers, were produced after the year 1606, as follows: *Twelfth Night* (it was Hunter himself who first discovered from Manningham's *Diary* that *Twelfth Night* was performed in 1602, but he is here giving the chronology of the plays only according to Malone and Chalmers, in which, as he truly says, there are some 'very grievous mistakes'), *A Winter's Tale*, *Othello*, *Henry the Eighth*, *Cymbeline*, *Timon*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Anthony and Cleopatra*, and *Coriolanus*. Out of this list Hunter eliminates as erroneously or as insufficiently dated, in his opinion, *Twelfth Night*, *Othello*, *Cymbeline*, *Henry the Eighth*, and *A Winter's Tale*. 'Let us see,' he goes on to say, 'what plays remain for the latter period of the Poet's life. They 'are only *Julius Cæsar*, *Anthony and Cleopatra*, *Coriolanus*, *Timon;* and to these I 'will add *Troilus and Cressida*, as possibly of this era. So that it is now evident, 'that as Shakespeare grew older, his muse grew severer; that he forsook the lighter 'subjects in which, at the beginning of his career, he delighted, and devoted himself 'to what Sir William Alexander calls "Monarchic Tragedies," stories of Rome, and 'Greece, and Troy. If we look a little above them in the list, we shall find that the 'next two plays in the chronological arrangement are *Macbeth* and *King Lear*, which 'are of the same grave character, and exhibit the high passions and deep sorrows of 'the great.

'Is it probable that *The Tempest*, a work in every respect so unlike to these, should

'have been produced contemporaneously with them? That when he was engaged 'on themes such as these, he should for once have deviated into the paths of romance 'in which in the early years of his life he had delighted to wander, that he should 'have mixed with them one comedy, and one comedy only? I am still on probabili-'ties only. Show me probabilities equally cogent on the other part.

'Now, take a view of the dramas which he produced in the earlier period of his 'dramatic career, while still Elizabeth, whom he had the good fortune to please, was 'on the throne. We will set aside the English Histories, and with them *The Merry* '*Wives* may go. Little attention need be paid to *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The* '*Comedy of Errors*, and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, as being works of uncer-'tain, though early date, of inferior power, and, perhaps, not wholly his. View him 'then in the vigour of his morning genius. The plays are: *Love's Labour's Lost*, *A* '*Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *All's* '*Well That Ends Well*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Niaht*, '*A Winter's Tale*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*. It is evident that *The Tempest* classes with 'many of these plays. It classes with them as a romantic drama. It classes with 'them as a tale of France or Italy. It classes with several of them in its style and 'sentiments. I ask for the countervailing probabilities in favour of a later date.'

In thus arguing from generalities that *The Tempest* is an early play, we see Hunter at his best and at his strongest. When he descends to particulars, I am afraid he becomes weak, or a little too subtle, and does not altogether take us with him. Naturally, he sees that he cannot rest his case here, but must suggest some specific date, or, at least, give us some limit before which, or after which, *The Tempest* must have been written. He appeals to three sources: Meres, Jonson, and Raleigh, and in proofs derived from them, he lodges his conclusion.

Every Shakespeare student knows by heart the list of Shakespeare's plays which Francis Meres enumerates in his *Palladis Tamia*, published in 1598; nevertheless for Hunter's sake I am constrained to repeat here: 'As *Plautus* and *Seneca* are 'accounted the best for Comedy and Tragedy among the Latines: so *Shakespeare* 'among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for Comedy, 'witnesse his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Loue labors lost*, his *Loue labours* '*wonne*, his *Midsummers night dream*, and his *Merchant of Venice*: for Tragedy, 'his *Richard the second*, *Richard the third*, *Henry the fourth*, *King John*, *Titus* '*Andronicus*, and his *Romeo* and *Juliet*.'

Hunter, as I have said, enumerates this list of Meres, and adds: 'The ques-'tion is, does Meres in this list recognize the existence of *The Tempest* in 1598, 'or does he not? It is manifest that *The Tempest* is not in his list *eo nomine*; but 'what play, I ask, did he intend by *Love Labours Won?* Those who answer out of 'book will say at once *All's Well That Ends Well*. . . . . A passing remark of Dr 'Farmer, in his *Essay* on the Learning of Shakespeare, first identified the *All's Well* 'with the *Love Labours Won*. The remark has since been caught up and repeated 'by a thousand voices. Yet it was made in the most casual, random, and hasty man-'ner imaginable. It was supported by no kind of argument or evidence; and I can-'not find that any persons who have repeated it after him, have shown any probable 'grounds for the opinion. The leading feature of the story of *All's Well* cannot be 'said to be aptly represented by the title in Meres's list. But this is trifling. If ever 'there was a play which itself bespoke its own title from the beginning, it is this.' [Hunter here quotes from *All's Well*, IV, iv, 30–36; and V, i, 25; and the Epilogue, where in each passage the *title of the play* is repeated.] 'And so much I say again,

'with Dr Farmer himself, for the claim of this play. But if not to *All's Well*, to 'what play of Shakespeare's was this title once attached? I answer that of the exist- 'ing plays, there is only *The Tempest* to which it can be supposed to belong; and so 'long as it suits well with what is a main incident of this piece, we shall not be driven 'to the gratuitous and improbable supposition that a play once so called is lost.'

Hereupon Hunter points to the labours of Ferdinand in removing and piling up some thousands of logs, and, after quoting Ferdinand's soliloquy, III, i, 1–16, and his words shortly after: 'for your sake Am I this patient logman,' and also Prospero's commendation in IV, i, 7–9: 'All thy vexations Were but my trials of thy love; and 'thou Hast strangely stood the test,' Hunter triumphantly exclaims: 'Here, then, are 'the *Love Labours*. In the end they *won* the lady "so perfect and so peerless."' '. . . . I suspect that the play had originally a double title, *The Tempest, or Love* '*Labours Won;* just as another of the plays had a double title, *Twelfth Night, or* '*What you Will.* Meres may seem to have chosen to call it by the second title, for 'the sake of the opposition to the title of the play which he had named immediately 'before it, the *Love Labours Lost.*

'On the whole, then, I submit that we have Meres's testimony to the existence of '*The Tempest* as a play of Shakespeare, in 1598.'

It is easy to sit in judgement and exclaim at the weakness in making the plot of a play hinge on what to us is merely one of its episodes, but we must remember that Hunter has proved himself again and again to be possessed of a clear mind, and that any objections which occur to us are rather more likely than not, to have occurred to him. To Hunter it was quite sufficient that the task was set Ferdinand, and the fact is of no moment that we do not know whether the Prince's labours had extended to a thousand logs or whether Miranda interrupted him (the more likely supposition) when he was 'bearing' his first. For us who are not convinced by Hunter's arguments, it is sufficient to remember that Prospero's object in subjecting the young Prince to his power was gained as much after the first had been carried, as after the thousandth, and that the labour in itself amounted to nothing, and could really win nothing; Miranda's hand was not set as the price of it, and in fact Prospero had adopted Ferdinand as his future son-in-law before he was shipwrecked, so that it could not have been any labours of Ferdinand that won Miranda. But it seemed otherwise to Hunter. How he could have failed to note these objections and others, it is hard to understand; luckily, I am not called upon to explain it,—*Davus sum, non Œdipus.*

Believing, then, *Love's Labour's Lost* to be respondent to *Love's Labour's Won*, and that the latter is *The Tempest*, Hunter finds a 'remarkable correspondency' between these two plays,—a correspondency, moreover, which exists between these two alone of all the romantic dramas,—and it is this: 'that the stories of these two plays 'have a certain relation to events and characters of real history, so that we are able 'to fix a chronological period near to which the time of the action is to be referred. 'In connection with this there is the further correspondency, that of all the romantic 'dramas of Shakespeare, *The Tempest* and *Love Labour's Lost* are the only two for 'which no origins of the stories have yet been discovered. I venture to predict, that 'when the origins are found, they will be found in one and the same volume: some 'very rare book of romances or dramas in the literature of France, Navarre, Spain. 'or Italy.'

Hunter now turns to Jonson, in whose Prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*, produced in 1596, he finds clear references to *The Tempest.* After a fine vindication

of the character of Jonson, to whom no mean personal hostility either to Shakespeare or to his fellow-dramatists should be attributed, but solely zeal in the service of what he deemed true, classic, dramatic art, Hunter continues: 'Shakespeare, perhaps, as 'little approved some things in Jonson, as Jonson did the violations of dramatic pro- 'prieties, the introduction on the stage of beings not in *rerum naturâ*, and the occa- 'sional unfiled expressions of Shakespeare. . . . . The Prologue in question may be 'easily interpreted, with that good feeling, which I believe to have ever existed be- 'tween [Jonson and Shakespeare, as meaning to say]: "Our rivals at the other house '"are attempting impossibilities, or are degrading the stage by the introduction of '"masques and monsters. We mean to show you, in the production of a new poet, '"what comedy ought to be, and what we design to make it." The Prologue is as 'follows:—

"Though need make many poets, and some such
As art and nature have not better'd much;
Yet ours for want hath not so loved the stage,
As he dare serve the ill customs of the age,
Or purchase your delight at such a rate,
As, for it, he himself must justly hate:
To make a child now swaddled, to proceed
Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and weed,
Past three-score years; or, with three rusty swords,
And help of some few foot and half-foot words,
Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,
And in the tyring-house bring wounds to scars.
He rather prays you will be pleased to see
One such to-day, as other plays should be;
Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas,
Nor creaking throne comes down the boys to please;
Nor nimble squib is seen to make afeard
The gentlewomen; nor roll'd bullet heard
To say, it thunders; nor tempestuous drum
Rumbles, to tell you when the storm doth come;
But deeds, and language, such as men do use,
And persons, such as comedy would choose,
When she would shew an image of the times,
And sport with human follies, not with crimes.
Except we make them such, by loving still
Our popular errors, when we know they're ill.
I mean such errors, as you'll all confess,
By laughing at them, they deserve no less:
Which when you heartily do, there's hope left then,
You, that have so grac'd monsters, may like men."

'The special points of attack are: (1) The same play exhibiting a character in 'infancy and age; (2) The Wars of York and Lancaster; (3) The removal of a 'scene to a distant country by means of a chorus; (4) The descent of a creaking 'throne; (5) Thunder and lightning; (6) Monsters. When of these special points 'we find the last three in *The Tempest*, it can hardly, I think, be reasonably doubted 'that that particular play was in the view of Jonson when he wrote the prologue.

'The "Monster" must be Caliban, "graced" as he has always been by the favour 'of the multitude, nor graced unworthily. The "creaking throne" is the throne of 'Juno, as she descends in the masque; the "nimble squib" is the lightning during 'the storm, with which the play opens; and the "tempestuous drum" is the thunder 'which accompanied the lightning. But observe the word "tempestuous," corre- 'sponding to the stage-direction for the first scene of this play. . . . .

'Jonson's prologue being written in 1596 is a proof of the existence of *The Tem- 'pest* in that year. And to the Spring or Summer of 1596 I am disposed, on a full 'consideration of the whole evidence, to assign it.'

Assuming that Shakespeare frequently alluded to the topics of the day, Hunter replies to the inquiry as to what special topic engaged public attention in the spring and summer of 1596, by asserting 'without the slightest fear of contradiction that the 'event which in the early months of that year would be the theme of wonder, the 'subject of the conversation of the whole people of London, was the return of Sir 'Walter Raleigh and his companions from the expedition to Guiana, and the very 'extraordinary reports which they made of what they had seen and heard.'

With what Hunter says in regard to the pamphlet, and its wild improbable marvels, which Sir Walter published early in that year we need not here concern ourselves. We are all agreed that Raleigh was Shakespeare's authority for the 'Anthro- 'pophagi' and men whose 'heads do grow beneath their shoulders,' alluded to both in *The Tempest* and in *Othello*, and furthermore that there may be in *The Tempest* a sly, gentle allusion to Raleigh in the 'vouched rarities,' 'beyond credit,' in the stories brought back by every 'putter out of five for one'; Hunter's object is gained if Raleigh's pamphlet in 1596 be acknowledged as the immediate precursor of Shakespeare's play, 'which was written when the excitement produced by Raleigh's publi- 'cation was at its height.'

When in Act I, sc. ii, Gonzalo describes his ideal commonwealth, he uses, as is universally conceded, not only the ideas, but the very phraseology, of Florio's Translation of Montaigne. The date of this translation is 1603, and, unless Hunter can find some means of evading the difficulty, this date must be fatal to his theory that *The Tempest* was written in 1596. Hunter's ingenuity is displayed as follows:—

'First, though we know of no earlier edition of this translation (and it is improbable 'that there is any earlier edition of it as a whole), it is by no means improbable that 'a portion of it may have appeared some years before in one of the smaller tracts of 'Florio, of which there were many, more perhaps than are now known to exist; and 'in that portion of it the passage in question may have occurred. Or, secondly, this 'speech of Gonzalo's may have been added after the original appearance of the play, 'as there is reason to think was the practice of Shakespeare. . . . . But I propose to 'meet the difficulty, and not to evade it. It is true that no printed edition of this 'translation, or any part of it, is known of an earlier date than 1603. But it is also 'certain that the translation was made several years before; for as early as 1599 'license was granted to Edward Blount for the printing of it, and for proof that this 'is not the earliest period to which we can trace this translation I have only to refer 'you to the *Essays* of Sir William Cornwallis, where you will find not only that the 'translation was made, but that it was divulged before that time. The first edition of 'these *Essays*, indeed, bears date only in 1600; but they were written some time 'before, for Henry Olney, a friend of the author, under whose care they were printed, 'assigns as the reason for publishing an authentic edition, that copies were in so many 'hands, there was danger lest the work might be printed by some dishonest person

'surreptitiously. How much time is to be allowed for this multiplication of copies in 'manuscript, and for the original composition of the *Essays*, it is impossible to esti- 'mate with much exactness; but it may be fairly allowed to conjecture that three or 'four years may have passed, which brings us near to the date we have assigned *The* '*Tempest*. But in what year soever Cornwallis wrote his *Essays*, in or before that 'year had Florio made his translation of Montaigne. For thus writes the author:— '"For profitable recreation that noble French knight, the Lord de Montaigne, is most '"excellent; whom though I have not been so much beholding to the French as to '"see in his original, yet divers of his pieces I have seen translated, they that under- '"stand both languages say very well done; and I am able to say (if you will take '"the word of ignorance) translated into a style admitting as few idle words, as our '"language will endure. It is well fitted in this new garment, and Montaigne speaks '"now good English. It is done by a fellow less beholding to nature for his fortune '"than wit, yet lesser for his face than his fortune: the truth is, he looks more like a '"good fellow than a wise man; and yet he is wise beyond either his fortune or his '"education." Florio's profession was that of a French and Italian master, in which 'he was the most eminent man of his time; and the portions of Montaigne in an 'English translation, to which Cornwallis alludes, may be supposed with likelihood 'enough to have been prepared by him for the use of his scholars.—But being seen 'by Cornwallis, is it too violent a presumption that they may have been seen by 'Shakespeare also, especially as the Florios, for there were two, Michael-Angelo and 'John, were noticed by the Herberts from the time when Michael-Angelo dedicated 'a work to Henry, Earl of Pembroke, in 1553, to the time of the death of John 'Florio in 1625, who leaves his corrections of the *Italian Dictionary* published by 'him to William, Earl of Pembroke, whose connection with Shakespeare is so re- 'markable a circumstance in the history of both?—Shakespeare is even brought into 'immediate connection with Florio some time before the date which I have assigned 'to *The Tempest*.' Hunter here refers to the conjecture, first started by Warburton, that in Holofernes in *Love's Labour's Lost* Shakespeare held up Florio to ridicule, and concludes this portion of his argument by expressing the belief that he has said 'sufficient to show that Shakespeare may not improbably have seen portions of 'Florio's *Montaigne* in 1596.'

In conclusion, Hunter disposes of Chalmers's 'dead Indian' in 1611, by showing that Frobisher brought one to England in 1577, who died shortly after his arrival, and that in the account of the expenses of Frobisher's voyage there is an entry: 'Paid 'William Cure, Ducheman, graver, for making a mould of hard earth of the Tartar 'man's image, to be cast in wax.'

Hunter's arguments have been thus set forth at length not alone because he is one of the most learned and most exact of Commentators, but because they serve to show how shifting, in default of all positive evidence, are the grounds on which the dates of these plays rest, when so many proofs can be not unreasonably urged in favour of a date differing by fifteen years from that which other Commentators, equally learned and equally exact, decide to be the only date possible. With me, to whom, however, the whole subject of the Chronology of these plays is indifferent, as the merest husks and the driest hulls of Shakespearian study, Hunter's arguments have weight, especially that wherein he disclaims for *The Tempest*, solely in comparison with Shakespeare's other plays, any unusual depth of maturity or of wisdom, or any indications that it is the last he wrote.

This *Disquisition* of Hunter raised much adverse criticism, which naturally pro-

duced its usual effect of making the author thus criticised more tenacious than ever of his original opinions, and far more than ever convinced of their truth. The weightiest argument against his Montaigne explanation (that by Brae) Hunter never saw. When, six years later, in 1845, Hunter published his admirable *Illustrations*, he reiterated and emphasised all his former arguments for the early date of *The Tempest*. Although chronologically it is a little out of place to consider these *Illustrations* here, yet it is best to combine them with the *Disquisition*, and to give in addition some account of the criticism on Hunter's theory while that theory is fresh in the reader's mind. It is thus that Hunter emphasises his belief that the log-bearing of Ferdinand supplied the title of *Love Labours Won*: 'In what way is it that Prospero 'makes trial of the *love* of Ferdinand for Miranda? How, but by imposing upon 'him certain *labours?* The particular kind of labour is the placing in a pile logs of 'fire-wood. He serves in this as Jacob did for Rachael, *winning* his bride from her 'austere father by them. In other words he proves the sincerity of his affection to 'the satisfaction of Prospero by the faithfulness with which he performs these labours, 'and thus his *love labours win* the consent of Prospero to their union, not win the 'willing consent of Miranda, as I have been foolishly represented as contending.' (See Knight, *post.*)

He thus skilfully reinforces his assumption that Shakespeare quoted from a translation of Montaigne by Florio of an earlier date than 1603: 'It may be asked of 'those who rely upon the date of the folio Montaigne, whether, if they saw a quota-'tion from one of Shakespeare's *Sonnets* in any book, they would come to the conclu-'sion that that book must have been written after the date of the volume which con-'tains the first printed impression of those sonnets; because, if they did, they would 'assuredly run a great risk of being in error, since we have the direct testimony of 'Meres in 1598 that the Sonnets, or at least some of them, were at that time well 'known among Shakespeare's friends, though they were not printed until eleven years 'afterwards: "his sugred sonnets among his private friends." Or, if they found a 'passage quoted from the *Essays* of Sir William Cornwallis who was a pupil of 'Florio's, and concluded at once that the writing in which it appeared was of a later 'date than the first impression of those *Essays*, would they not be in great danger of 'error, when the editor expressly tells us that his reason for printing them was that 'copies were already in so many hands that it was feared a surreptitious edition might 'be printed by some one who obtained possession of one of those copies? There are 'other ways by which people become acquainted with an author's writings beside 'perusing them in printed books, and it would seem as if, in Shakespeare's time, 'there was more of the private communication of literary works than is the case at 'present. Poetry, at least, of that age abounds, which was first written for a private 'and special purpose, and lay long in manuscript open to many eyes, and thus liable 'to be quoted before it was committed to the printer. Dryden, in later times, is 'said to have verses in his translation of Virgil which really belong to the Earl of 'Lauderdale, though the Earl of Lauderdale's translation was not printed till some 'time after the death of Dryden; and no doubt, taking the whole field of our lite-'rature, many other similar instances might be collected.'

As a general rule, mere opinions, when not enforced by reasons, deserve scant consideration. It is therefore not worth while to record the bare dissent from this theory of Hunter's by many and many an editor and critic; but notice should be taken of the damaging stroke given to the assumption that Shakespeare may have seen portions of Florio's *Montaigne* as early as 1596, by BRAE, who brings forward

reasons for assuming, almost conclusively, that Florio's translation was not made until 1600 or after. Brae says (*Collier, Coleridge, and Shakespeare*, 1860, p. 132): 'So 'long as Hunter admits,—whether rightly or wrongly shall not be here discussed,— 'that *The Tempest* was partially indebted to the translation by Florio of Montaigne, 'and, consequently, that it must have been written subsequently to that translation, 'he sets an impassable barrier to the dating of that play earlier than 1600. His 'assumption that Florio's translation, although not printed till 1603, might yet have 'existed in MS previously to 1598, is certainly erroneous: because it may be gathered 'from the introductory notices to Florio's book that, with the exception of one chap- 'ter, which there is good reason to believe was the 25th of the 1st Book, no part of 'the translation was executed until after 1599. The prefatory lines headed *A reply 'upon Maister Florio's answere to the Lady of Bedford's invitation to this worke*, are 'dated "anno 1599," and distinctly declare that Florio, although invited to the work 'by Lady Bedford, had not even then commenced it. And this external evidence is 'confirmed by the internal evidence of the translation itself, which, when compared 'with the several editions of the original published in France up to 1603, shows by 'numberless verbal indications that the edition used for the translation could not have 'been an earlier one than 1598, but in all probability was the Paris octavo of 1600. 'One of these indications consists of a remarkable misprint so early in the work as 'the 19th chapter of the 1st Book, but which is not found in any French edition 'earlier than 1600, except in a few spurious impressions of the preceding edition of '1598. This misprint occurs in a quotation from Virgil which is thus correctly 'printed in the Paris folio of 1595:—"Manent (*dit il*) opera interrupta minaeque '"Murorum ingentes." The first word is misprinted *maneant* in Florio's translation. 'Now, with respect to the first appearance of this misprint in the French editions, Dr 'Payen, to whom the question was referred, and who is, unquestionably, the best 'authority in France upon the subject, has been so obliging as to give the following 'note: "Le mot *maneant* n'est pas à 1595, il y a *manent*. Il y a des exemplaires, '"1598, purs sang, et des exemplaires adulterins: les purs sang portent *manent*, les 'adulterins *manent* et *maneant*: 1600 porte *maneant*." There is evidence, too, that 'the quotation passed through Florio's own hands as part and parcel of the transla- 'tion; inasmuch as, although the Latin translation was executed by another hand 'from a correct edition, Florio himself Englished the French parenthesis in the body 'of the quotation in this way—"*Maneant* (sayth he) *opera*, &c." evidently copying 'one of the misprinted impressions.—This sort of identification, arising from the 'repetition of a misprint which exists only in certain editions, is the most conclusive 'of all,—because it cannot be explained away by the supposition of subsequent altera- 'tions after the book had been completed. Had Florio ever written the correct word, 'he assuredly would not afterwards alter it in conformity with a misprint.—One of 'these two positions, therefore, must of necessity be admitted,—either Shakespeare 'could not have consulted Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays* in the composi- 'tion of *The Tempest*, or that play could not have been in existence in 1598; still 'less in 1596, to which Hunter assigns it.'

One of Hunter's arguments is, as we have seen, that *The Tempest* must have preceded Jonson's Prologue in *Every Man in his Humour*. On the supposition that this play was performed in November, 1596, and that *The Tempest* was so fresh in men's mind that they could appreciate Jonson's allusions to it, Hunter was induced to put the date of *The Tempest* in the spring of that year. But in this supposition there are two assumptions and one positive error. The first assumption is that the Prologue, as

we have it, was written when this play was first performed. It is not in the quarto edition of 1601, and was first printed in the folio edition of 1616, and more than one editor has hence inferred, in order to make the sneers at Shakespeare hold good, that it was not written till some time after the first production, and not long before the appearance of the folio,—an inference which seems inoffensive, to say the least, to one accustomed, in the field of Shakespearian hypotheses, to 'Gorgons and Chimeras dire,' but which stirred deeply Gifford's wrath (Jonson's *Works*, i, xxviii) and was denounced by him as to be accounted for in any rational being only by the singular power of self-delusion.

The second assumption is that a play which Henslowe calls the 'comodey of 'Umers' is the same with Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*. That it is the same was first conjectured by Malone when he printed Henslowe's *Diary* (iii, 307); and this conjecture was accepted by Gifford (vol. i, p. xxv); and Gifford was followed in this matter by Hunter. As the 'Umers' was acted ten times, after its first performance, within the year, which according to Henslowe was 1597, and as Jonson in his folio 1616 expressly says that *Every Man in his Humour* was first acted in 1598, it is not possible for the two plays to have been the same. FLEAY (*Hist. of Stage*, pp. 100, 155) say that *Umers* is Chapman's *Humourous Day's Mirth*.

Granting, however, that the two plays are the same, Hunter's positive error is in the date, 'November, 1596.' The 'Umers' was not performed for the first time in 'November, 1596,' but in May, 1597. Hunter was misled by Gifford, who evidently misread or misunderstood Malone's transcript of Henslowe. The latter begins a new page, or a new book, or a new season as follows: 'In the name of God, Amen, be-'ginninge the 25 of November 1596 as foloweth; the lord admirall players,' then follows the record of plays during 'disember,' 'Janewary 1597,' 'febreary, 'marche,' 'aprill,' and then on the '11 of Maye 1597' we have 'Rd at the comodey of Umers.' This, then, is the true date, and not the 25 November, 1596, at the head of the list, which Gifford mistook, and after him Hunter, and apparently the Editor of the Clarendon Press series. It is a matter of very small importance, and by no means injures Hunter's date of *The Tempest*, except in so far as it weakens the force of Jonson's satire by lengthening the distance between the two plays. Indeed, it is doubtful if Hunter would have acknowledged that his theory was affected one jot by the substitution of the true date of the 'Umers,' nor even, for the matter of that, of the date 1598 of Jonson's play. What is really surprising is that Hunter could have maintained his belief that Jonson, in that Prologue, meant to satirise Shakespeare, after reading Gifford's hot, indignant, and convincing protest; and that he had read Gifford is clear, from the fact that he copied his error.

KNIGHT, a free lance among editors, and the earliest rebel against the sway of Farmer, Steevens, and Malone, denies that there are any proofs to be discovered in the play itself that *The Tempest* is among the very latest of the plays. 'Shake-'speare,' he says, 'never could have contemplated, in health and intellectual vigour, 'any abandonment of that occupation which constituted his happiness and glory. 'We have no doubt he wrote on till the hour of his last illness. His later plays are unquestionably those in which the mighty intellect is more tasked than the un-'bounded fancy. His later plays, as we believe, present the philosophical and historical 'aspect of human affairs rather than the passionate and the imaginative. The Roman 'historical plays are, as it appears to us, at the end of his career, as the English his-'torical plays are at the beginning, Nothing can be more different than the principle

'of art in which the *Henry VI* and the *Antony and Cleopatra* are constructed. The 'Roman plays denote, we think, the growth of an intellect during five-and-twenty 'years. *The Tempest* does not present the characteristics of the latest plays. It has 'the playfulness and beauty of the comedies, mingled with the higher notes of pas- 'sionate and solemn thought which distinguish the great tragedies. It is essentially, 'too, written wholly with reference to the stage, at a period when an Ariel could be 'presented to an imaginative audience without the prosaic encumbrance of wings. '. . . . *The Winter's Tale* we know was acted in 1611. . . . . Comparing the style and 'rhythm of *The Tempest* with *The Winter's Tale*, we have little difficulty in believ- 'ing that *The Winter's Tale* is the later play. But, on the other hand, we are not 'disposed to separate them by any very wide interval. . . . . The probability is that 'these plays [*Pericles*, *Cymbeline*, and *The Winter's Tale*] were produced in their 'present form soon after the period of Shakespere's quitting the stage, about 1602 and '1603, and before the production of *Macbeth*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *Henry VIII*, and 'the Roman plays. *The Tempest* appears to us to belong to the same cycle.'

The remainder of Knight's remarks on the Date are mainly controversial over Hunter's *Disquisition*. He denies that *The Tempest* can be *Loves Labours Won*. 'The significancy,' he says, 'of Shakspere's titles would be at an end, if even a main 'incident were to suggest a name, instead of the general course of the thought or 'action. In this case there are really no Love Labours at all. The lady is *not* won 'by the piling of the logs; the audience know that both Ferdinand and Miranda are 'under the influence of Prospero's spells, and the magician has explained to them 'why he enforces these hard labours.' Nor will Knight allow that Jonson alludes to *The Tempest* in *Every Man in his Humour*, and yet with apparent inconsistency, and after referring to Gifford, he says that the passage in *Bartholomew Fair* still looks like a 'sly though not ill-natured' allusion to Caliban and *The Tempest*. And after citing Hunter's somewhat violent assumption that Shakespeare may have seen a translation of Montaigne which may have existed before 1596, Knight asks, 'Is this *evidence?*'

In the year 1842, PETER CUNNINGHAM, an honoured member of *The Shakespeare Society*, and its Treasurer, edited for that Society *Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court in the Reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James I.* Malone had already (*Var.* '21, vol. iii, pp. 364–409) printed transcripts from these accounts extending from 1571 to 1588; at the close of the latter date Malone remarked: 'There 'are no Revels Accounts in the reign of Queen Elizabeth now extant;' and none have since been found. But Cunningham discovered among the old papers in Somerset House two additional books of these Accounts for expenses during 1604–5 and 1611–12. At the beginning of these books there were one or two loose leaves, far more precious than all the rest put together; on them were the records of the performance of eight plays of Shakespeare, or, as the name was there spelled, 'Shax- 'berd.' Among the recorded performances of 1611 appeared the following:

'By the Kings Players:	Hallomas nyght was presented att Whithall before ye Kings Matie, a play called the Tempest.'

Now although this date cannot give us the date of composition of the play, it does give a date before which the play must have been written, and disposes of Chalmers's date, 1613, and corroborates Malone, who said he knew that *The Tem-*

pest had a 'being and a name in the autumn of 1611.' This date, as well as all the others thus supplied by Cunningham's research, was accepted by all Shakespearian editors down to 1868, and by some even after that year, wherein these newly-discovered items on the loose leaves of these Revels Books were found to be forgeries; the culprit is supposed to have been the editor. It is a painful story of the fall of an honourable gentleman, and as a full account of these Revels Books is given in the *New Variorum* edition of *Othello*, it need not be repeated here. But the strangest part of the whole affair—and yet why should we wonder at any strangeness in connection with Shakespeare? is not mystery a synonym for the few items we possess regarding him?—the strangest part of the affair is that though Cunningham's entries are unquestionably forged, yet extrinsic evidence, subsequently discovered, proves their substance to be true; at least so Halliwell says (*Outlines*, 5th ed. pp. 547, 609), on whose authority solely I make this statement. Setting aside the extrinsic evidence afforded by a certain letter of Sir Walter Cope in regard to *Love's Labour's Lost*, I must confess that, in the case of the other plays, the evidence does not seem to be absolutely irrefragable. Moreover, in the scrap of paper found among Malone's MSS, on which Halliwell founds his faith, there is no mention at all of *The Tempest*, nor is *The Tempest* item given by Halliwell in the list (p. 608) which he says (p. 607) is the whole of the forged record, and yet elsewhere (p. 547) he refers to this *Tempest* item as a part of the forged record, and in his folio edition gives a fac-simile of it. See as to these forgeries, FLEAY'S admirable *Hist. of the Stage*, pp. 173, 177.

As this forged, yet possibly true, date of *The Tempest* really affects the theory of no critics except Garnett, and Chalmers, and Holt, if the last had any theory at all, which is doubtful, it is not worth while to devote more time or space to it. It was necessary to mention it, however, in order to understand its adoption by writers between 1842 and 1868.

To COLLIER (1842) the internal evidence, derived from style and language, clearly indicates that *The Tempest* was a late production, and from the 'involved and paren-'thetical character of some of the speeches and from the psychological resemblance,' he infers that it belongs to about the same period as *The Winter's Tale*. Collier also believes that Jonson referred to *The Tempest* in his *Bartholomew Fair;* also that it was from *Every Man in his Humour*, in 1601, that Shakespeare learned the correct pronunciation of Stephano; and also that Shakespeare's knowledge of Montaigne came from the translation of 1603. There is one ingenious argument which Collier adduces (*Introd. to Wint. Tale*) to prove that *The Tempest* preceded *The Winter's Tale:* in the latter Shakespeare deserts the story on which he founded his play, in the way in which Perdita is exposed on the sea-coast of Bohemia. In the original story the child is exposed in a rudderless boat to the wind and wave. Collier surmises that Shakespeare was led thus to vary the tale because he had previously in *The Tempest* represented Prospero and Miranda turned adrift in the same manner, and he wished 'to avoid an 'objectionable similarity of incident in his two dramas.' Hence on all grounds Collier's date for *The Tempest* is 1611. A ballad entitled *The Inchanted Island*, which Collier reprints from a MS volume in his possession, I have reprinted in full on p. 315.

VERPLANCK, in his Introduction to the play in 1847, concedes that the cumulative evidence of all kinds leaves no doubt that *The Tempest* belongs to the later period of its author's genius; and yet that it is not the last but rather anterior than subsequent

to some others 'impressed with the same stamp of mighty, but calm and subdued, 'energy.' To account for this, he says that, assuming Malone's date of 1612 [*sic*] to be correct, as the date when the play was performed at the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth, his theory is that this performance was about three years 'after the com- 'position and first representation of *The Tempest*. We know from the history of 'some other plays that advantage was taken of such selections for representations on 'occasions of state festivity, to improve and give novelty to the piece by revisal and 'enlargement. I suppose that Shakespeare then gave to *The Tempest* the same care- 'ful revisal to which he had formerly subjected *Romeo and Juliet*, but with a more 'perfect effect of unity, because the original fabric was, as in *Lear* and *Othello*, of 'the same general tone, taste, and belonging to the same period of the author's intel- 'lectual character, with the enlargement. To this circumstance it may be ascribed 'that the whole piece came to be regarded as its author's final work on retiring from 'the public field; while in reality that was true only of some of its nobler strains, and 'of the prophetic allusions at the end, which have stamped upon the drama the last 'impress of its author's genius, and left it as his farewell to the "rough magic," the '"heavenly music," and the "airy charms," which had for years obeyed the bid- 'dings of his "so potent art."'

HALLIWELL, whose folio edition in 1856 follows Verplanck chronologically, is undecided in regard to the later or the earlier date. On the whole, I think, he is inclined to side with Malone, albeit Hunter's pleadings have weight with him. 'The 'similarities,' he says, p. 315, 'between the passages of Montaigne and the play are 'clearly too great to be attributed to accidental coincidences. And it will, there- 'fore, be conceded that *The Tempest* was written after 1603, unless it be thought that 'Shakespeare may have read the *Essays* in their original French, a suggestion which 'as it relates to a period when the continental languages were very generally studied, 'is not to be dismissed as altogether impossible. Whatever opinion may be formed 'respecting the amount of Shakespeare's classical scholarship, it is in the highest 'degree probable that he possessed a reasonable acquaintance with French and 'Italian. Mr Hunter was the first to intimate that *The Tempest* might be an early 'play; and although for some time I was disposed to regard the passage from Mon- 'taigne as an insurmountable argument against such an opinion, yet on further con- 'sideration, having reference to the somewhat apologetic character of Prospero's epi- 'logue and to the uncertainty of all reasoning on internal evidence when it is applied 'to the working of such a mind as Shakespeare's, I must candidly acknowledge to 'the belief that Mr Hunter's conclusions on this point should not be hastily rejected.' Then Halliwell cautiously adds, 'The external testimonies which have been pro- 'duced in favor of this view [viz. Hunter's] are not, however, of a satisfactory cha- 'racter.' Hereupon Halliwell dissents from Hunter's inference that Jonson in *Every Man in his Humour* refers to *The Tempest*, because, 'apart from the circumstance 'that it is hardly likely a satire should be aimed at Shakespeare in a play in which 'he was one of the performers, there is really nothing [in the lines from Jonson 'quoted by Hunter] which may not have applied to other dramas of the time.' The allusion in *Bartholomew's Fair* to *The Tempest* Halliwell deems more distinct, and yet uncertain, and concludes, 'on the whole, that it is more likely that Jonson there 'refers to the Drolleries popular at Fairs rather than that he should make a somewhat 'clumsy reference to a drama, the merits of which he must, at least in a great degree, 'have appreciated.'

Farmer's argument that *The Tempest* must have been written after *Every Man in his Humour* (which was performed in 1598 and in which Shakespeare was one of the actors), because in the former play the pronunciation of Stephano is always right, while in the *Merchant of Venice*, written earlier than either, it is always wrong, Halliwell holds in light esteem, owing to the 'fact that the name very rarely occurs in 'Shakespeare's verse and the indications of its accentuation in *The Tempest* are 'exceedingly indistinct.' (p. 317.)

Halliwell also dissents from Steevens's conclusion that Prospero's celebrated speech in the Fourth Act was derived from Lord Sterling's *Tragedie of Darius*, 1604. 'Reflections of this kind belong to writers of all ages and countries, and there is not 'a sufficient identity of language to warrant the supposition that there must necessarily 'have been any positive imitation, unless, indeed, in the sense that both authors may 'have derived their chief idea on the subject from that impressive passage in the '*Revelation*: "And I saw a great white throne and Him that sat upon it, from whose '"Face the earth and heavens fled away, and there was no place for them."'

In conclusion Halliwell says (p. 319) with truth: 'There are few kinds of reason-'ing so uncertain as that which is founded on the occurrence of a few similarities of 'language and incident traced in compositions that have no real connection with each 'other; and I have looked in vain amidst the elaborate arguments of Malone and 'Chalmers for a single coincidence between the play and the tracts quoted by them, 'that may not be reasonably considered to be entirely accidental.'

Thirty years later, in his *Outlines*, Halliwell commits himself no further than to express his belief that *The Tempest* was performed in 1611.

'It is highly probable,' says GRANT WHITE, in his First Edition in 1857, 'that *The* '*Tempest* was written about 1611'; and he then adds, 'The thoughtful reader will, 'however, find in the compact simplicity of its structure, in the chastened grandeur 'of its diction, and the lofty severity of its tone of thought, tempered although the 'one is with Shakespeare's own enchanting sweetness, and the other with that most 'human tenderness which is the peculiar trait of his mind, sufficient evidence that 'this play is the fruit of his genius in its full maturity.'

Twenty-five years later, in his Second Edition, Grant White modifies his earlier statement merely to the extent of saying that the play was 'probably written about '1610.'

DYCE nowhere assigns any date for this play more exact than that it was written after 1603, the year in which Florio's *Montaigne* was published, 'unless,' he adds in his Third Edition, in 1875, 'we adopt the hypothesis that Shakespeare had seen (this 'translation) in manuscript.' Possibly Dyce had not seen Brae's well-taken point as to the date of Florio's translation; but if he had, it is not impossible that he would still have made this remark about a MS translation of Montaigne. I doubt if anything Brae ever said found favour in Dyce's eyes.

In 1857, CHARLES BATHURST published *Remarks on the Differences in Shakespeare's Versification in Different Periods of his Life*, wherein the tests to decide the order of the plays were the weak endings, that is, monosyllables like *and*, *of*, *in*, *but*, &c., used as unaccented tenth syllables in the lines, and the cæsura, or division of the pauses, and the use of double endings, like the Italian metre. The limits of the classes into which he divides the plays are, as he acknowledges, somewhat arbitrary.

'The first,' he says (p. 4), 'is not so much distinguished from the second in the nature 'of the verse, as in the general incompleteness of the style, or at least, however beau- 'tiful many passages may be, the absence of that entire boldness and freedom which 'so singularly, according to common ideas, goes with quite unbroken passages, not 'infrequently, in what I have marked as his second style. To this last *King John*, 'for instance, and *Romeo and Juliet* belong.—In what I call the third style, his pecu- 'liar manner of unbroken verse is altered, but without as yet falling into the opposite 'peculiarity of his later plays, which will form his fourth style. *Measure for Measure* 'will serve for a specimen of the third; *Anthony and Cleopatra* and *The Winter's* '*Tale*, remarkably, of the fourth style.'

On p. 143, Bathurst discusses *The Tempest*, which is, he says, 'in the fourth style 'in metre, excessively. But we are to observe that the kind of metre does not show 'itself through every part of a play, in any instance. There are exact breaks, when 'speeches succeed each other. There is rhyme in the Masque.—And I think it is in 'the fourth style in matter and language; but of the imaginative, natural, subdivision, 'not the ratiocinative, and intricate. In the extraordinary creations, of personages 'which cannot exist in nature, he actually seems more at home than in real men and 'women; while at the same time there is nothing strained, or improbable, about them. 'If this was his last play, his dramatic life went out, like the life of Brandimart in 'Ariosto, in sweet music. *Fra dolce melodia salì nel cielo.*—It is quite plain, and 'most delightful to perceive, that the free, fanciful, rich, natural mind and style of 'Shakespeare's youth still existed again in his age; though sometimes kept back by 'various causes. But the *verse* was totally changed in the mean time.—There are 'parentheses. It is not excursive, except the passage about the "cloud-capped '"towers."—It is very extraordinary, after the violent slap which Jonson adminis- 'tered to the violators of the unities, in the Prologue to his first play, 1598, that 'Shakespeare should have made himself liable to that accusation much more, in some 'of his very last plays, than he had ever done before.'

Nowhere that I can find does Bathurst fix on any year for the date of the play; we can infer from the somewhat hazy atmosphere through which he regards it, merely that he holds it to have been among the very latest.

In 1871, Dr W. A. B. HERTZBERG, in the Preface to *Cymbeline*, which he edited for the *Deutsche Shakespeare-Gesellschaft*, used, as a test to determine the relative chronological position of that play, the proportion of eleven-syllable lines to the regular verses. He examined only seventeen other plays, and beginning (p. 292) with *Love's Labour's Lost* at 4%, ended with *The Winter's Tale* at 31.09%, *Cymbeline* 32%, *The Tempest* 32%, and *Henry the Eighth* at 44%. He thus concluded that this internal metrical evidence was adequately corroborated by the external evidence.

In 1874, F. G. FLEAY, who had been silently working for many years on this very subject of metrical tests, tabulated (*New Shakspere's Society's Transactions*, Part I, p. 16) all Shakespeare's plays under the number of their prose lines, their blank verses, rhymes, double endings, &c., and by means of rhymes as a test divided them into groups. This table, with some important modifications, and with the addition of the years when Shakespeare is supposed to have written the plays, is the basis on which *The New Shakspere Society* sets up its rest, as it is given (p. cxxiii) in the Preface by FURNIVALL in *The Leopold Shakespere*, with the date 1610.

According to Fleay, the plays in 'The Fourth Period' are *Julius Cæsar* with 34

rhyming lines, *Coriolanus* with 42, *Anthony and Cleopatra* with 42, *The Tempest* with 2, and *Winter's Tale* with none. Be it remembered that these rhyming lines are by no means the only tests which Fleay applies to his groups; the proportion of double endings is a highly important factor; but if the use of rhymes really represents Shakespeare's dramatic growth, then the contrast is striking between his very early play, *Love's Labour's Lost*, with its 1028 rhyming lines, and *The Winter's Tale* with none. Be it also observed that when Fleay allows but 2 rhyming five-measure lines (songs are, of course, omitted) to *The Tempest*, he does not include the 54 rhyming lines in the Masque; which, if rhyme were the only test, would be a serious weakness in any grouping founded on it. It may be not unfairly inferred from this Masque that it was the subject, and not merely a result of dramatic growth in Shakespeare, which dictated his use of rhyme; and that if Shakespeare were dramatising a story as light and airy as *Love's Labour's Lost*, he would have filled it with rhymes whether he were in his twenty-fourth or his fifty-fourth year.

In the *Jahrbuch* of the *German Shakespeare Society* for 1872 (Vol. VII, p. 29, also *Essays* trans. by L. Dora Schmitz, London, p. 1) KARL ELZE urges, with his wonted zeal and learning, a new date, 1604, founded on an allusion in Jonson's *Volpone*, III, ii, where Lady Politick Would-Be, speaking of Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, says: 'All our English writers, I mean such as are happy in the Italian, Will deign 'to steal out of this author, mainly: Almost as much as from Montagnié. He has so 'modern and facile a vein, Fitting the time and catching the court-ear,' &c. 'Almost 'as much as from Montagnié!' exclaims Elze. 'Against whom is this thrust directed? 'What poet of the Elizabethan period borrowed from Montaigne? We cannot discover 'any except the celebrated lines in *The Tempest*. From the continual and careful 'investigations of the Elizabethan literature it might be thought that such passages 'could not have remained undiscovered if they existed. . . . . If, therefore, the pas-'sage applies to *The Tempest*, and it is impossible for us to say to what else, the com-'position of the latter must be assigned to a date different from that which has been 'hitherto supposed. . . . . *Volpone* was acted as early as 1605. . . . . Thus *The Tem-'pest* would at latest fall to the year 1604, a year after Florio's *Montaigne*. This in 'itself is much more credible than the supposition that Shakespeare, as late as 1611, 'should have referred to and made use of this book, which was then no longer new. 'If Shakespeare was struck by the surprising idea of the natural state, such as he 'met with in Montaigne's description, he must doubtless have felt induced to make 'an early use of it.' It is needless to remark that in this essay, Elze, as usual, shows his familiarity with what had been written both in English and in German on the subject.

In 1874, Professor INGRAM (*New Sh. Soc. Trans.* 1874, Part ii, p. 448), in a thorough and admirable manner, applied as one of the tests for discovering the chronology of the plays the use by Shakespeare of 'light' and of 'weak' endings. (*Light* endings, according to the nice discrimination of Professor Ingram, are words in which the voice can to a certain small extent dwell, such as *am*, *are*, *art*, *be*, &c.; *weak* endings are words so essentially auxiliary to other words that we are forced to connect them as closely as possible with the words to which they belong in the next line, such as *to*, *with*, *at*, *of*, &c.) According to the list thus made, beginning with *Love's Labour's Lost* as No. 1, and ending with *Henry VIII* as No. 33, *The Tempest* stands No. 29, with *Pericles* No. 28, and *Cymbeline* No. 30, and *The Winter's Tale* No. 31.

It is to be remembered that all that rhythmical tests attempt to give is merely the sequence of the plays. They cannot give us years or dates, without extrinsic evidence.

Dr WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT finds in the 'not improbable' allusions in *Bartholomew Fair* to *The Tempest* an ultimate limit for the date of the latter. The superior limit seems to be fixed, he thinks, by Florio's *Montaigne* in 1603. After rehearsing Malone's arguments founded on the Western voyages and shipwrecks, Wright thus temperately concludes: 'it is of course possible to make too much of coincidences 'of this kind; but, in the absence of positive proof, there appears to be reasonable 'ground for the conclusion that *The Tempest* was written about the end of 1610 or 'the beginning of 1611.' And, again, 'Taking into consideration the internal evi-'dence derived from the style and metre of the play, these alone would lead us to 'assign it to a late rather than to an early period in Shakespeare's dramatic career.'

HUDSON, after reviewing the arguments brought forward by Malone, concludes that '1610 is as early a date as can well be assigned for the composition.' 'Concur-'rent with all this is the internal evidence of the play itself. The style, language, 'and general cast of thought, the union of richness and severity, the grave, austere 'beauty of character which pervades it, and the organic compactness of the whole 'structure, all go to mark it as an issue of the Poet's ripest years. . . . . I can hardly 'think that Shakespeare had any reference to himself in the passage [where Prospero 'abjures his "rough magic," and buries his staff and drowns his book], for, besides 'that he did not use to put his own feelings and purposes into the mouth of his cha-'racters, the doing so in this case would infer such a degree of self-exaltation as, it 'seems to me, his native and habitual modesty would scarce permit.'

J. SURTEES PHILLPOTTS (*Rugby Edition*), while granting that 1610 or 1611 seems to be the most probable date, believes that there is really no trustworthy evidence for fixing on any particular year between 1610 and 1616, when Shakespeare's death took place. 'But in any case the external evidence makes *The Tempest* one 'of Shakespeare's latest efforts, ... and the internal evidence leads to the same 'conclusion.' This internal evidence Phillpotts finds, first, in reviewing 'as far as we 'can the experiences gone through by Shakespeare himself'; as well as a comparison of the play with those which were written at about the same time; and, secondly, in the metrical form. Under the first head, it is said that '*The Tempest*, with *Cymbeline* 'and *The Winter's Tale*, form a group succeeding the great tragedies, *Othello*, *Lear*, '*Hamlet*, which show Shakespeare's mind to have been grappling with the disap-'pointments and trials of life. . . . . So little is known of the life of Shakespeare that 'we can only surmise that there may have been something in his own lot which 'forced him to such contemplation of sorrow and evil, and especially of the baseness 'of ingratitude.' Secondly, in the metrical tests, Phillpotts adopts the tables made out by the *New Shakspere Society*.

At the close of a short discussion in *Notes and Queries* (7th S. i, 72, 150, 1886) on the *Date of the Tempest*, which showed that Hunter's theory of an early date can still claim adherents, Dr BR. NICHOLSON says (*Ib.* p. 298): 'In every way the 'versification and other matters point to a very late date. The references to the inci-'dents of the shipwreck of Somers . . . . abundantly show that our play was written

'after the news of this disaster had reached England. These references are more 'numerous than those to contemporary circumstances in England or elsewhere that 'occur in any other of Shakespeare's plays, except possibly in *Hamlet*.—I do not hold, 'as did Hunter, that it and *Love's Labour's Won* are one and the same play, but that 'the former was, at least so far as the versification is concerned, wholly recast. What 'I look on as proofs of their innate identity seem to me to prove both this and the 'hurry with which the earlier play was remodelled, so as to attract and catch the 'public purse while the exciting news of the disaster and the probable failure of the 'adventurers were still dwelling in their mouths and ears. It was this hurry which 'I thought of itself might have produced or have preserved that which [has been 'deemed] immature, though to [me] there is no immaturity, but rather the reverse. 'Similarly, I see not that Ariel's mention of the Bermoothes shows that Shakespeare 'could not have referred to the shipwreck of Somers there. . . . . When *Love's Labour's* '*Won* was written, he may have had Lampedusa in his mind—if his authority named 'it—but when he wrote our *Tempest*, he without doubt was thinking of what had 'occurred at Bermoothes itself.' See also Nicholson's note on III, i, 28–30.

FLEAY (*Life and Work of Shakespeare*, 1886, p. 248), after conceding that Malone has shown that in *The Tempest* are to be found many particulars derived from Jourdan's narrative, published in October, 1610, says that it does not follow, however, because this October pamphlet was used in the storm scenes, that therefore 'none of 'the play was written before that month; but that the date of its first appearance was in 'October to November, 1610, I have little doubt. . . . . This and [*The Winter's Tale*] 'were surely Shakespeare's last plays. . . . . He began his career with the Chamber-'lain's Company (after his seven years' apprenticeship in conjunction with others, '1587–94) with a *Midsummer Dream*, he finishes with a *Winter's Tale*, and so his 'playwright's work is rounded; twenty-four years, each year an hour in the brief day 'of work, and then the rounding with a sleep.'

DEIGHTON: 'The more generally accepted date is 1610 or 1611, but whatever the 'precise year, internal evidence, from style, thought, and metre, proves beyond doubt 'that it belongs to Shakespeare's latest period of authorship, and is of the same group 'as *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *King Henry the Eighth*.'

Apparently TIECK was unaware of the existence of the Vertue MS when he placed the date of the composition of this play in 1613. He does not allude to it, but, while urging that the play refers to the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth and the Palatine, supposes that *The Tempest* was written for the opening of the Globe Theatre while the memory of the recent festivities attending that marriage was fresh in men's minds. 'Prospero,' he goes on to say (*Sh. Dramat. Werke*, Berlin, 1826, vol. iv, p. 314), 'a 'wise magician, who had in lieu of other teachers educated his daughter himself, was 'invested by Shakespeare with a certain resemblance to King James, who was like-'wise fond of imparting instruction to his favorites, and had even written a book on 'magic.' I should have thought it hardly worth while to record this conjecture of Tieck—which, in effect, is a repetition of Chalmers's—had it not happened that the latest critic had revived the same idea with reference to the resemblance between Prospero and King James.

Dr GARNETT (*Universal Review*, April, 1889, p. 556) revives Chalmers's and

Tieck's date, and, adducing arguments in its favour of greater force than ever Chalmers put forth, undertakes to show, first, that *The Tempest* was written for performance before a private audience and on occasion of a marriage; secondly, that the particular audience and the particular marriage are known by documentary evidence, and further revealed by evident allusions to the personality of the bridegroom and to the recent death of Prince Henry, and by the introduction of King James himself into the piece; thirdly, that there is additional internal evidence for the date 1613, and no evidence for any other date. It is assumed, from internal evidence, that *The Tempest* is a late play, and an allusion to the 'still-vexed Bermoothes' could hardly have been an accident, but must refer to the shipwreck of Sir George Somers, made known by Jourdan's pamphlet in 1610. 'It is impossible to doubt that Jourdan's narrative must have been 'familiar to [Shakespeare]. The numerous parallels produced by Malone leave no 'room for question.' Malone's error consists in assuming that because Jourdan's narrative was 'published in October, 1610, *therefore* the play must have been written 'immediately afterwards. We have, on the contrary, no right to assume that the piece 'was written before the first notice we have of its representation,' which is derived from Vertue's MS. The proofs that *The Tempest* was written for private representation, and for no ordinary audience, Garnett finds in the two following circumstances: First, its brevity; if written for a court performance, 'the time of the monarch and 'his guests must not be unduly encroached upon; and the piece must not be on too 'large a scale to be written, rehearsed, and put on the stage with great expedition.' Secondly, for the same reasons, 'it would be an object to have as few changes of 'scene as possible. *The Tempest* is unique among Shakespeare's plays in this re-'spect. After the brief representation of the deck of the storm-tossed vessel with 'which the play opens, there is practically but one scene; for though the action occa-'sionally shifts from the space before Prospero's cell to some other part of the island, 'everything is avoided which might necessitate a change of decoration.' [Garnett does not take me with him here. I think he overlooks the unusually elaborate machinery required for the appearance of the banquet in the Third Act, and for its instant disappearance.] 'The strongest argument,' continues Garnett, 'is the intro-'duction of two masques such as were in Shakespeare's age usually presented to sov-'ereigns on occasions of ceremony. . . . . Shakespeare must have had some very 'cogent motive for introducing this apparently aimless pageantry into the very heart 'of his drama. This could be nothing else than the fact that, in one point of view, '*The Tempest* is a spectacular play for the entertainment of princes and courtiers upon 'some great occasion; and that from another, the seeming impertinence enabled him 'to stamp his piece as a hymeneal drama. To condense our argument to a point, this 'nuptial interlude is either a mere idle excrescence or pregnant with significance. 'The former it cannot be, for if it is removed the Fourth Act tumbles to pieces, and 'the finest passage in the drama goes along with it. If, on the other hand, it has a 'significance, this must relate to something in the situation of the spectators, who must 'have been aware of some circumstance justifying its introduction, and this could be 'nothing else than a marriage deeply interesting to some persons among the audience.' Vertue's MS reveals the occasion and the audience, and the purpose of the drama becomes perfectly clear. 'Everything bespeaks a royal marriage, and everything cor-'responds with the royal marriage of 1613. The foreign prince come from beyond 'sea, the island princess who has never left her home, the wise father who brings 'about the auspicious consummation by his policy,—all found their counterparts 'among the splendid company that watched the performance on that February night.

'The perception of the absolute appropriateness of the piece to the occasion must 'have heightened their enjoyment to a degree which, even with our vastly enhanced 'reverence for the genius of Shakespeare, we cannot reproduce. Every point would 'be new and bright, every allusion would be taken as soon as made. What a smile, 'for instance, must have gone round at Gonzalo's speech: "Would they believe me '"If I should say I saw such islanders?"—But that assembly numbered shadows as 'well as men. *The Tempest* would hardly have existed in its present form, and cer- 'tainly would have been far from exemplifying Shakespeare's courtly tact and tender 'humanity, but for the gloom thrown upon the marriage festivities by the recent death 'of the King's eldest son.' Garnett here gives briefly the dates of the negotiation for the royal marriage, and its interruption by the sudden death of Prince Henry in November, and of the betrothal in December, and finds that in January 'the black is 'wearing out and the marriage pomps preparing'; among these was 'the preparation 'of *The Tempest*, which may have been commissioned about the end of November. 'Shakespeare thus found himself in a position as trying as ever tested the dexterity 'of a courtier or the humanity of a man. How to reconcile the demands of sorrow 'and joy on this unparalleled occasion? To ignore the late affliction would be heart- 'less, and an insult to the King, but how to recognise it without darkening the nup- 'tial joy, and suggesting omens as sinister as Marie Antoinette's tapestry? In the 'entire range of Shakespeare's art there is nothing more exquisite than the skill with 'which he has solved the problem. The recent calamity is not unrecognised; on the 'contrary, the supposed death of the drowned Prince is a most vital incident, kept 'continually in view. But, by a consummate stroke of genius, the woe is taken away 'from Prospero, the representative of James, and transferred to the house of his 'enemy. The lost prince is duly mourned, but not by his real father. James is 'reminded of his bereavement, but it is not obtruded upon him. The sense of loss 'mingles, a fine and almost imperceptible element, with the general cheerfulness. In 'the end the hitherto sonless Prospero gains a son, as the bereaved James is gaining 'one in the Palatine; while, a compliment within a compliment, delicate allusion is 'made to the promise of Prince Charles. If this be refined flattery, it is also refined 'humanity. To ignore it is to miss the key to the interpretation of the play. We 'should also lose the best evidence we possess of the speedy working of Shake- 'speare's imagination; how, in quite another sense than Johnson's, "panting Time '"toiled after him in vain." The supposed death of Ferdinand is so vital a portion 'of the plot that the play cannot have been undertaken without it. We have seen, 'however, that the incident which suggested it did not occur until November 6 pre- 'ceding the marriage, which was solemnised on February 14. The representation 'must have preceded the wedding, otherwise Prospero's exhortation to pre-nuptial 'chastity would have lost all force. This marvellous work must accordingly have 'been planned, written, and put upon the stage within less than three months. Noth- 'ing can give a higher idea of the activity of Shakespeare's genius; while at the same 'time we discern cogent reasons for the comparative brevity of the play.' Garnett next proceeds to show what Chalmers maintained, and after him Tieck, that in Pros- pero James is represented; and, to prove this, vindicates James's character to an extent whereto, I fear, he will find but few followers. 'It was James's misfortune,' he urges, p. 562, 'that his defects were mostly of an unkingly sort, and such as easily lend 'themselves to ridicule. . . . . [Prospero's] character is full of dramatic irony. [He] 'is wise and good indeed, but not so much of either as he thinks himself. He be- 'trays fretfulness, irritability, and self-importance, reminding us of the limitations of

'the highest humanity, and contrasting sharply with his preternatural power. But 'these traits do not lie upon the surface, and upon a broad view of the character it is 'impossible to conceive one more completely embodying James's ideal of himself, or 'more dexterously, and at the same time truthfully, bringing the really strong sides 'of his personality into view. A wise, humane, pacific prince, gaining his ends not 'by violence, but by policy; devoted to far-off purposes which none but himself can 'realise, much less fathom; independent of counsellors, safely contemptuous of foes, 'and controlling all about him by his superior wisdom; keeping in the background 'till the decisive hour has struck, and then interfering effectually; devoted to lawful 'knowledge, but the sworn enemy of black magic,—such was James in James's eyes, 'and such is Prospero.' In conclusion Garnett refers to one or two minor points which are in favour of the date 1613, and which have been mentioned by one or another critic in the foregoing pages, such as the tempestuous autumn and winter of 1612, and the atmosphere of discovery and colonisation which can be felt, rather than proved, in *The Tempest*.

After having listened patiently to all that our betters have to say on the subject, what, we may ask, is the conclusion of the whole matter? We have seen that in order to discover the date at which Shakespeare wrote this play, we have to accept at least two assumptions: the first is, that in Gonzalo's speech there is a reminiscence, at least, of Florio's translation of Montaigne,—this assumption we may accept. The other assumption by editors and critics is one to which I, for one, find it difficult, if not impossible, to assent.

It is, namely, that the poets of the Elizabethan age,—and not the small poets either, but the greatest and the best,—were continually forsaking the lofty themes and the high aims of their art, to gird, and snarl, and sneer at their contemporaries or rivals. And this, too, not in print, where it would make a permanent and effective impression, but in fleeting speeches on a public stage, before an audience whose favour they desired to win by gaining and keeping its attention through a display of their finest skill. As a jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him who hears it, so these allusions, granting that they exist, depended for their point on the knowledge of the hearers. Was Caliban so ever-present in the thoughts of the rude audience at The Blackfriars that, at the bare allusion to a 'servant-monster,' Caliban was instantly recalled and 'heed-'less of grammar, they all cried, "That's him"?' Unless thus readily recognized, the point of the allusion was lost. Where was the sting if nobody saw it? Jonson's lofty ideal as a dramatic poet, and his honest endeavours to elevate the stage, are acknowledged on all sides, but how can they be reconciled with a constant desertion of them in mean, petty sneers at a friend whom in private life he almost idolised. Be it remembered that I refer only to the Golden Age of the Elizabethan drama. What is true of this Age may not apply to other and later Ages.

It seems to me that in thus dealing with these dramas, and in the assumption of these allusions, we are forgetting not only the conditions of the Elizabethan stage and its audiences, but even of human nature itself.

Lastly, is there any really valuable end to be gained by an investigation, such as is set forth in the preceding pages, into the years when Shakespeare wrote this play? Is there any possible intellectual gain in the knowledge of the exact date? Do we thrill with pleasure in contemplating the year 1610 as that wherein *The Tempest* was written? Do Ariel's songs sound the sweeter for it? Are we to be thankful to Shakespeare for having written his plays in certain years, or are we to be thankful for

the plays themselves? As a mere intellectual exercise an elaborate investigation may prove beneficial; but a second-rate drama, by an insignificant poet, will serve this purpose quite as well as *The Tempest*, while, at the same time, we shall be saved from the mortifying delusion that in pursuing such an investigation as the present we are really learning anything of lasting advantage to us in regard to the immortal plays of William Shakespeare.

To recapitulate, the *Date of The Composition* of *The Tempest* is assigned as follows:—

By HUNTER	to 1596
" KNIGHT	to 1602 or 1603
" DYCE, STAUNTON	after 1603
" ELZE	to 1604
" VERPLANCK	to 1609
" HERAUD, FLEAY, FURNIVALL	to 1610
" MALONE, STEEVENS, COLLIER, W. W. LLOYD, HALLIWELL, GRANT WHITE (ed. i), KEIGHTLEY, Rev. JOHN HUNTER, W. A. WRIGHT, STOKES, HUDSON, A. W. WARD, D. MORRIS	to 1610–1611
" CHALMERS, TIECK, GARNETT	to 1613
" HOLT	to 1614
" CAPELL (?), FARMER, SKOTTOWE, CAMPBELL, BATHURST, The COWDEN-CLARKES, PHILLPOTTS, GRANT WHITE (ed. ii), DEIGHTON, ...	a late, or the latest, play.

The voice of the majority pronounces in favour of 1610–1611. Let us all, therefore, acquiesce, and henceforth be, in this regard, shut up in measureless content.

SOURCE OF THE PLOT

IN Theobald's edition are to be found the earliest Explanatory Notes on Shakespeare, and as that editor lived long before there was turned on all Shakespearian questions that 'fierce light' which has since 'beaten upon' them, it is not surprising that what are mere allusions or casual remarks by Theobald have been, since his day, expanded into far-reaching discussions. In the present play there is a case in point. In a note on the 'still vex'd Bermoothes' Theobald observed that the Bermudas 'are 'likewise call'd *Summer* Islands, from Sir George *Summers*, who in 1609 made that 'voyage; and, viewing them, probably first brought the English acquainted with 'them, and invited them afterwards to settle a Plantation there.' As far as any aid is concerned in discovering the materials used by Shakespeare in the composition of *The Tempest*, this remark lay dormant until the days of Malone.

In the mean time WARBURTON expressed his suspicion that *The Tempest* had been taken by Shakespeare 'from some Italian writer; the *Unities* being all so regularly 'observed, which no dramatic writers but the Italians observed so early as our 'Author's time; and which Shakespeare has observed nowhere but in this Play. 'Besides, the persons of the Drama are all *Italians*.' Attracted by the word Necromancer, Warburton suggested the titles of two Italian Plays which he had found in Riccoboni's Catalogue: *Il Negromante* di L. Ariosto, and *Il Negromante Palliato* di Gio. Angelo Petrucci. (See V, i, 339.)

HEATH and CAPELL, however, said that Warburton was 'mistaken in both of 'them.' Of *The Tempest* itself, Capell says (i, 68) that it 'has rather more of the 'novel in it than [in other plays]; but no one has yet pretended to have met with 'such a novel; nor anything else that can be suppos'd to have furnish'd Shakespeare 'with materials for writing this play; the fable of which must therefore pass for 'entirely his own production, till the contrary can be made to appear by any future 'discovery.'

This remark of Capell is as true now as when it was uttered, as far as concerns any play or novel which can be considered as the one sole source of *The Tempest*, but it has long ceased to be correct, as it is supposed, in regard to 'the materials' which Shakespeare gathered from various sources and used in the composition of the play.

Seeing, therefore, that no single source of the whole play has yet been discovered, we must forego the pleasure of a forthright, and be restricted to meanders, and need not be surprised if we find as great a maze as e'er we trod. That which many critics maintain to be the nearest attempt at a forthright is Jacob Ayrer's *Schöne Sidea*, which must be discussed in its turn; in the mean while, however, we must attempt to follow certain devious paths, with the foreknowledge that each can carry us but a little way and will inevitably end in a blind.

MALONE, in his edition of 1790, gave a note by T. WARTON to the effect that Collins, the poet, had said that the plot of *The Tempest* was derived from a romance called *Aurelio and Isabella*, printed in Italian, Spanish, French, and English in 1588, but that Collins was mistaken. What Warton said was condensed by Malone, and as Malone's too concise statement has been again and again repeated, the impression has been apparently received by some editors that Collins erred in thinking that he had ever even seen a romance called *Aurelio and Isabella;* whereas the impression which Warton means to convey is that Collins, whose mind was then darkened, had been mistaken in supposing that the plot of that romance bore any resemblance to that of *The Tempest.* BOSWELL says that he 'had indeed been told by a friend that he had 'some years ago actually perused an Italian novel which answered to Mr Collins's 'description.' 'All this is very tantalizing,' says W. A. WRIGHT, in the *Clarendon Edition;* but I strongly suspect that Boswell's friend misunderstood Collins's error, and thought that it lay in the existence of a novel called *Aurelio and Isabella*, and not in the supposition that this romance contained the plot of *The Tempest.* Hence, I think, in this connection we may forget Boswell and his friend, especially as COLLIER tells us that he had 'turned over the pages of, we believe, every Italian novelist, 'anterior to the age of Shakespeare, in hopes of finding some story containing traces 'of the incidents of *The Tempest*, but without success.' It needs but a glance to see that *Aurelio and Isabella* has nothing whatsoever in common with *The Tempest.* Its closing words reveal its drift: 'Eynde of the storey of Aurelio and of Isabell, in the 'whiche is disputede the whiche geues more occasion of sinninge the man vnto the 'woman, or the woman vnto the man.' The four languages are printed in parallel columns; the English is translated, I think, from the French, although apparently the story was written originally in Spanish,—a MS note in my copy by 'The Compiler of 'Bohn's Catalogue' states that 'the author is Juan de Flores.' As a specimen of the English we read, on p. A 3, where two young knights conclude to conceal from each other their common love: 'And selfe lyke and yfit had bene possible vnto him selfe 'willingly, euerye one of them shuld haue hidden it.' Perhaps, after all, Collins was right; in such a whirlwind of words there ought to be the germ of a tempest.

Warton's unabridged note, which, if Malone had originally printed *ipsissimis verbis*, might perhaps have saved some confusion, is as follows (*Hist. of Eng. Poetry*, vol. iii, p. 477): 'Nor do I know with what propriety the romance of *Aurelio and* '*Isabella*, the scene of which is laid in Scotland, may be mentioned here. But it was 'printed in 1586, in one volume, in Italian, French, and English. And again, in 'Italian, Spanish, French, and English in 1588. I was informed by the late Mr 'Collins, of Chichester, that Shakespeare's *Tempest*, for which no origin is yet as- 'signed, was formed on this favourite romance. But although this information has 'not proved true on examination, an useful conclusion may be drawn from it, that 'Shakespeare's story is somewhere to be found in an Italian novel, at least that the 'story preceded Shakespeare. Mr Collins had searched this subject with no less 'fidelity than judgement and industry; but his memory failing in his last calamitous 'indisposition, he probably gave me the name of one novel for another. I remember 'he added a circumstance which may lead to a discovery that the principal character 'of the romance, answering to Shakespeare's Prospero, was a chemical necromancer, 'who had bound a spirit like Ariel to obey his call and perform his services. It was 'a common pretence of the dealers in the occult sciences to have a demon at com- 'mand. At least Aurelio, or Orelio, was probably one of the names of this romance, 'the production and multiplication of gold being the grand object of alchemy.'

In the discussion of 'The Date of Composition' it is seen how important a part is played by the popular interest which must have attended (so the Commentators assume) the published Accounts of the expeditions which set sail from England for the purpose of visiting the New World, or of colonising Virginia, from the days of Raleigh, in 1596, down to the year 1612. With this popular excitement, or with the dates of these various expeditions, by whom commanded, or by what fate attended, we are not here concerned. The shipwreck and the storm in Shakespeare's *Tempest* were enough to direct attention to accounts of voyages, and to them THEOBALD, WARBURTON, JOHNSON, CAPELL, FARMER, and STEEVENS referred, and used them here and there in illustration of Shakespeare's text. As the 'Bermoothes' are mentioned in the play, it was natural to refer to the historic shipwreck of Sir George Somers, which had made those islands famous. But none of these editors or critics had detected in the accounts of this shipwreck any clues leading to *The Tempest* or expressed any suspicion that this disastrous storm gave rise to the play. One of the fullest and most circumstantial accounts of this storm is given in a pamphlet entitled *A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Isle of Divels; by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers, and Captain Newport, with divers others*, 1610. It was written by Sil. Jourdan, and MALONE tells us (*Var.* '21, vol. xv, p. 432) that it was while reading this narrative and Jourdan's account of the disaster that befell his Admiral that 'the passage in *The Tempest*, in which an account is given of the dis- 'persion of Alonso's fleet, and that the king's ship was, by those who escaped the 'peril of the storm, supposed to be lost, as well as the peculiar manner in which that 'ship is said to have been preserved, struck me so forcibly that I thought Shakespeare 'must have had the incidents attending Somers's voyage immediately in view when 'he wrote his comedy.'

Ever since Malone's day, his opinion in regard to this source of several of the incidents in *The Tempest* has been generally accepted; the passages in Jourdan's pamphlet containing these sources are as follows (they are taken from Malone's *Account of The Incidents from which The Title and Part of the Story of Shake-*

speare's Tempest were derived; and its True Date ascertained, 1808, p. 22 et seq.):

'Jourdan, after informing his reader that he was one of those who sailed from Eng-'land with Sir George Somers and Sir Thomas Gates in the *Sea-adventure* [the name 'of their ship, "of about 300 ton"], proceeds to relate the circumstances of the storm 'which happened on the 25th of July, 1609. They were bound for Virginia, and at 'that time in thirty degrees north latitude. The whole crew, amounting to one hun-'dred and fifty persons, weary with pumping, had given all for lost and began to 'drink their strong waters, AND TO TAKE LEAVE OF EACH OTHER' [these small capitals and Italics are retained from Malone's reprint], 'intending to commit themselves 'to the mercy of the sea. Sir George Somers, who had sat three days and nights on 'the poop, with no food and little rest, at length descried land, and encouraged them '(MANY FROM WEARINESS HAVING FALLEN ASLEEP) to continue at the pumps. They 'complied; and fortunately the ship was driven and JAMMED BETWEEN TWO ROCKS, '"fast lodged and locked for further budging." One hundred and fifty persons got 'ashore; and by means of their boat and skiff, for this was "half a mile from land," 'they saved such part of their goods and provisions as the water had not spoiled, all 'the tackling and much of the iron of their ship, which was of great service to them 'in fitting out another vessel to carry them to Virginia.

"But our delivery," says Jourdan, "was not more strange in falling so oppor-"tunely and happily upon the land, as [than] our feeding and provision was, beyond "our hopes, and all men's expectations, most admirable; for the Islands of the Ber-"mudas, as every man knoweth that hath heard or read of them, were NEVER INHAB-"ITED by any christian or heathen people, but ever esteemed and reputed a most "prodigious and INCHANTED PLACE, affording nothing but gusts, storms, and foul "weather; which made every navigator and mariner to avoid them as Scylla and "Charybdis, or as they would shunne the Divell himself: and no man was ever "heard to make for this place, but as, against their wils, they have, by storms and "dangerousnesse of the rocks lying seven leagues into the sea, suffered shipwracke. "Yet did we finde there THE AYRE SO TEMPERATE and the COUNTRY SO ABOUND-"ANTLY FRUITFULL of all fit necessaries for the sustentation and preservation of "man's life, that, most in a manner of all our provision of bread, beere, and victuall, "being quite spoyled in lying long drowned in salt water, notwithstanding we "were there for the space of nine months (few days over or under) we were not "only well refreshed, comforted, and with good satiety contented, but out of the "aboundance thereof provided us some reasonable quantity and proportion of pro-"vision to carry us for Virginia, and to maintain our selves and that company we "found there:——wherefore my opinion sincerely of this island is, that whereas it "hath beene, and is still accounted the most dangerous, unfortunate, and forlorne "place of the world, it is in truth the richest, healthfullest, and pleasing land, (the "quantity and bignesse thereof considered,) and meerely naturall, as ever man set "foote upon."

'On the 28th of July they landed. They all then began to search for provision. 'In half an hour, Sir Thomas Gates took as many fishes with hookes as sufficed the 'whole company for one day. When a man stept into the water, the fish came round 'about him. "These fishes were very fat and sweete, and of that proportion and big-"nesse, that three of them will conveniently lade two men: those we called ROCK-"FISH. Besides, there are such aboundance of mullets, that with a seane might be "taken at one draft one thousand at the least; and infinite store of pilchards."

'There was also a great plenty of cray-fish. The country afforded such an abun-
'dance of hogs, that Sir George Somers brought in thirty-two at one time.

"There is fowle in great aboundance in the islands, where they breed, that there
"hath beene taken in two or three howres a thousand at the least, being of the big-
"nesse of a good pigeon.

"Another sea-fowle there is, that lyeth in little holes in the ground, like unto a
"coney-hole, and are in great numbers; exceeding good meat, very fat and sweet,
"(those we had in the winter,) and their egges are white, and of that bignesse, that
"they are not to be knowne from hen-egges."

'The birds he describes as exceedingly tame: they came so near them, that they
'killed many of them with a stick. They found great store of tortoises or turtles;
'prickled pears in abundance, which continued green on the trees all the year. The
'island, he adds, was supplied with many mulberry trees, white and red, palmits and
'cedar trees; and no venemous creature was found there. . . . .

'To dissipate the gloom and despondency occasioned by the disaster of the former
'year, and to shew the practicability and probable advantages of settling a colony in
'Virginia, were the principal objects of the pamphlet published under the authority
'of the Council in the latter end of 1610; which is written with a vigour, animation,
'and elegance rarely found in the tracts of those times. Though that part of it with
'which alone we are concerned, or in other words, which relates to Bermuda, differs
'but little in substance from the account that preceded it, relating nearly the same
'facts and events in much better language, it is yet necessary to be briefly noticed;
'because Shakspeare assuredly would not neglect to peruse this authentick narrative.*
'It has indeed an additional claim to our attention; for the writer of this tract, hav-
'ing compared the disastrous tempest which wrecked Sir George Somers and his
'associates on the island of Bermuda, and their subsequent escape from the immediate
'destruction which threatened them, to those dramatick compositions in which similar
'changes of fortune are represented, and sorrow and mirth artfully intermingled, per-
'haps suggested to Shakspeare the thought of forming these adventures into a play;
'and to him, in some measure, we may have been indebted for this delightful
'comedy.

"True it is" (says this Narrative), "that when Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George
"Summers, and Captaine Newport, were in the height of 27, and the 24th of July,
"1609, there arose such a storme, as if Jonas had been flying unto Tarshish: the
"heavens were obscured, and made an Egyptian night of three daies perpetuall
"horror; the women lamented; the hearts of the passengers failed; the experience
"of the sea-captaines was amased; the skill of the marriners was confounded; the
"ship most violently leaked. . . . .

"These islands of the Bermudos have ever been accounted as an INCHAUNTED
"pile of rockes, and A DESERT INHABITATION FOR DIVELS; but all the fairies of the
"rocks were but flocks of birds, and all the divels that haunted the woods were but
"heards of swine. . . . .

"Consider all these things together. At the instant of neede they descryed
"land; halfe an hower more had buried their memorial in the sea. If they had fel
"by night, what expectation of light from an uninhabited desart? They fell be-
"twixt a laberinth of rockes, which they conceive are mouldred into the sea by

* "A true Declaration of the estate of the Colonie in Virginia, with a confutation of such scandalous reports as have tended to the disgrace of so worthy an enterprise. Published by advice and direction of the Councell of Virginia." 4to, 1610.

"thunder and lightning. This was not Ariadne's threed, but the direct line of "GOD'S providence. If it had not beene so NEERE LAND, their companie or provis- "ion had perished by water; if they had not found hogs, and foule, and fish, they "had perished by famine: if there had not beene fuell, they had perished by want "of fire: if there had not beene timber, they could not have transported themselves "to Virginia, but must have beene forgotten for ever.

"What is there in all this TRAGICALL-COMÆDIE, that should discourage us with "impossibilitie of the enterprise? when of all the fleete, one onely ship by a secret "leake was indangered, and yet in the gulfe of despaire was so graciously preserved."

Thus much we learn from Jourdan's *Narrative* and *A true Declaration*; hereupon Malone resumes his argument, and deems it of importance first of all to call attention to the fact that during 'a great part of the year 1610 it was supposed in England that 'the ship containing the Lieutenant-Governor of Virginia and Sir George Somers, the 'Admiral, which had been separated from the fleet, was lost; but Shakespeare, when 'he wrote his play, KNEW THAT IT WAS SAFE: a circumstance ascertained by Jour- 'dan's pamphlet, and that issued out by the Council.' 'It now remains,' continues Malone, 'to shew that Shakspeare, when he wrote *The Tempest*, had in view the 'particular disaster of which so ample an account has been given. To fix as nearly 'as possible the exact time of his writing it, I have said that he knew that the Admi- 'ral-ship was safe; and this appears by the following lines, which manifestly allude 'to that circumstance and several others attending the tempest that dispersed Somers's 'fleet, and finally wrecked the vessel he was in, on one of the Bermuda islands.'

'"PROSPERO. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?
ARIEL. To every article.
I boarded the KING'S SHIP; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement.——
PRO. Why, that's my spirit.
But was not this NIGH SHORE?
ARI. CLOSE BY, my master.
PRO. But ARE THEY, Ariel, SAFE?
ARI. NOT A HAIR PERISH'D;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before; and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle.——
* * * * * *
PRO. Of THE KING'S SHIP,
The mariners, say, how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet?
ARI. SAFELY IN HARBOUR
IS THE KING'S SHIP; in the DEEP NOOK . . . .,
. . . . . THERE SHE'S HID;
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Whom with a charm, *join'd to their suffer'd labour*,
I have left asleep: and *for the rest o' the fleet*,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterrrnean flote
Bound sadly home for Naples;

SUPPOSING THAT THEY SAW THE KING'S SHIP WRECK'D,
AND HIS GREAT PERSON PERISH."

'It is obvious that we have here a covert allusion to several circumstances minutely 'described in the papers quoted in the preceding pages; to the circumstance of the 'Admiral-ship being separated from the rest of Somers's fleet, and after a tremendous 'tempest, being jammed between two of the Bermuda rocks, and "fast lodged and '"lock'd," as Jourdan expresses it, "for further budging"; to the disaster happening 'very near the shore, and not a single person having perished; to the mariners hav-'ing fallen asleep from excessive fatigue; to the dispersion of the other ships; to the 'greater part of them meeting again, as the Council of the Virginia Company have it, '"in consort"; and to all those who were thus dispersed and thus met again, being '"bound sadly" for Virginia, supposing that the vessel which carried their Govern-'our was lost, and that his "great person had perished." In various other passages 'in the second Act,—where the preservation of Alonzo and his companions is termed '"miraculous"; where Stephano asks, "have we DEVILS here?"—where the same 'person makes a very free use of his bottle, and liberally imparts it to Caliban and 'Trinculo;*—where it is said, "though this island seem to be DESERT, UNINHABIT-'ABLE and almost INACCESSIBLE, it must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate TEM-'PERANCE"; that "the AIR breathes most SWEETLY," and that "here is everything 'ADVANTAGEOUS TO LIFE"; we find evident allusions to the extraordinary escape of 'Somers and his associates, and to Jourdan's and Gates's descriptions of Bermuda; 'as, in the first scene of the play, the circumstance of the sailors and passengers tak-'ing leave of each other, and bidding farewell to their wives and children, was mani-'festly suggested by the earlier of those narratives.'

There are several other accounts of the shipwreck of Sir George Somers, and manifold accounts of the early 'plantation' in Virginia; in fact, while investigating the possible sources of *The Tempest*, it seems as though 'Pamphlets,' and 'Narra-'tives,' and 'Reportories' hurtle in the air, and as though the affairs, the misfortunes, and the experiences of the Colonies must have been, in London, the only topic of conversation. Malone, as we have seen in the foregoing Essay on the 'Date of Com-'position,' was convinced that *The Tempest* was written in 1611. Therefore, of all the publications from which Shakespeare may be supposed to have drawn his materials, Malone could use those alone which preceded in date the year 1611. But if we post-pone the date of the play to the only year in which we have the only positive evi-dence that it existed, viz: 1613, a larger and a better account of Sir George Somers comes within our ken, between which and the phrases and allusions in *The Tempest* there are parallelisms quite as many, perhaps, in number, and much closer in charac-ter. To me personally there appears but little need of searching for any printed pub-lished account from which to argue that Shakespeare drew his materials. Surely he needed no printed page; he must have met at 'ordinaries' many a man with personal

* 'In the original, indeed, strong waters are drunk on shipboard by those who conceived that the ship was sinking; in the play, Stephano's liquor is sack, and it is drunk on the island after his escape. But Shakspeare, when he borrowed hints from others, often made such slight changes. Here the change is easily accounted for: that pleasantry in which he delighted could not with any propriety have been introduced among men who supposed themselves at the point of death.

'In like manner, in the original, the mariners fall asleep from excessive labour, and the hatches are shut down *during the storm;* but in the play no mention is made of these circumstances in the first scene, where the ship is represented as sinking; but after the storm has ceased, and Alonzo and several of his associates are safely landed, Ariel informs Prospero that the mariners are safely stowed.'

experiences to unfold, and with such a man Shakespeare would deal pretty much, I imagine, as Goethe, according to Lowell, dealt with scholars. 'Did Goethe wish to 'write up a Greek theme?' says Lowell, 'He drove out Herr Böttiger, for example, 'among that fodder delicious to him for its very dryness, that sapless Arcadia of scho-'liasts, let him graze, ruminate, and go through all other needful processes of the 'antiquarian organism, then got him quietly into a corner and milked him.' I believe that Shakespeare 'milked' everybody, and we have the cream-ymantled product in his plays. Among these publications, however, was one which was too late to suit Malone's theory, but between which and *The Tempest* parallelisms may be detected quite as distinctly as in Jourdan's pamphlet, or in *A true Discovery*. Not that these parallelisms amount to much at best; to me they seem but little more than are to be expected where the same theme is treated by two different persons. To both Halliwell and Hunter the parallelisms which were to Malone so remarkable and so convincing in Jourdan's pamphlet, were either commonplace or non-existent. To Dr Garnett, on the other hand, 'it seems marvellous that any one should disagree with Malone.' The publication, however, to which I allude was written by William Strachey, and, possibly, printed in 1612.

Moreover, in recent times a closer possible connection has been discovered between this Strachey and Shakespeare than was known to Malone. MEISSNER (p. 73) has unearthed the interesting fact, that in 1612 Strachey was not only a near neighbor of Shakespeare, but a writer of poetry. Prefixed to one of Strachey's pamphlets on *The Colony in Virginea Britannia*, dated London, 1612, there is a Sonnet addressed to the 'Councell of Virginea,' followed by a Preface which is signed 'From my lodging 'in the blacke Friers. William Strachey.' To these facts we can apply the universal solvent which subdues everything connected with Shakespeare's biography, and say, *it is not improbable* that Shakespeare and Strachey were intimate friends, and *it is not improbable* that of all men it was Strachey whom, full of adventures, of shipwrecks, of tempests, of travellers' stories, Shakespeare 'got quietly in the corner and 'milked.'

Whether or not a pamphlet by Strachey dated 1612, whereof Malone gives merely the title (*Var.* '21, vol. xv, p. 390), is identical with that printed in Purchas, I do not know; the latter is the only one accessible to me. Under any circumstances, this present discussion would be incomplete without some extracts, at least, from the account of this notable shipwreck, by William Strachey, whose learned representative in this generation has enriched the comments on this play of *The Tempest*, in the foregoing pages.

The account from which the following extracts are taken, is in Purchas, Part IV, lib. ix, ch. 6, and is entitled: '*A true reportory of the wracke, and redemption of Sir* THOMAS GATES *Knight; vpon, and from the Ilands of the* Bermudas: *his coming to* Virginia, *and the estate of that Colonie then, and after, vnder the gouernment of the Lord* LA WARRE, July 15. 1610. written by WILLIAM STRACHY, *Esquire*.' The first section tells of *A most dreadfull Tempest* (*the manifold deaths whereof are here to the life described*) *their wracke on* Bermuda, *and the description of those Ilands*. Having started from Plymouth on the 2nd of June, 1609, all went well until 'on S. *Iames* his 'day, Iuly 24. being Monday (preparing for no lesse all the blacke night before) the 'cloudes gathering thicke vpon vs, and the windes singing, and whistling most 'vnusually,* a dreadfull storme and hideous began to blow from out the North-east, 'which swelling, and roaring as it were by fits, some houres with more violence then

* To save space I do not always mark the breaks in these extracts.—ED.

'others, at length did beate all light from heauen; which like an hell of darknesse 'turned blacke vpon vs, so much the more fuller of horror, as in such cases horror and 'fear vse to ouerrunne the troubled, and ouermastered sences of all, which (taken vp 'with amazement) the eares lay so sensible to the terrible cries, and murmurs of the 'windes, and distraction of our Company, as who was most armed, and best prepared 'was not a little shaken. . . . . Sometimes [the storm] strikes in our ship amongst 'women, and passengers, not vsed to such hurly and discomforts, made vs looke one 'vpon the other with troubled hearts, and panting bosomes: our clamours dround in the 'windes, and the windes in thunder. Prayers might well be in the heart and lips, 'but drowned in the outcries of the Officers. . . . . In which, the Sea swelled aboue 'the Clouds, and gaue battell vnto Heauen. . . . . There was not a moment in which 'the sodaine splitting . . . . of the shippe was not expected. . . . . During all this 'time, the heauens look'd so black vpon vs, that it was not possible the eleuation of the 'Pole might be obserued. . . . . Onely vpon the thursday night Sir *George Summers* 'being vpon the watch, had an apparition of a little round light, like a faint starre, 'trembling, and streaming along with a sparkling blaze, halfe the height vpon the 'Maine Mast, and shooting sometimes from Shroud to Shroud, tempting to settle as it 'were vpon any of the foure Shrouds: and for three or foure houres together, or 'rather more, halfe the night it kept with vs, running sometimes along the Maine-'yard to the very end, and then returning. At which Sir *George Summers* called 'diuers about him, and shewed them the same, who obserued it with much wonder, 'and carefullnesse: but vpon a sodaine, towards the morning watch, they lost sight 'of it, and knew not what way it made. The superstitious Sea-men make many con-'structions of this Sea-fire, which neuertheless is vsual in stormes: the same (it may 'be) which the *Græcians* were wont to call *Castor* and *Pollux*. . . . . The *Italians* call 'it (a *sacred Body*) *Corpo sancto*: the *Spaniards* call it Saint *Elmo*. . . . . We threw 'ouer-boord much luggage . . . . and staued many a Butt of Beere, Hogsheads of 'Oyle, Syder, Wine and Vinegar. . . . . It being now the fourth morning, it wanted 'little, to haue shut vp hatches, and commending our sinfull soules to God, committed 'the Shippe to the mercy of the Sea . . . . but see the goodnesse and sweet introduc-'tion of better hope, by our merciful God giuen vnto vs. Sir *George Summers*, when 'no man dreamed of such happinesse, had discouered, and cried Land. . . . . Hauing 'no hope to saue [the ship] by coming to an anker, we were inforced to runne her 'ashoare, as neere the land as we could. . . . . We found it to be the dangerous and 'dreaded Iland or rather Ilands of the *Bermuda* . . . . which be so terrible to all that 'ever touched on them, and such tempests, thunders and other fearefull obiects are 'seene and heard about them, that they be called commonly *The Deuils Ilands*, and 'are feared and auoyded of all sea trauellers aliue, aboue any other place in the 'world. . . . . It being counted of most, that they can be no habitation for Men, but 'rather giuen ouer to Deuils and wicked Spirits. . . . . There is not through the 'whole Ilands, either Champion ground, Valleys, or fresh Riuers. They are full of 'Shawes of goodly Cedar . . . . the Berries whereof, our men seething, straining, and 'letting stand some three or foure daies, made a kind of pleasant drinke. . . . . Sure 'it is, that there are no Riuers nor running Springs of fresh water to bee found vpon 'any of them: when we came first we digged and found certaine gushings and soft 'bublings. . . . . True it is, for Fish in euerie Coue and Creeke wee found Snaules, 'and Skulles in abundance. . . . . A kinde of webbe-footed Fowle there is, of the 'bignesse of an English greene Plouer, or Sea-Meawe, ... these gather themselues 'together and breed in these Ilands which are high . . . . there in the ground they

'haue their Burrowes, like Conyes in a Warren, ... they were a good and well 'relished Fowle, fat and full as a Partridge. There are two or three Ilands full of 'their Burrowes; . . . . which Birds for their blindnesse (for they see weakly in the 'day) and for their cry and whooting, wee called the *Sea Owle;* they will bite 'cruelly with their crooked Bills. . . . . Some dangerous and secret discontents 'nourished amongst vs, had like to haue bin the parents of bloudy issues and mischiefes; . . . . what hath a more adamantine power to draw vnto it the consent and 'attraction of the idle, vntoward, and wretched number of the many, then liberty, 'and fulnesse of sensuality?'

In the foregoing extracts I have given all the passages from Strachey's *Reportory* which have seemed to me to contain any allusions or phraseology which can be paralleled in *The Tempest*, and, if the date of that play's composition be 1613, which, as we have seen, is our only assured date, it is possible that they all antedated it.

In his *Farther Particulars*, 1839, COLLIER brings forward a Ballad which at one time he believed to be the long-sought source of *The Tempest*, but afterwards, as he says (p. 54), he became 'satisfied that it is a later production, and that the writer was 'acquainted with *The Tempest*, though he does not employ a single name found in it. 'My conjecture is that it was published (if published at all, of which we have no 'evidence but probability) during the period when the theatres were closed (viz. from 'about 1642 to 1660), in order, by putting the discontinued dramas into easy rhyme, 'to give the public some species of amusement founded on old plays, although the 'severity of the Puritans in those times would not allow of theatrical entertainments. 'Hence Jordan's ballads, derived from *The Mer. of Ven.* &c. [I have gone over this 'ballad with the Rev. Mr Dyce and he] concurs with me in thinking that it is poste-'rior to Shakespeare's *Tempest*. . . . . There are such strong general resemblances 'that I feel assured that the writer of the ballad must have known, if he did not in 'part use, the play. The initials at the end of the MS led me, when I first saw it, to 'conjecture that Robert Greene, who died in 1592, might be the author of it, but it 'is decidedly of too modern a cast and structure for him, and, as I before observed, 'my conjecture is that it was written about the period of the Protectorate. . . . . It is 'inserted in the MS volume I have had for years in my possession, the particular con-'tents of which may be seen in my letter to the Rev. A. Dyce. . . . . Mr Douce called 'it "one of the most beautiful ballads he had ever read." . . . . It runs thus:

THE INCHANTED ISLAND.

'In Aragon there livde a king,
Who had a daughter sweete as Spring,
A little playfull childe.
He lovde his studie and his booke;
The toyles of state he could not brooke,
Of temper still and milde.

He left them to his Brother's care,
Who soone usurpde the throne unware,
And turned his Brother forth.
The studious king Geraldo hight
His daughter Ida, deare as sight
To him who knew her worth.

The Brother who usurpd the throne
Was by the name Benormo knowne,
  Of cruell hart and bolde:
He turned his niece and Brother forth
To wander east, west, north, or south,*
  All in the winter colde.

Long time he journeyd up and downe,
The head all bare that wore a crowne,
  And Ida in his hand,
Till that they reachd the broad sea side,
Where marchant ships at anchor ride
  From many a distant land.

Imbarking, then, in one of these,
They were, by force of windes and seas
  Driven wide for many a mile;
Till at the last they shelter found,
The master and his men all drownd,
  In the inchanted Isle.

Geraldo and his daughter faire,
The onelie two that landed there,
  Were savde by myracle;
And, sooth to say, in dangerous houre
He had some more then human powre,
  As seemeth by what befell.

He brought with him a magicke booke,
Whereon his eye did oft times looke,
  That wrought him wonders great.
A magicke staffe he had alsoe,
That angrie fiendes compelld to goe
  To doe his bidding straight.

The spirites of the earth and aire,
Unseene, yet fleeting every where,
  To crosse him could not chuse.
All this by studie he had gaind
While he in Arragon remaind,
  But never thought to use.

When landed on thinchanted Isle
His little Ida's morning smile
  Made him forgett his woe:
And thus within a caverne dreare
They livde for many a yeare ifere,
  For heaven had will'd it soe.

* For the rhyme we should read 'south or north,' and for the sense it answers equally well. The transcriber was not a very accurate penman.

His blacke lockes turnd all silver gray,
But ever time he wore away,
  To teach his childe intent;
And as she into beautie grewe,
In knowledge she advanced to[o],
  As wise as innocent.

Most lovelie was she to beholde;
Her haire was like to sunn litt golde,
  As blue as heaven her eye.
When she was in her fifteenth yeere
Her daintie forme was like the deere,
  Sportfull with majestie.

The Demons who the land had held,
By might of magicke he expelld,
  Save such as he did neede;
And servaunts of the ayre he kept,
To watch ore Ida, when she slept,
  And on swift message speede.

And all this while in Arragon
Benormo raignde, who had a son
  Now growne to man's estate:
His sire in all things most unlike;
Of courage tried, yet slow to strike,
  Not turning love to hate.

Alfonso was the Princes name.
It chanced posthaste a message came
  Just then to Aragon,
From Sicilie to son and sire,
Which did their presence soone desire
  To see Sicilia's son

Fast tyed in the nuptiall band
To Naples daughters lovelie hand,
  And they to goe consent.
Soe in a galley on a day
To Sicilie they tooke their way,
  Thither to saile intent.

Geraldo by his magicke art
Knew even the houre of their depart
  For distant Sicilie;
He knew alsoe that they must passe
Neare to the isle whereon he was,
  And that revenge was nie.

He callde his spirites of the aire,
Commanding them a storme prepare
To cast them on that shore.
The gallant barke came sailing on
With silken sailes from Arragon,
And manie a guilded ore.

But gilded ore and silken saile
Might not against the storme prevaile:
The windes blew hie and loude.
The sailes were rent, the ores were broke,
The ship was split by lightning stroke
That burst from angrie cloude.

But such Geraldoe's powre that day,
That though the ship was cast away,
Of all the crue not one,
Not even the shipboy, then was drownd,
And olde Benormo on drie ground
Imbracde his dearest son.

About the isle they wanderd long,
For still some spirite led them wrong,
Till they were wearie growne;
Then came to olde Geraldoes cell,
Where he and lovelie Ida dwell:
Though seene they were not knowne.

Much marvelld they in such a place
To see an Eremit's wringled face,
More at the maid they start:
As soone as did Alfonso see
Ida so beautifull, but hee
Felt love within his hart.

Benormo heard with griefe and shame
Geraldo call him by his name,
His brothers voyce well knowne.
Upon his aged knees he fell,
And wept that he did ere rebell
Against his brother's throne.

Brother, he cried, forgive my crime!
I sweare, since that u[n]happie time,
I have not tasted peace.
Returne and take againe your crowne,
Which at your feete I will lay downe,
And soe our jarres surcease.

Never, Giraldo said, will I
Ascend that seat of soverainty;
  But I all wrongs forgett.
I have a daughter, you a son,
And they shall raigne ore Aragon,
  And on my throne be sett.

My head is all too olde to beare
The weight of crownes, and kingdomes care;
  Peace in my bookes I finde.
Gold crownes become not silver lockes,
Like sunbeames upon whitend rockes,
  They mocke the tranquill minde.

Benormo, worne with cares of state,
Which wordlie sorrowes aye create,
  Sawe the advice was good.
The tide of love betwixt the paire,
Alfonso young and Ida faire,
  Had suddaine reacht the flood.

A galley, too, that was sent out
From Sicilie, in feare and doubt,
  As having heard the wracke,
Arrivde at the inchanted Isle,
And tooke them all in little while
  Unto Messina backe.

But ere his leave Geraldo tooke
Of the strange isle, he burnt his booke,
  And broke his magicke wand.
His arte forbid he aye forswore,
Never to deale in magicke more
  The while the earth should stand.

From that daie forth the Isle has beene
By wandering sailors never seene.
  Some say 'tis buryed deepe
Beneath the sea, which breakes and rores
Above its savage rockie shores,
  Nor ere is knowne to sleepe.

In Sicilie the paire was wed,
To Arragon there after sped,
  With fathers who them blessd.
Alfonso rulde for many a yeare:
His people lovde him farre and neare,
  But Ida lovde him best.

Finis. R. G.

Collier hereupon again discusses at some length the arguments for and against the antiquity of the Ballad, and speculates on its origin, but as it is acknowledged by him, and now believed by all, to be later than *The Tempest*, it is not worth while to quote him further.

HUNTER (*Disquisition*, &c.) cannot agree with Malone and others in the belief that Shakespeare's tempest was a reminiscence of the accounts of Somers's shipwreck, or that there was any great similarity between them. 'I now ask,' he says (p. 34), 'any one to look at the laboured argument of the two commentators [Chal-'mers and Malone], and to compare the passages from Jourdan's work, which they 'place in apposition with passages in the first scene of this play, and then to say 'whether there is anything beyond that similarity which must always exist when the 'subject is a storm at sea and the wreck of a vessel on the rocky shore of an island, 'whether the subject be treated in a work of imagination, like *The Tempest*, or in 'such a pedestrian narrative of real occurrences as that of Jourdan. Mr Malone has 'given the argument all the advantage it could derive from the artful aid of capitals 'and italics, but he seems to me to fail in showing coincidence in anything, except 'what has been common to all storms and all disastrous shipwrecks from the begin-'ning of the world. For a critical or unusual circumstance, common to both, we look 'in vain; nor is a verbal conformity, which might betray that the Poet had recently 'read the narrative of Jourdan, anywhere to be found. No parallelism of numerous 'particulars, each of common occurrence. The parallelism on which much reliance 'is placed, of the safety, at last, of the Admiral, and the safety also of Alonso, fails 'in this, that the escape of Alonso was a necessary part of the story. I would deal 'fairly with commentators from whose labours I have received so much pleasure and 'instruction, and quote, if I saw anything that could be quoted with effect. But I 'find no such passage.—Besides, there is in the literature of the age of Shakespeare 'a description of *another storm* at sea, in which a vessel, having a king and prince 'on board, is wrecked, by a writer whose work was more likely to catch the atten-'tion of Shakespeare, and to fasten on his imagination, than Jourdan's. This descrip-'tion is by the pen of no less celebrated a poet than Ariosto, who of all the Italian 'poets was best known in England in the age of Elizabeth, and who had, of all the 'Italian poets, the greatest influence on our literature. . . . . The *Orlando*, translated 'by Harington, was published in 1591. Shall we then wonder if we find Shake-'speare a reader of Ariosto, and indebted to him occasionally for an incident or an 'expression? . . . . *The Tempest* itself contains the most manifest evidence that he 'read a translation of the Latin of Ovid and of the French of Montaigne. I shall 'show you that it contains proof that he read this translation of Ariosto. Whether 'he were necessitated to do so, or whether he did it from choice, is a question which 'it seems not to have entered the mind of the Master of Emmanuel [Dr Farmer], to 'think it necessary to ask.

'[P. 38.] The storm described by Ariosto is the principal incident of the forty-'first canto of the *Orlando*. Shakespeare's obligations to it have never before been 'suggested. Of course, there must be in Ariosto, as there are also in Shakespeare, 'incidents and circumstances which are common to all storms. But what I contend 'for is this: that beside those incidents and circumstances, there are some which are 'sufficiently critical and peculiar, to lead to the inference that there was *suggestion* 'on the part of the earlier poet, and *imitation* (a just and proper imitation) on the 'part of Shakespeare. Harington's translation is not a very common book, so that 'the whole passage may bear transcription:

" A friendly gale at first their journey fitted,
And bore them from the shore full far away;
But afterward, within a little season,
The wind discover'd his deceit and treason.

9

" First from the poop it changed to the side,
Then to the prore at last it turned round;
In one place long it never would abide,
Which doth the pilot's wit and skill confound.
The surging waves swell still in higher pride,
While Proteus' flock did more and more abound,
And seem to him as many deaths to threaten
As that ships sides with divers waves are beaten.

10

" Now in their face the wind, straight in their back,
And forward this, and backward that it blows;
Then on the side it makes the ship to crack:
Among the mariners confusion grows:
The master ruin doubts and present wrack,
For none his will, nor none his meaning knows:
To whistle, beckon, cry, it naught avails,
Sometime to strike, sometime to turn their sails.

11

" But none there was could hear, nor see, nor mark,
Their ears so stopt, so dazzled were their eyes,
With weather so tempestuous and dark,
And black thick clouds that with the storm did rise,
From whence sometimes great ghastly flames did spark,
And thunder-claps that seem'd to rend the skies,
Which made them in a manner deaf and blind,
That no man understood the master's mind.

12

" Nor less, nor much less fearful, is the sound
The cruel tempest in the tackle makes;
Yet each one for himself some business found,
And to some special office him betakes:
One this untied, another that hath bound;
He the main bowling now restrains, now slacks,
Some take an oar, some at the pump take pain,
And pour the sea into the sea again.

13

" Behold, a horrible and hideous blast
That Boreas from his frozen lips doth send,
Doth backward force the sail against the mast,
And makes the waves unto the skies ascend,

Then brake their oars, and rudder eke, at last,
Now nothing left from tempest to defend;
So that the ship was sway'd now quite aside,
And to the waves laid ope her naked side.

14

" Then all aside the staggering ship did reel,
For one side quite beneath the water lay,
And on the t'other side the very keel
Above the water clear discern you may.
Then thought they all hope past, and down they kneel,
And unto God to take their souls did pray:
Worse danger grew than this when this was past,
By means the ship gan after leak so fast.

15

" The wind, the waves, to them no respite gave,
But ready every hour to overthrow them:
Oft they were hoist so high upon the wave,
They thought the middle region was below them.
Ofttimes so slow the same their vessel drave,
As though that Charon there his boat would shew them;
Scant had they time and power to fetch their breath,
All things did threaten them so present death.

16

" Thus all that night they could have no release;
But when the morning somewhat nearer drew,
And that by course the furious wind should cease
(A strange mishap), the wind then fiercer grew;
And while their troubles more and more increase,
Behold a rock stood plainly in their view,
And right upon the same the spiteful blast
Bare them perforce, which made them all aghast.

17

" Then did the master by all means essay
To steer out roomer, or to keep aloof,
Or, at the least, to strike sails if they may,
As in such danger was for their behoof.
But now the wind did bear so great a sway,
His enterprises had but little proof;
At last, with striving, yard and all was torn,
And part thereof into the sea was borne.

18

" Then each man saw all hope of safety past,
No means there was the vessel to direct:
No help there was but all away are cast,
Wherefore their common safety they neglect;

But out they get the ship-boat, and in haste
Each man therein his life strives to protect;
Of king nor prince no man takes heed nor note,
But well was he could get him in the boat."

[Hereupon Hunter prints the First Scene of *The Tempest* and then resumes:] 'Now, besides whatever of general resemblance there may be, there are the following 'minute and critical circumstances common to both. We have the master and the 'master's whistle in both. I do not say that to introduce the whistle might not occur 'to both poets; but I think it improbable when both were seeking to fix the interest 'on a king and a prince in peril of drowning. We have the leaking of the ship in 'both; the striking of the sails in both; the falling to prayer in both; and, what is 'more remarkable, the contempt of rank and royalty in both. I do not say that all 'this may not be accidental, but I think it improbable that it should be so.' [Hunter enlarges upon these coincidences, and refers to others; among them he compares the 'great ghastly flames' in Ariosto with Ariel's 'flaming amazement,' &c. Of verbal coincidences he finds but few, and although he says but little of them, I think his best friends would wish that he had said less. For instance, Miranda begs her father to '*allay* the waters'; the hermit who meets Rogero when he reaches the shore could '*allay* the waves'; the *cry* of the perishing souls affected Miranda; in Ariosto 'twas 'lamentable to hear the *cries*,' &c., &c. In reference to the line in Shakespeare: 'Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough,' Hunter asks if it be not possible that this line as 'originally written by Shakespeare may have approached nearer than 'it does at present to a line in Ariosto' in the 17th stanza: 'To steer out roomer, or 'to keep aloof.' 'The precise meaning of *roomer*,' continues Hunter, 'I do not pro- 'fess to know, and I have consulted persons acquainted with the language of sailors 'in vain. Possibly,—it is a mere conjecture,—the original editors of this wholly post- 'humous play found the word as unintelligible as it appears to us, and gave us the 'present reading, still keeping near in sound to what was written and spoken.' I regret that this emendation was overlooked in its proper place in the text. I am consoled, however, by finding that in the oversight I have the comforting company of the Cambridge Editors. On the very threshold of the play we find that Hunter is urgent in his claim for Lampedusa as the uninhabited isle. This claim is now strengthened by finding that one of Ariosto's two islands is called *Lipadusa*. Hunter thus concludes, p. 50:] 'Whether the evidence I have produced, each portion of 'which I admit not to be very strong, but which, in the sum, I apprehend to be all- 'powerful, is sufficient to prove to you that Shakespeare was indebted (as far as he 'was indebted to any one) to Ariosto for the storm scene with which the play opens, 'and from which it derives its name, you will admit that there is *much more* resem- 'blance between the storm of Ariosto and the storm of Shakespeare than there is 'between Shakespeare's storm and that which is described in the narrative of Jour- 'dan. . . . . Am I claiming too much . . . . if I say that the Bermudean theory of the 'origin of this play is lost for ever?'

Such theories, as this of the excellent Hunter, put forth with so much assurance, leave on my mind only a painful impression. Shakespeare is wounded in the house of his friends. He is dealt with as though he were a poet of inferior ability, leading a parasitic life upon his superiors of every land and of every tongue. Ariosto can be original, Shakespeare cannot. Ariosto can imagine the horror of a tempest, a power beyond Shakespeare, it seems, who for *his* description must go to Ariosto.

The very defects which Hunter finds in Malone's parallelisms seem to be present in his own. The circumstances common to both Ariosto and Shakespeare are merely those which are quite within the range of any landsman's imagination. While Ariosto's description is wire-drawn, and, if not tedious, far from horrifying, Shakespeare's scene is full of uproar, dismay, horror, and despair. Of that which in Shakespeare's shipwreck differentiates it from every other like dramatic description that ever was written, there is in Ariosto never a hint. Shakespeare's seamanship is flawless, he handles his vessel with consummate skill, every phrase bespeaks the mariner. Is there a spark of likelihood that a man who had so mastered the subject, either by experience amid such very scenes or by conference with seamen who had lived through them, would go for a few trumpery phrases or ideas to a distant landlocked poet? The wind that whistles through Shakespeare's cordage is to be found, I fear, only in the words of Ariosto's description.

After all, Hunter has a convert, Meissner, who, granting to Shakespeare no vestige of originality in details, adopts all the borrowings from the *Orlando* which Hunter detects, and even adds to the number. Meissner, in fact—why should we not acknowledge it at once?—has discovered Shakespeare's workshop, and found in it the most remarkable 'lay out' of counterfeiting appliances and burglars' tools that the world has yet seen, or that literary 'cracksmen' ever knew.

In 1811, TIECK, in his *Alt-Englisches Theater* (p. xii), speaks of JACOB AYRER as the earliest writer in Germany to make any real advance in dramatic composition. It is doubtful, however, whether this advance was due to Ayrer's mother-wit or to the fact that his plays appear to be merely imitations or reproductions of English dramas. In almost all of his comedies he introduces a Fool named 'Jahn,' whom he sometimes expressly calls the 'English Fool,' and who in his actions resembles the Clown of our old plays. 'We find,' says Tieck, 'in Ayrer's *Opus Theatricum* an adaptation 'of *Hieronimo, or The Spanish Tragedy;* and it is not improbable that there is also 'therein many an old English play, now lost.' Perhaps it is worth while here to note that Tieck in the next sentence calls attention to the curious problem, scarcely solved even to this hour, afforded by the presence in Germany at the beginning of the seventeenth century of a company of strolling actors, calling themselves 'English Come-'dians,' who performed plays at first, strangely enough, in their own language, which were founded on the English drama of that day, and of whose influence traces may yet be found in Germany in the puppet-shows still popular among the common people. This early allusion by Tieck to the 'English Comedians' seems to have eluded even the lynx-eyed Germans, who attribute it to Tieck's *Deutsches Theater* in 1817. The interesting subject of these strolling English Actors only indirectly concerns us here. We may be permitted to surmise that it was from them that Jacob Ayrer drew the materials for many of his plays.

It behooves us to learn somewhat of this Jacob Ayrer. There are not lacking enthusiastic students who assert that the connection is of the closest between his *Opus Theatricum* and Shakespeare.

In the interval between his *Alt-Englisches Theater* in 1811 and his *Deutsches Theater* in 1817, Tieck had recognised more old English plays than only *Hieronimo* among Ayrer's works, but he knew very little more of Ayrer's life, nothing scarcely but what can be learned from the title-page of the *Opus Theatricum*, viz. that he was no longer living when that folio was published in 1618, and that he had been a Proctor and Notary in Nürnberg. From internal evidence in one of Ayrer's plays

Tieck inferred that he had died in 1610. Later research has been more successful, and from COHN'S *Shakespeare in Germany*, an invaluable book on this subject, we learn (p. lxi) that Jacob Ayrer died in Nürnberg in March, 1605, and that he rose to official station from what are supposed to have been extremely humble circumstances. The year of his death is alone of importance to us in the present investigation.

In 1817, Tieck had detected in the *Opus Theatricum* analogues of two of Shakespeare's plays: *The lovely Phœnicia*, an analogue of *Much Ado;* and *The fair Sidea*, an analogue of *The Tempest.* Of the latter he remarks (p. xxii): 'The drama 'of *The fair Sidea* bears distinctly the stamp of an imitation of the English, albeit 'we have as yet found no piece which the German dramatist could have had at hand. 'The relationship of the prince to the magician, his subjection to the latter, and still 'more emphatically his task of bearing logs, recall Shakespeare's *Tempest*, for which 'wonderful drama English critics have not as yet been able to find an origin; it is to 'me more than likely that for this work Shakespeare drew the idea from the same 'ancient piece which Ayrer has here imitated. The scene and the names the latter 'seems to have changed intentionally, just as he has thrust in the comic episode with-'out any reference to the rest of the piece, quite after the style of the oldest English 'stage.'

The claims which are at the present day put forward for this *Fair Sidea* by German critics are so emphatic—almost, it might be said, so extravagant—that it is worth while to examine the whole play. It is admirably translated in Cohn's volume, the antiquated German being rendered with rare felicity; the translation is all the more remarkable when we consider that it is translated into rhyme, line for line. Merely to save space I have here translated it into prose: I wish to express my thanks for the aid which, in obscure passages, I have derived from Cohn's translation and also from the notes in TITTMANN'S reprint.

Long and tedious as is this old Comedy, I have deemed it best to translate the whole of it. I have not dared to omit a single passage, lest German critics, who have displayed such remarkable ingenuity in detecting 'parallelisms' and 'resemblances,' should find in the omitted words the one proof of all others that Shakespeare plagiarised from Ayrer. Moreover, it is only by reading the whole play, and not a mere synopsis, that English students can arrive at an intelligent conclusion concerning the claims that are so stoutly urged in its behalf.

The title-page of the unwieldy folio now before me is noteworthy for the statement which it makes in regard to the share which Ayrer had in the composition of these plays—a statement which does not seem to have received, in the discussion of this subject, its due weight. The title runs thus: OPUS | THEATRICUM | *Thirty* | *Inimitable* | *beautiful Comedies* | *and Tragedies of all kinds of Mem* | *orable ancient Roman Histories and other Political* | *stories and poems, Also six and thirty other* | *beautiful, merry and entertaing Shrovetide plays* | *or Farces,* | *By the late honorable and learned Mr Jacobus* | *Ayrer, Notarius Publicus and Procurator to the Court in Nürnberg, Gathered* | *from manifold old poets and writers, with especial assiduity, for his own pastime and amusement,* | *and composed in German rhymes for the Stage, so that everything can be personally* | *represented. Also a Table of Contents.* | *Printed at Nürnberg by Balthasar Scherffen.* Anno MDCXVIII.

In the *Opus Theatricum*, *The fair Sidea* begins on the second column of p. 433, *recto*, and ends on p. 442, *verso.* As in the First Folio the *Dramatis Personæ* are at the end of the play, which thus begins: 'COMEDY OF THE FAIR SIDEA, WHAT BEFELL HER TILL HER MARRIAGE. EMPLOYING 16 PERSONS, AND IN 5 ACTS.'

Ruprecht, the Postman, *enters, carrying a letter in a cleft stick, and says:* [This 'and says' or 'says' or merely S., is repeated before every speech.] Be silent and just listen to me, I am carrying a challenge from Leudegast, the mighty prince, who intends to overrun the valiant Ludolf with a great army and see if he will defend his arrogance, and will not stop until he has expelled him because there is no trusting in time of peace one who disregards all agreements or treaties. If you do not want to come to grief I'd advise you all to look well after your property. They are already descending the hill and I must hurry off to deliver this letter. *Exit.*

Enter Rollus *the Peasant, wringing his hands, and says:* Ay but the thief cribbed too much. I've just been kneading the flour, and there are two loaves short. I haven't had so little to bake for ever so long. If I only catch that thief my fists shall make the flour run out of his neck.

Enter John Molitor, *dressed like a miller, and says:* Tell me, Rolly, who is that man riding off there so fast? and why is he carrying a letter in a cleft stick?

Rollus. Thou thief! may a catarrh catch thee! What's that horseman to me? Just tell me why thou stolest my flour?

John Molitor. I swear I didn't.

Rollus. Then your wife did, the jade.

John (*very earnestly*). Why certainly, I took only my toll out of the grain in your sack. I didn't take an atom of your flour.

Rollus. That's easy enough seen. The more grain you steal, the less flour I get —as I know this day to my sorrow. There ought to have been twelve loaves, and I had flour enough for only ten.

John M. If you'll make your loaves smaller you can bake eighteen.

Rollus. Do you mean to come here and teach me how to bake bread, and make fun of me into the bargain? You downright rascally thief, you! Cheating everybody.

John M. Upon my soul, that's a lie. I'm not in the mill all the time. How then can I keep taking toll? My men are downright pious and never wrong a peasant, especially if they're tipp'd a bit. I'm not going to listen to you any more, the thing might go too far. [*A drum is heard.*

Rollus. Hark! hark! There are strange folks here. I'll go and look after my things, so that no damage happens to me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ludolff *with his daughter* Sidea, *in heathen garb, and two attendants. Seats himself, and says angrily:* Sidea darling, daughter mine, we ought to receive some message by this time from the prince in Littau, whose ambassador we slew. He is highly displeasing to us, and our heart is full of rage. Just as soon as we are ready for war we will powerfully attack him, and drive him from his people and his home.

Sidea. My father, my mind presages nothing good. We must be circumspect. No foe is to be trusted. Besides, our foe is strong withal, and very cunning and desperate. He may offer resistance, and misfortune befall us, and eternal blame be ours for the presumption we have hitherto shown. Let your heart I pray accept counsel from your wise counsellors, who know about such things better than I a simple young girl.

Ludolff. Ho, guard, look out the gate. If there are any people outside who wish to see us, admit them. [*A guard opens the gate. Enter* Ruprecht *the Postman with a letter in a cleft stick, and making an obeisance to the prince, says:*] Most noble

Prince, I am a messenger exempt from every need and danger, nevertheless I beg for grace. Duke Leudegast, in anger, has sent me hither with this challenge; his sentiments you will find therein. [*Prince* Ludolff *takes the letter angrily from the cleft stick and reads it, and says in anger:*] Thy prince is mighty kind to us! Say to him that if he is of heroic courage and wants to know us better, let him do what he likes. We will await him here, and so cudgel his hide that he'll relinquish all his presumption. And as for you, you may clear out or we'll make you stump it. [*Exit* Ruprecht *bowing.*] We must now look about us and order a powerful army to cool the arrogance of this prince.

Sidea [*sadly*]. Ye gods, have pity! This is all on account of poor me. Dear father mine, forego it.

Ludolff. Just hold your jaw. It's got to be. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Leudegast, *Prince of* Wiltau *with his two counsellors*, Franciscus *and* Elemaus, *all in armor, and says:* Since the quarrelsome Duke Leupolt has brought on war and obliged us to enter his territory, let us therefore take heart, and gain wealth and glory. No peace will we ever make with him again as long as either of us live. We are resolved that this enmity shall not cease until one or the other is driven from throne and realm.

Franciscus. This is why we are armed, and are resolved to stake life and limb and do whatever is necessary.

Elemaus. Ay, life and limb and wealth, and everything in our power will we devote to the conquest of the proud prince in Littau.

Franciscus. If you will just look, there's a cloud of dust in the field yonder. That is the foe, I think. Therefore look out, there are going to be blows.

Leudegast. Aye, we see the banners wave. Be bold and ready! A battle is at hand! The enemy is attacking us in the rear! Be on your guard! Advance! advance! advance!

Duke Ludolff's *men rush in. The battle rages long.* Leudolff's *people are all slain.*

Leudolff falls on his knees, and says: Alas, misfortune is on my side. I cannot fight an army all alone. I therefore beg for grace and clemency.

Duke Leudegast. Misfortune is your fault alone. And I should have good reason and right in slaying you at once by a cruel, bad death. But I shall drive you, a disgrace and a scoff, from your country. But swear by mouth and hand, that you will leave this country and never come back. But whatsoever you and your daughter can carry away without the help of cart or wagon, you may keep. If you do this you must swear to me.

Ludolff [*plaintively*]. Alas, I trusted too much in myself. Too securely built upon my power. And so the pit which I dug for others I have fallen into myself.

[*He takes the oath and exit sadly.*

Leudegast. Enter ye dear Warriors and let us take the city. We have won wealth and fame, destroyed the prince's arrogance. We thank you greatly that you ventured life and limb. And now we'll distribute among you all the plunder in the city. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Leudolff *with* Sidea, *he carries a white silver staff in his hand, and says:* Alas, how unutterably bitter to me are scoff and scorn. My heart is ready to break, because I cannot take revenge. I have lost my Princedom, my Kingdom, my wealth, honor, and glory. And although I have no longer any land, I will not cease to use

every wile and guile until fortune once more beams upon me and I can be avenged upon my foe.

Sidea. This whole week, sire, I have had a great pain in my heart. Not for a single hour could I be joyous. My heart foreboded, alas, all the scoff and scorn of this sorrow. 'Twas no wonder that my heart burst into a thousand pieces. Of yore I lived in princely rank—now I have neither land nor people. Of yore I was addressed as Princely lady—now I am a beggar girl. Of yore my welfare was unbounded—it needs be that I must now eat grass. Of yore had I many a suitor—now I shall have to die single, and know not how the end may be.

Ludolff [*enraged, shaking his staff*]. Hold your jaw, or may Jupiter blast you! Have patience with me a minute, while I summon my Spirit to tell me just what is to happen to us here on earth until we die.

[*With his staff he draws a circle with certain characters in it.*

Sidea. Alas, if you are going to raise the Spirit, let me go away. He is too fearful to me.

Ludolff. Be silent, he is harmless. [*He opens the circle and knocks on the opening with his little staff, thereupon the Devil leaps from it, spits out fire, walking around in the circle, and says angrily:*] Ludolff, you're a bad man. Owing to you, I can get no rest anywhere. The minute anything occurs to you, you think I must be with you instantly. Now I'd have you know that I have more conjurers than you, and can't hop up to you instantly, however cross you may be about it. So tell me at once what you want of me.

Ludolff. You rascal, if you are going to be so proud release me from my oath or else answer my questions at once.

Runcifal, the Devil. Tell me what you want. If you don't I'll go back to where I came from. You heard me say that I had to go on further.

Ludolff. Then tell me in one word, whether I can revenge myself on my foe.

Runcifal. I can promise you in truth, that:—Before long it will happen that you can capture the son of your foe, and he will long be your servant; and after submitting to misery for a long time, he will be entirely freed from your service, will then return again to his father's house, thenas you will be restored to honor, and fortune will return to you. More I cannot tell you. [*Exit.*

Ludolff. If you hear any huntsmen in this wood let me know at once, and I will take the best of care to catch something myself. If I only could catch that young prince,—if I only could revenge myself on him, he'd have to remain my slave, I promise you; on him I'll wreak all the evil his father did to us. Let us now enter this hut, because just at present we have nothing better. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Primus.*

Enter John Molitor, *very dusty with flour, and says, laughing:* A mill that has water enough to drive only three wheels can't help being useful, and give subsistence to a lazy miller as well as to his wife and child and all his people. There is no trade on this earth in which the practice of evil deserves the hangman. Because millers are fond of toll and empty the peasants' sacks a little too far, they must be thieves, which doesn't sound well. After all 'tis done only for the sake of money. And if men had no desires the world wouldn't last. And so one man becomes a prosecutor, another a knacker; a third, an official or a beadle; a fourth, a peasant in his smock; a fifth, a rascal and traitor; a sixth, a murderer; a seventh, a usurer; an eighth has

* Actus Primus, Secundus, &c. are always put at the end of the Act.

joyous spirits; a ninth cleans out offices; the tenth devises evil deeds; the eleventh levies on goods; the twelfth is his apprentice. And so on through all classes there's much that can be blamed, and however much it may be condemned yet men soon fall into the way of doing that which alone yields joy and pleasure. I'd never have been a miller if I hadn't known so well what great profit there is in the miller's trade. Every year I fatten a few hogs, the butchers when they buy them never ask how I got them. A fatted ox I have in there, and I shall butcher it at home. I make cheese and try out lard, and besides I have ready cash. But what brings me great discomfort is, that I lost my wife this year. Otherwise, I'd rather be a miller than the best Doctor in town.

Enter Rollus, *the Peasant, with* Ela *his daughter, who carries a baby in swaddling-clothes, and says:* See there, El, there stands the beast. We'll bring your child home to him, and tell him he must support you. If he don't I'll sue him.

Ela. O let us only just get at him. [*They approach John Molitor.*

Rollus. Holla, miller, we've come at the right time. You've harmed my daughter for me. Along of you she has to carry that child. You've got to tell her quickly whether you'll make an honest woman of her.

John Molitor (*scratching his head*). You're talking about very strange matters. I must make an honest woman of your daughter?—that's a trade I never learned. I'm rather short of honesty myself. If your daughter is well, let her stay so, I'm not the father of the child.

Rollus. Yes, you rascal, you are. I'll take my oath on it.

John Molitor (*laughing and pointing at the peasant*). Just look at that slanderous old man. He takes his oath for his daughter, and believes all that she imposes on him.

Ela. Ay, but it's the truth, nevertheless, for all your denials. You are the child's father. Just look what a pretty little son.

John Molitor. If it's pretty it ought to have been a little girl, so that it could take after its mother. Give me a chance to think the matter over to-day, and then I'll tell you my intentions.

Rollus. Very well, we're agreed. [*They go a little aside, whisper together, John laughs, then enters* Dietrich *with* Agnes *his daughter, who also carries a baby.* Dietrich *goes up to* John, *and says angrily:*] Do I find you here, you honest man!

John (*frightened, and scratching his head*). Ay, what have I done to you, pray?

Dietrich. You've disgraced my daughter for me. Here, we've brought the child to you. This will make you bring it up. And, moreover, you've got to go to church and take my daughter in marriage.

John Molitor. I acknowledge no child of your daughter's. I never touched her.

Dietrich. Let's go to Court. Then, you'll see what you get. At the very least, you'll go to prison, and have to maintain my daughter after all. I'll be a good father-in-law to you, and give you besides a hundred guldens.

John Molitor. A hundred guldens, and mend my shoes gratis into the bargain? I need a wife. I can do nothing with my servants but quarrel and scold. But excuse me while I go into my house for a while, I must think the matter over. [*Retires to where* Rollus *is standing with his daughter.*] Hark ye, what will you give me to boot, if I marry your daughter?

Rollus. If you'll marry my daughter I'll give you, with her, a hundred guldens.

John (*pointing to the Shoemaker*). Why, he has offered me a hundred Thalers,

and promises, besides, to mend all my old shoes for nothing. And his daughter is prettier than this girl.

Rollus. If you will go to Church with her I'll pay you a hundred and fifty dollars down, and in addition cart away all your compost.

John (*chuckling*). After all, that's pretty good. Pardon me, I must ask a question. I'll soon give you a fair answer. [*Laughs.*] If they won't bid any higher there'll be no sale. [*Going up to the Shoemaker.*] Hark ye, Master Dietrich, upon my word your daughter is not for me. You offer too small a dower. Rollus has just offered me two hundred Thalers, I'd have you know, and besides agrees to cart away all my compost as long as he and I live.

Dietrich (*astonished*). I'll give you two hundred guldens. I thought I had offered enough.

John. Just wait a minute, while I go and refuse Rollus.

[*The Shoemaker and his daughter lay their heads together.*

John (*going up to* Rollus). In a word, I must tell you that he is willing to give two hundred Thalers and mend my shoes as long as we live. Now his daughter is a Burgher's child, and better born than a Peasant's child. Therefore, I'll take her.

Rollus. Dear me, I should be downright ashamed of myself if I were not as good as he. He may promise well, but I don't know how he will ever pay. Never mind, I'll give you two hundred Thalers as just proposed.

John. Two hundred Thalers is a good deal of money. I must reflect which would be most useful to me. [*He goes aside, but before turning to the Shoemaker, says:*] I don't like either of the jades, so I'll start a brawl, and while the two are beating each other I'll steal away. [*Approaches* Dietrich.] Why should I take your daughter. Rollus says positively that she is only your bastard, and that you yourself were born out of wedlock.

Dietrich (*angrily*). The scoundrel shall take his oath on that, if he is going to say such things of us. It will cost him life and limb. I'll beat him sky-blue.

John. Just wait, I'll ask him first. [*Goes up to* Rollus.] Rollus, I don't want your daughter. Go hear what Dietrich says of you, that you are thought to be a rogue, that your father was hanged and your brother executed.

Rollus (*running to the Shoemaker*). You lie like a rogue and a rascal. Silence, I'll teach you to lie.

Dietrich. Come on, you'll meet your match.

[*They fight.* John *laughs, claps his hands, and runs off. Exeunt fighting.*

Enter Leudegast, *Prince of Wiltau with* Franciscus *and* Elemaus, *his two counsellors, and* Engelbrecht, *his son, all, except the Prince, in the habit of huntsmen.*

Leudegast. As you wish to go hunting to-day, let me say to you earnestly, that you must look after each other. You know that our foe is always on the watch, and should he find you defenceless in the forest, or should he overcome you in fight, he will do you a great injury. Therefore be discreet, and keep all together.

Engelbrecht. We will not separate. But should one of us get lost he can be easily brought back from his wandering by the sound of the horns.

Franciscus. I set little value on Ludolff's power. He has no longer any people or country to make us heed him. Moreover, who knows where he is sneaking around, having crept, through fear of us, into some bat's corner. You may be sure he is not in the forest.

Elemaus. He'll never more show himself to us. We needn't worry on his account.

Leudegast. Well, then, depart in peace. The stag is growing fat, see that you stop the process. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ludolff *with* Sidea, *each with a white staff, and says:* Last night my spirit disclosed to me that the Duke's son, Engelbrecht, would hunt in the forest. He will come to me exactly right, I will track him in the forest, catch him, and so plague him that the like has never before been known.

Sidea. Verily, that is what I'd gladly see. If we can only catch this bird we might fairly hope to gain control, once more, of the whole princely government; and he'd have to pay us a great ransom; and unless he is willing to lose his life he'll have to reinstate us.

Ludolff. Be silent, we must be exactly ready; I will shortly revenge myself on him or kill myself and you. [*Exeunt, sorrowfully.*

Enter Engelbrecht *with his squire. They shout as they enter: Holla, holla, holla, then come forward.*

Engelbrecht. We have wandered far from the paths, and no answer is given to our blasts on the horn. Look, look, what people are they just over there? In sooth they are running towards us. Therefore be well on your guard.

[*They lay their hands on their rapiers.*

Enter Ludolff, *the Prince, with* Sidea, *he carries in one hand a drawn sword, and in the other a white staff, and says:* Thou young Prince surrender thyself.

Engelbrecht. Such booty thou shalt not gain this day. Squire, run him through with thy sword.

[*They try to draw from the scabbards.* Ludolff *strikes the weapons with his staff.*

Squire. I cannot draw my weapon. I believe it is bewitched.

Engelbrecht. Ay, it is mere magic. I am lamed in both hands. I can neither bend nor turn. Therefore since there is no other way, I must be thy prisoner and live according to thy pleasure.

Ludolff. Give me at once thy promise of this. And as for you, you saucebox, clear out, or I'll tread you into the dirt, and hack off all your four limbs, so that you'll cease to bother me; and I'll let crows and ravens feed on you.

Squire. Alas, an evil hunt have we. Gracious Prince, in heavy sorrow, at this time I take my leave of you. [*Exit.*

Ludolff. Now thou art my very slave. As thy father unrighteously drove me from home and people, and heaped on me great scoff and scorn, so shalt thou be parted from him and all thy country. Thou shalt carry wood for my daughter, and everything which she tells thee thou must obey and accomplish, or heavy blows shall force thee. And should she complain to me that thou hesitatest at anything, on the spot I'll strike thee dead. [*Beats him to the exit. Strikes him on the back with his staff, as does also the daughter, and exeunt.*

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

Enter Dietrich *and* Rollus *running, with loud outcries.*

Rollus. Stop! in all conscience 'tis enough. In all my born days no man ever beat me so. And I never did you any harm.

Dietrich. I'm baseborn, am I? Tell me who told you that lie.

Rollus. It never passed my lips. But the miller, he said, that you had called me a rogue, and had said my father was hanged and my brother too—and that's the account I wanted to settle.

Dietrich. I never called thee a rogue. I never thought of thy father or of thy brother being hanged.

Rollus. It's that miller, then, who has set us on. Let the rogue himself be hung. We'll accuse him before the Mayor. He shall pay for it, because we were put up to it. [*Exeunt running, then re-enter at opposite entrance.*

Dietrich. The scoundrel has cleared out.

Rollus. Ay, the fellow's never at home, but I'll not rest till I've found the blackguard. [*Enter* John, *disguised as an old woman, walking with a crutch.*] Dear old lady tell us the truth, haven't you seen John Miller?

John Molitor (*in an old woman's weak voice*). John Miller—how should I have seen him; what the devil have I to do with him? Ask people who know.

Rollus. There, there, old mother. I know a man I can ask. He'll tell us in a minute.

John (*still like an old woman*). Ay, if he can do that, it's no small job, and I'll go with you too. *Exeunt.*

Enter Prince Leudegast *with* Franciscus *and* Elemaus, *and says* (*seating himself*): It seems very strange to me that you should return home all alone, without my dear son, after my strict commands that you should stay by his side. Let us write in every direction to find out where he is. In his death you've killed me. That was a sad hunting for me.

Franciscus. In sooth it is a downright sorrow that he should so have escaped us. We surrounded a deer which the young prince wanted to bring down. And with the deer he was lost too. We called the huntsman's *Holla* after him, and blew the horns also. We supposed he would return, but we could neither see him nor hear him. Yet we did not despair. We knew that he had with him his squire—the same who is now approaching. [*Enter Squire.*

Prince. Where did you leave my son? What happened to you on the chase?

Squire. Alas, the young prince is a prisoner, as he was stalking a deer which he wished to bring down with his own gun. He missed the deer, and we got lost in the forest and could hear neither dogs nor horns. While we were stopping to think, a woman sprang upon us and then a man; who boldly seized us, demanded our surrender, and grievously threatened us. But we grasped our swords to rid ourselves of him, when, with a staff he had in his hand, he gave a little stroke on our weapons and we couldn't draw them. Such a terror then seized us that we had to surrender. And after he had severely threatened us, he bade me go my ways. And has kept your Highness's son, who therefore has to endure everything.

Leudegast. Alas, thou bad, unlucky chase! What evil thou bringest upon my house! And if I had gone out, too, the same would have happened to me. How shall I set about releasing my son? If it is Ludolff, our bitter foe, who has taken my son, he will surely take his life. We must not therefore lose a minute.

Elemaus. It is a remarkable story, of which it is useless to talk much; but highly necessary to take such counsel that every step shall be taken wisely.

Leudegast. Come, then, let us consult. There's no use in standing still. We must contrive some protection for my son. [*They all go out.*

Enter Prince Ludolff, *with his staff.*

Ludolff. Again my luck has turned. And my enemy is in my power, whom I'll treat badly enough. But soft, what rabble comes here?

Enter Dietrich *and* Rollus, *with* John Molitor *in woman's clothes.*

Dietrich. Gracious Sir, we two have a secret to discuss with you. We can't find it out in any other way, and so we beg the aid of your magic. We'll pay you right well. A miller lives near us who has put a scandal on us, and we have a sore complaint against him. But we cannot find him at home, and we believe this old woman knows where he is.

John Molitor (*like an old woman*). In faith, I know neither where he is nor who he is.

Ludolff (*shakes his head and lays his staff on John's head*). Thou art a downright jade. I know you well, you sorry beldame. Just take that kerchief off your head and we'll soon find the miller.

[*He knocks off the kerchief with his staff and reveals* John Molitor.

Dietrich. Thou shall not leave here alive. We'll punish you to our hearts' content, so that hereafter no good man by your means shall come to grief.

John. O Magician, I beg for mercy. Your art is ahead of mine.

Ludolff. What punishment do you wish me to inflict on him?

Rollus. Magician, turn him into a fox, to restrain his impudence hereafter.

John. I'll eat your chickens, and do you even more harm than now.

Dietrich. Mr Magician, if it is possible make an ass of him.

John. Silly cobbler, just remember that if I am turned into an ass I'll ruin thee. Cows, horses, and pigs shall bear nothing but asses, whose hides are good only for drums. Where'll you get your leather—be sure, I'd give you nothing but that of asses.

Dietrich. Well, then, let him be a man, and punish him as much as you please.

Ludolff. I'd already fixed it. He shall stay with me here in the forest, and to guard against any spooniness * between my daughter and Engelbrecht, he shall keep a faithful eye on both and report to me. But first swear to me that you'll do it.

[*He swears. Exeunt.*

Enter Sidea *with the young prince* Engelbrecht, *who is very meanly clad, and is carrying some logs and an axe, which he lays down.*

Sidea (*threatening him with her staff*). Unless you want to get a flogging, you'll split me that wood up pretty quick, you abominable, lazy dog!

Engelbrecht (*falling at her feet and imploring with his hands*). Woe's me, I'm utterly sick at heart and cannot go another step in doing this work. I am utterly exhausted, not an atom of strength is left in my body. 'Twere better far to kill me at once than to put on me such daily tasks, such heavy work. I beg you, as sincerely as I can, to kill me outright.

Sidea (*addressing the audience*). Although his father condemns my father to misery and to need, and I, his princely daughter, have cause enough for vengeance, yet when I think over the whole affair I have to bear in mind that he, too, is of princely birth

* I am ready to confess my ignorant surprise at the antiquity of this word. The original, *löffley*, I had always thought was modern slang adopted from the English. But from its presence here, earlier than 1605, it seems as though it were we who had taken it from the German. Let me here add what, perhaps, I should have mentioned before, that the difficulties of translation are increased by the lack of punctuation. Except here and there, in the stage directions, there are not a dozen marks of punctuation, of any kind, throughout the original play.—Ed.

and has done us no harm; and, sooth to say, ought not to have to pay his father's debt. And, then, he has such a figure that on the score of beauty I cannot hate him. And if I must lead this life for a long time here in the forest, what a joy and happiness it were if he were to prove faithful to me and take me for his wedded wife. I'd like to help him out of all this need and woe. I'll tell him secretly about it. [*She goes up to him.*] My Engelbrecht, what would'st thou do if, on account of thy service, I were to release thee and then take thee in marriage.

Engelbrecht (*falling at her feet*). Ah, speak not, or my emotions will kill me. All the living gods in the world could not bring that about, but, if it were possible, my fate were then the best of all. Yes, to thy love I would devote myself, and serve thee body and soul, and make thee a princess.

Sidea. If I could trust thee in this matter, and thou wilt accede and aid me with hand and mouth, I'll speak further with thee.

Engelbrecht. Ay, you ought to trust me, and you ought also to be my spouse.

Sidea. Art thou then mine? [*They join hands.*

Engelbrecht. Yes.

Sidea. Then I am thine. May the gods remain with us! Nothing now but death shall part us. That thou mayst see how earnest I am, I'll follow whithersoever thou leadest. [*They embrace.*

Enter Runcifal *the Devil, and says:* Sidea, this proposal of thine I'll go straight and tell thy father. It's eminently improper that thou shouldst allow thyself to be carried off. [Sidea *takes her staff, strikes him on the mouth. He signifies that he is dumb, and sorrowfully departs.*

Sidea. Now the Spirit cannot harm us by betraying us to my father. Now we can go away from this country. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Prince Ludolff *with* John Molitor, *in a rage he strikes John on the head with his staff, and says:* Where is Sidea? tell me at once.

John. I don't know. If she's not in the forest, she's with Engelbrecht.

Ludolff. Art thou not my slave, whose duty 'twas to guard them?

John. Ay, ay, I know that well enough. But, gracious Sir, there are two of them, and they didn't tell me where they were going. So I don't know where they are.

Ludolff. This shall cost thee thy life. Clear out and find where they are. And if thou dost not bring them back quickly, I'll cut thy head off.

[John Molitor *scratches his head and* Exit.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Engelbrecht *and* Sidea.

Sidea. For my part, I hope we have now escaped from my father. But I am so tired from walking, that if my life and limb depended on it I could go no further. Would that I had stayed at home! But burning love has driven me to this risk.

Engelbrecht. Pray do not let this difficulty conquer you. If you can go no further afoot, you'll have to be driven in a coach. Wait here until I can send a coach back for you, with servants to bring you in.

Sidea. I have stolen away from my father. Do you think that he will ever cease from seeking me on every road, and if he should find me here I've looked my last on you, and I must die before his face.

Engelbrecht. The gods can never will that. But to prevent your father from

finding you, you must climb this tree. He could pass under it half a dozen times before he'd ever find you. Besides you'll not stay there long.

Sidea. Alack, my heart misgives; but you'll forget me.

Engelbrecht. Ah, sweetheart, have no care. I pledge my honour and my faith, that I'll ne'er forget you while I live. [*He lifts her into the tree.*

Sidea. I trust that I shall be safe here, but pray don't forget me.

Engelbrecht. Why do you harp on 'forgetting'? I'll fetch you immediately.

[*Exit.*

The maiden sits in the tree, and says sorrowfully: If the prince for whom I have done so much should betray me, I would invoke vengeance on him and revenge, all my life.

Enter Finelia *the cobbler's wife, with a pitcher to fetch water, and says:* In this wretched town there's no good drinking-water, so we have to fetch it from a distance. My husband at home has told me to hurry and bring some water. Water never makes folks dance and hop. So I begged him to buy some beer—but the fool is such a skinflint. [*She goes to the spring to draw water.*] Ei, ei, now I can see myself reflected in the well. [*She throws down the pitcher and walks simperingly around the spring.*] The like of me cannot around be found. What an uncommonly lovely creature! What a fool I was to take up with that wax-end loony, that ugly, misshaped booby! I've done with him, I'll straight to court. [*Exit.*

Enter Ela, *the peasant maid, with a pitcher, and, as she is about to draw some water, she sees the reflected image, and says:* I cannot tell how surprised I am, now that I see my reflection and discover how fair I am. Ei, ei, what was I thinking of to wish to have the miller? I'm downright ashamed of it. And though I've loved not wisely, yet there are many people in the world who don't know it, and don't care for it. And forsooth, I must needs live in a corner with that fellow! No, no, I'll none of the miller. I'll to court as a grand dame.

[*She also throws away her pitcher and walks proudly off.*

Enter John Molitor, *and says:* My master raves awfully and swears I must find out his daughter, because I didn't look sharp enough after her. He reviles, insults, and blackguards me. Yes, indeed, he said it to my face, that if I didn't find her he'd kill me. I've run round the whole world, and have neither guttled nor guzzled a single thing. The sun is mighty hot. Look, down yonder is a nice spring, I'll refresh myself there a bit. [*He goes to the spring, looks in, stands up, looks up into the tree, and says:*] The reflection frightened me. What lovely dolls are hanging on the tree. This is the luckiest spring in the world, for here I've found the girl. I'll go straight and tell my master. He'll come to fetch her right off. [*Exit.*

Sidea (*mournfully in the tree*). Alas! whither shall I fly. My dearest stays too long away. The water's reflection has betrayed me to John Molitor, and he will tell my father. Alack! for grief and woe! Here is a new danger. Engelbrecht has clean forgotten me! Oh woeful day, where shall I fly. I am the wretchedest creature on earth. Alas, with what anguish of heart I quiver! Oh, woe and calamity, I hear some people coming!

Enter Dietrich *the cobbler, and says:* I don't know what it means. I told my wife to fetch me some water. She came back out of her senses, says she has seen in the well what a beautiful woman she is, and that she'll stay with me no more, but will set up as a lady. I can never stand thirst, and if I don't wish to die of it I must fetch water for myself. At the same time, I will look and see what has made my wife so silly. [*He goes to the well to draw water, and says:*] The water gives a reflection.

A beautiful woman must be sitting above the spring. [*He looks around and descries Sidea, and says:*] Aha! now I see her. Oh, tender maiden, tell me what you are doing up there in the tree. To whom do you belong? whence do you come?

Sidea *clasps her hands, and says:* Ah, my good friend, I beg you sore that you will help me from this tree, and give me shelter for only two days that I may rest myself a while and escape from my enemy. And if you will aid me to avoid this calamity, I will reward you richly.

Dietrich *the cobbler lifts her from the tree, and says:* Indeed, I'll do it willingly. But I am very badly off at home.

Sidea. When there, I'll tell you everything; how I unluckily came hither. For I greatly feared that I should be a captive if I stayed there long, and so encounter woe and pain. [*They go off together.*

Enter Ludolff *the Prince, and says:* Here I'll await my Spirit. If he doesn't know where my daughter is, it's all up with the miller. I have sworn an oath that he must die by my hand.

[*Hereupon* Ludolff *makes a circle with his staff;* Runcifal *leaps forth.*

Ludolff. Inform me, Runcifal, where my daughter has gone. I am greatly enraged with you, because you let her escape and never told me.

[Runcifal *indicates that it was not his fault, because he could not speak.*

Ludolff. What do you mean? Speak at once.

[Runcifal *makes signs that he cannot.*

Ludolff. He is bewitched, I clearly see.

[*He strikes the Devil on the mouth with his staff.*

Runcifal. Your daughter accepted the prince. And I came along just then, and was going to tell thee about it, when she struck me on the mouth, so that my tongue was tied and not a single word since then have I spoken. How, then, could I tell thee? Thereupon they ran away from thee, and have gone home to his father.

Ludolff (*mournfully*). Now at last I am utterly ruined. If my John Molitor doesn't find her my heart will never again know peace. [*Enter* John Molitor *with a little drum and pipe; he pipes and the Devil begins to dance.*

Ludolff. If thou art so merry, John, and canst pipe, tell me where my daughter is?

John. Your daughter? [*Pipes again and drums.*

Ludolff. Yes, my daughter, where is she?

John. Marry come up, I've seen her.

[*Pipes and drums again, the Devil keeps on dancing.*

Ludolff. Where hast thou seen her, show me?

John. I saw her [*pipes again, and then he says:*] in a tree.

Ludolff (*angrily*). Stop thy piping, and tell me about my dear daughter. [John *pipes and drums, the Devil dances, then some other devils run out; they all dance, at last* John *stops.*

Ludolff. I believe thou'st lost thy wits, to kick up such a rumpus here.—You Devils, clear right out.—In one word, tell me where thou hast seen my daughter?

John. She sat there on the limb of a tree, the very next one to the spring. And I am so mighty joyful now, because I've found her. Come hither, and we'll find her there yet. 'Tis true I didn't see her. The reflection in the water betrayed her, just as I was about to drink.

Ludolff. Ah, if I could only get her again! Waste no time, but go right off and help me find my daughter. [*They go off.*

Enter Dietrich *the cobbler, with his wife, and says:* Finelia mine, tell me, I pray, what's the matter, that thou'lt not treat me kindly any longer?

Finelia. I'm sorry I ever accepted thee, and that I live with thee. I'm a most lovely woman. The like is not in the city.

Dietrich. Say, who told thee that? He was humbugging thee.

Finelia. The reflection which I saw in the spring told me.

Dietrich. Then come along to the spring, and see if thou'st not been plumply deceived. [Finelia *goes with him to the spring, looks in, and says:*] My former face is gone. When I look down now, I can't mistake myself for any one else. And I'm scarcely good enough for thee. But when I threw away my pitcher I was young and fair like the court dames, and then I thought I was too good for thee.

Dietrich. Never mind, Finelia dear. Look, here comes the maiden whose face was reflected in the well. I found her sitting in the tree. Thy beauty was an imagined dream. It can't compare with hers.

Sidea *enters, and says:* Mr Cobbler, I hope you'll grant my prayer, that I may have your wife's clothes to wear on the street, and that you will let her go with me and wear my clothes. I'll reward you richly. I only want to go to the Prince's court, I'll soon send her back to you.

Dietrich. That's all right. May the gods go with you, and may they all grant that we may soon meet again in joy. [*They all go off.*

Enter Prince Ludolff *with* John Molitor.

John. On this tree, over this spring, I found your daughter. But she's no longer there.

Ludolff. I don't care for thy findings, find out where she has gone. You should have taken her with thee and brought her home.

John. For joy, I never thought of that. I thought that if your grace should come yourself and take her down, it would be a much greater joy. [Ludolff *beats him with his staff, and says:*] What a stupid, senseless blockhead thou art! Simpleton and silly calf! What thou dost by halves thou'lt pay with thy hide. [Runcifal *the Devil runs in, and says:*] There's no use in this fuss. I've looked everywhere for her. We've been thwarted by cunning. She's gone to the Prince of Wiltau, and is Engelbrecht's bride. So cease your pursuit.

Ludolff. My misery is indescribable. More sorrow and wretchedness has befallen me. I've been sold and betrayed. I don't know where to begin. Don't let us delay, but go at once to my cave. There we can discuss how I must manage.

[*They all go off.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Leudegast, *Prince of Wiltau, with* Franciscus *and* Elemaus, *and says mournfully:* How can I tell the sorrow of my heart! That Engelbrecht, my only son, should be kept so long in his horrible imprisonment. We have sent everywhere for him, but no one has found him. I'm afraid he's dead. I've just won a wife for him—namely, the daughter of the king of Poland, whom we've just had fetched here. She's waiting impatiently for him; and when she hears that he's a prisoner, she'll never be comforted. Moreover, she won't be kept here any longer. She'll go home to-morrow.

Franciscus. We'll spare no pains, but try every means to find the young prince. By night and day, with force of arms, Ludolff must be pursued and killed like a dog. Every hour he is plotting against us and this country.

Elemaus. If we are to snatch your Highness' son out of Ludolff's hands, we must send out a great army and carry him off by force. Unless I am deceived, there are some people at the door.

Leudegast. Let them enter. Perhaps it is a messenger with unexpected news of my son.

Elemaus *opens the door*, Engelbrecht *enters in ragged clothes*, *Prince* Leudegast *arises, goes to him, and says:* Oh, see! oh, woe! what shall we do? Alas, be welcome here, dear son. Alas, and wert thou born a prince, and now art in such dreadful clothes. And where hast thou been all this time?—Go quick and bring to him some clothes, new shoes, and eke a finger ring, and share all good things here with me.—But thou, pray tell me all that has occurred to thee.

Engelbrecht. Ludolff the prince took me a prisoner. Through him I came to great discomfort. I had to carry wood for him, and to cut and split it. And he treated me very badly. And he handed me over to his daughter, who almost took my life. Then she took pity on me, a poor, sick, half-dead man. After that she did me no more harm, she accepted me in marriage. Came away with me as far as this neighborhood. When she was able to go no further, I made her get up in a tree a little distance from the highway, while I came off to get a coach. Wherefore, Herr Father, orders must be given to bring Sidea here. [*Here the counsellors return with the clothes, dress him, and* Leudegast *says:*] My dear son, dost thou lack aught else? Everything which thou desirest we shall graciously grant. Also we shall look about for the most lovely maiden for thee, whom thou must marry. And so, my son, thou must remain at home, and not expose thyself as heretofore.—Gentlemen, bring hither the damsel. She has long awaited thee. She will be highly delighted. (Elemaus *goes off, carrying the clothes, returns with* Julia *the maiden, and says:*) Gracious Prince, I bring the maiden for your gracious son to see, whom we behold with joy.

Julia, the maiden. To the gods will we give praises, who have brought you home.

Engelbrecht. I cannot express my joy, that an hour like this has been granted to me. No creature in the world can believe the misery from which I have escaped. But I hope things will be better in future. After rain comes the sun.

Leudegast. Darling son, let us retire and discuss how quickest we may celebrate the marriage, and order it in the most costly manner, and that it lacks nothing.

[*They all go off,* Engelbrecht *leading the maiden.*

Enter Duke Ludolff *with his* John, *and says:* John Molitor, we are done up. We must win or die. My daughter I will have again or stake my life. If the young Prince is going to keep Sidea, he must bring me again into the grace and favour of his old father. As it is all thy fault that Sidea escaped, thou'lt have to find out the best way, or with thy hide thou'lt have to pay. (John *shrinks back, and says:*) I've always been a prudent man, and if your grace will obey me, just put on my clothes while I put on yours, and thus we'll go together to Court, where we'll devise some cunning practice to bring off Sidea or the lad; whereby the old Prince, in order to retrieve the disgrace, will be forced to restore your gracious Highness to favour and conclude a peace with you.

Ludolff. Ay, marry, there's no harm in trying. We'll put our fate to the touch. Good luck may favour us! [*They go off.*

Enter Julia, *and says sorrowfully:* Alas, I have just learned that Engelbrecht has already plighted his troth to Sidea, the fairest of maidens, the daughter of the Prince of Wiltau. Woe's me, if that is really true, the very first thing that she'll do

will be to contest my betrothal, and I shall come off second best, and then remain the jeer and sneer of rich and poor both far and near. Woe's me, of this had I been ware, they'd not have caught me in this snare. The Prince I know will make it good. He has promised silver, hill, and mountain. If I do not miss it that way, perhaps I may come off pretty well. But now I'll retire to my chamber. [*Exit.*

Enter Sidea, *with a shabby cloak over her beautiful clothes, and a kerchief, which she can throw off quickly. She carries a goblet full of a drink, and says:* Well, I've reached the court at last, but have heard some very bad news, namely, that Prince Engelbrecht has utterly forgotten the benefits I bestowed on him and risked life and limb in the doing. He has lost sight of everything and has at last betrothed another, with whom to-day he celebrates his marriage. But I've got a drink ready for him here; with it I'll creep in among the guests, and when they are at the merriest I'll offer him the draught to drink. The first drop he gulps will make him recognise me, make obeisance to me and call me by name and recall his promise to me, and lead me to the altar afterwards, so that what began in sorrow will have a joyous ending. [*She goes off.*

Enter Leudegast, *the Prince, with his counsellors* Franciscus *and* Elemaus, *and with* Julia *and* Engelbrecht *his son, and says:* This day is the marriage day, so drive all thoughts and care away. Princes and Lords are gathering here from every country far and near; they wish to beautify this feast for us, and it is, therefore, our duty to show them honour. So then be cheery all. After a while, according to an ancient custom, we'll go to the Great Temple of Jupiter and have you there joined in marriage, with eating, drinking and music, with races, tourneys, contests and combats, and in merry pastimes drown all sorrow. Bid welcome, then, each stranger guest, and honour all, your very best. [*They all bow. Enter* Sidea, *disguised, as just described, carrying her goblet. She gives them her hand, and then says to the Bridegroom:*] Herr Bridegroom, I am an ambassador, perhaps wholly unknown to you, yet sent hither by a great nation. That you may grandly refresh yourself, and feel to-day as you never felt before, drink this wine, which is of the best, and which I here present to you to-day upon your princely wedding. [Engelbrecht *takes the goblet, looks at it, drinks, clasps his hands, and says:*] Woe's me! how abandoned I have been to have so scandalously forgotten my darling Sidea. Oh woe! woe! sorrow! anguish and agony! Woe, heartbreaking, sighing, and pain! [*He draws his dagger and says:*] My saddened heart I will herewith free from further agony, and be my own executioner for forgetting my dearest. [Sidea *grasps the dagger. All run to them.* Sidea *says:*] With what folly are you seized. Take comfort, all will be well. Summon up your courage. What though you deserted Sidea in a tree on a strange road, she's alive and brisk and well, and you shall see her in a trice. [Sidea *throws off the cloak and kerchief.* Engelbrecht *falls at his father's feet, and says:*] Ah, Herr Father, take pity on me. She who has just come in is the daughter of Prince Ludolff, he whose temper was worse than a wolf's; he gave me to her for her own. She preserved my life, and had she not done so I should have been decayed long ago. I plighted her my troth, and when she could go no further, I put her in a tree in the woods and promised to fetch her right away, as I told you, Herr Father. After that, I forgot it and engaged myself to Julia, whom my conscience now reproaches me I cannot lead to the altar—rather will I lose my life. [*To* Julia *he says:*] Wherefore, princely maiden, I implore that you will pity my anguish and release my plighted troth.

Julia. It doesn't matter a great deal. If you were engaged to her before me, of course I ought not have come hither, for the first vow takes precedence, I suppose.

But I, poor fool, must now bear reproach from everybody. But you ought to be even more ashamed of yourself than I who knew nothing about it.

Leudegast. Ah, put the best face on the matter. It all happened unwittingly. That no such reproaches broad and deep may befall you, as you have just spoken of, come with us to the Church, and before you leave, I will confer on you a prince's son, handsome, rich, and as good as he, and you shall have amends from us for all your injuries, big and little. [*He goes to* Sidea, *gives her his hand, and says:*] Ah, are you then henceforth my daughter-in-law? Your father is my bitterest foe. If he were only here to-day we'd become reconciled, and henceforth for the rest of our days have no more discord. Accept my thanks for the kindness and honour you have done my son. [*There is a knocking.*] Sirrah, see who knocks. [*The door is opened, Prince* Ludolff *with* John Molitor *enters and stands in a corner.*]

Leudegast. Who may be those persons that enter? Forsooth, two very ill-mated companions. [Sidea *looks around; immediately recognises her father, and says:*] Oh woe, it is my father dear; why did he risk himself in here? [*She says to her father:*] Alas, Herr Father, what are you doing here? I am in terror for you, that you should thus venture.

Ludolff. Alas, canst thou be my flesh and blood and betray me so scandalously? [*He goes to* Leudegast, *and says:*] I pray your grace to pardon me. As affairs have turned out, I will never, as long as I live, do anything against your grace.

Leudegast [*giving him his hand*]. Since everything seems to be turning out to make us good friends, I restore your land to you and make with you a lasting peace, never to be broken, but always upheld; the terms whereof shall be carefully laid down after we have consulted together, and sealed it with our privy seals, as soon as the wedding is over.

Ludolff. All discord shall vanish in pure love and good friendship. And to show that the same has power and commences from this very hour, I pledge you, hand and mouth. [Ludolff *gives him his hand, and says to his son-in-law:*] Now I wish you all health and happiness, although I did treat you pretty badly. After all, it's over now without any harm, and everything is turning out well. [*To* John.] See here, take back your clothes and take off mine. [*He attires himself for a wedding.* Leudegast *takes* Julia's *hand, and says:*] Since happiness again is ours and all hostility at an end, let's all together enter here and joyous be with merry cheer, and let the wedding now begin. Julia, to you I give as spouse our Prince Franciscus together with a comfortable fortune, so that your joy will be the greater. [*He takes her to the Prince* Franciscus, *joins their hands, and says:*] We thus give you to each other, and let the marriage proceed at once.

Franciscus. There is no loss, there is great gain. Dearest dear, be now consoled; from all your woe be freed. This marriage you shall never rue.

Julia. If your love to me is in earnest, I am satisfied with it. All my sorrows have vanished and I will do everything you wish.

Leudegast. Since everything is now arranged, and the time has come for the marriage to begin, all follow after me, and every care you'll put away; this is, of all, the happiest day. [*They all go out in order.*

ACTUS QUINTUS.

John Molitor *remains behind, and concludes:* This history shows: 'Tis bad to resist the strong. Whenever circumstances arise which move us to anger, let us control ourselves. Consider if we lose our cause, what harm and damage thence accrue.

'Tis well said that self-harm brings woe. The rich who are stronger, it is better to appease and mollify, than to stir up to strife. For the strongest generally comes out on top. And although the weaker may find a good chance afterwards for revenge, he mustn't count too much on it. Let him look out that luck doesn't beguile him. It often happens that he who is to-day on top may shortly get a fall. For vengeance doesn't please God, but as the Bible tells us He will himself repay the wicked. Therefore so act that each side may yield a bit, and let each so behave that out of former quarrels and contention eternal unity may follow.

ALBERT COHN, who, in his *Shakespeare in Germany*, has put under lasting obligations all students of this chapter of German Dramatic History, observes (p. lxviii): 'Ayrer's piece has a thoroughly legendary character. The apparently historical per-'sonages are not to be met with in history. A Prince Ludolff of Lithuania has 'existed just as little as a Prince Leudegast of the Wiltau. The Wiltau is a fabulous 'name; the nearest approach to it is Wilna, but it does not appear that the latter has 'been ever so denominated.* History has no record of any Polish Princess (Julia), 'who was engaged to be married to a son of a Prince of Wiltau (Engelbrecht). 'Ludolff says to Sidea, "May Jove," &c., and also in other passages the heathen gods 'are introduced. "Heathen clothes" are expressly prescribed for Ludolff and Sidea, 'a direct proof that Ayrer placed the action in an ante-Christian period. . . . . Ayrer 'is not the inventor of this subject; he has had either a legend or a play before him. 'A proof of this is to be found in the First Act, where Leudegast says of Prince 'Ludolff: "Duke Leupold so loves strife and brawl That now he's challenged us to "fall," &c. No Duke Leupold appears throughout the whole piece, and the men-'tion of one in this passage is a confusion of names which can only be explained by 'the supposition of a somewhat careless use of the original sources.' Unquestionably Ayrer's play is a mere adaptation; we are so informed on the title-page of his *Opus Theatricum;* but I am inclined to think that *Leupold* for 'Ludolff' is simply an oversight. In a note on IV, i, 164 of *The Tempest*, instead of Miranda, Walker wrote *Matilda*, and his accomplished editor Lettsom never noticed it. On p. lxx, Cohn continues, 'In all cases where we are acquainted with the sources from which Ayrer 'derived his plots, we see that he almost always retains the original names for his 'principal persons; and as it is highly improbable that these, for the most part purely 'German names, should have occurred in an English drama of the sixteenth century 'we cannot place much confidence in the suggestion, that any such work was the 'common source of the two plays in question. Ayrer appears rather to have worked 'after some German original, and this may have come to light in England in the form 'of some metamorphosis or other. Neither is it impossible, or even improbable, that 'Ayrer's piece itself may have come to Shakespeare's knowledge through the medium 'of comedians who had returned to England.'

Dr W. BELL finds so much similarity between *Die schöne Sidea* and *The Tempest*, that he is convinced that either Ayrer copied from Shakespeare or Shakespeare copied from Ayrer. But as *The Tempest* is one of Shakespeare's latest plays, and as Ayrer died in 1605, it follows that it was not Ayrer who was the plagiarist. 'Nothing 'would have been more in character,' Bell says (*Sh.'s Puck*, ii, 289), 'than if Shake-'speare had made one of the various wandering companies of English performers . . . .

* CARO (*Englische Studien*, II. band, i. heft, p. 159) says that among 'German orders "Wiltau" is the usual name for *Wilna*.'—ED.

'and have listened to, if not read,—nay, acted in,—the dramas or Carnival Farces 'of Hans Sachs and Ayrer.' Bell then assumes that to this residence of Shakespeare in Germany is due that knowledge of Folk-lore which, as Bell thinks, is to be detected profusely scattered through his plays. For instance, a story, taken down by word of mouth by Bechstein (*Deutsches Märchenbuch*, p. 172), called *The Three Nuts*, contains the task of log-splitting set to a captive prince by a magician, and vicariously accomplished by a lovely and compassionate princess. Again, in Kühn's *Märkische Sagen*, p. 263, a story is given 'which may have helped to build up another portion 'of Shakespeare's *Tempest* from German sources.' 'It is entitled *Die König's Toch-*'*ter beim Popanz, The King's Daughter at the Wizard's.*' Here we have a shipwrecked Prince, an enamoured Princess versed in magic arts, a conjuring staff, whereby 'when pursued the Princess turns herself into a wondrous flower and her 'lover into a bee.' The parallelism which Bell discovers in this last item may serve as a sample of the value of the rest of his criticism. The '*wondrous* flower,' Bell finds developed into Miranda, with a play on the meaning of the name; and the 'bee' suggested Ariel's 'Where the *bee* sucks.'

'The resemblance of the *Sidea* to *The Tempest*,' says TITTMANN (*Schauspiele a. d. sechzehnten Jahrhundert*, 1868, ii, 151), 'is twofold; it lies first in the main 'idea, which the Folk-lore already contained, and secondly in the attendant details. 'The former, the reconciliation of hostile Princes by the marriage of their children, 'originated with neither of the two poets; a similar adjustment of difficulties is 'repeatedly found in legend and history.' [This erroneous statement is made by almost every German scholar who treats of this subject, and in some cases English critics have been misled into adopting it. No English reader, after a moment's thought, will so interpret the forgiveness by Prospero of Alonso. But the idea just expressed by Tittmann, and repeated by Meissner, that Prospero's reconciliation with Alonso was brought about by the marriage of Ferdinand and Miranda, seems to have become fixed in Germany.] 'In the combination of this main idea the choice of the de-'tails adds heavily to the weight. An accidental accord is hardly possible.' Tittmann repeats the stories mentioned by Bell, and adds another from Wolf (*Deutsche Märchen u. Sagen*, No. 26), whereof the origin is to be traced, he thinks, to the coasts of the North Sea, whence, as the common property of the Lower Saxon stock in Germany and England, Shakespeare might have taken it, just as Ayrer might have chosen another form of it. 'Perhaps the Prince had to fight a monster on the island, just as 'Hagen had to fight Gabilun, whereof the form of Caliban is a survival. At all 'events, that feature is genuine which attributes Prospero's power to his mantle, his 'Wishing-mantle. . . . . Ariel's pipe and tabor and John Molitor's music are merely 'accidental parallelisms—these instruments are the favourite ones with the Clown on 'the English stage, and Ayrer merely imitates a clown in his John.' Tittmann adopts the suggestion made by Cohn, that Shakespeare might possibly have gained his knowledge of these German sources from the returning Comedians, and thinks that through 'this hypothesis, which is not altogether too recondite, a "Shakespearian mystery," 'as English critics have termed the source of the plot of *The Tempest*, may be brought 'nearer to its final solution.' [Let me remark parenthetically, that Tittmann is, I think, unhappy in the text of *Die schöne Sidea* which he has selected for reprinting; and Meissner, the latest critic, has followed him. Tittmann's text is to me really more difficult to read than the original. For 'than' of the original, Tittmann has *tan*; for 'weh,' he has *we*; and for 'Eh,' *e*, &c.; his foot-notes, however, are helpful.]

Hitherto we have found the German critics temperate in their claims for *Sidea* as a source for *The Tempest;* the most that has been urged by them (Bell was an Englishman) is a common origin. We now come to MEISSNER, whose book (*Untersuchungen über Shakespeare's 'Sturm,'* 1872) of a hundred and fifty octavo pages is devoted to the investigation of the sources of the plot of the present play; its first chapter deals with *Die schöne Sidea*, and therein (p. 13) Meissner does not hesitate to say that for certain details 'Shakespeare profited by Ayrer direct' (*Shakespeare Ayrer's Stück* direkt *benutzte*). To this extraordinary conclusion he comes after many pages of parallel columns with passages containing what he calls 'resemblances.' After reading them carefully, with all the candour at my command, I confess that, with two, possibly three, exceptions (the hackneyed 'enchantment of the swords,' the 'logbearing,' and possibly Prospero's 'cell' and Ludolff's 'cave'), I fail to detect in many instances anything more than the merest chance resemblance, and, in the majority of instances, any resemblance whatever. For example: '*Miranda.* My 'husband, then? *Ferd.* Ay, with a heart as willing As bondage e'er of freedom; 'here's my hand. *Mir.* And mine with my heart in't.' To this passage Meissner (p. 12) finds even a *verbal* parallellism in the following: '*Sidea.* Bistu denn mein. '*Engelbrecht.* Ja. *Sidea.* So bleib ich dein Die Götter bleiben mit vns beyden.' [Here Meissner takes two lines from a preceding speech of Sidea where she asks Engelbrecht what he would do if she should release him from his slavery.] 'Wenn 'ich dir deiner Dienstbarkeit Zu wegen brecht jetzt ein freyheit.' From one learn all; or to take another instance, which is here given from *The Tempest* just as Meissner gives it, except that it is given in Shakespeare's English and in Cohn's (i. e. Solly's) translation of the German: In I. ii.: '*Ariel.* Is there more toil? Since thou dost give 'me pains. . . . . *Prospero.* How now? moody? . . . . If thou more murmur'st I will 'rend an oak.' To this, Meissner gives as a parallel from *Sidea:* 'Ludolf with a white 'silver wand makes a circle with some characters in it, strikes the opening with his 'wand, the Devil Runcival leaps forth, spits out fire, walks around the circle and says angrily: "Ludolff, thou art a wicked man; For thee I nowhere tarry can. If thou an "ill dost meditate, Thou think'st I must be with thee straight. . . . . *Ludolff.* Thou "rogue! if thou so proud wilt be," &c.'

From such proofs as these the conclusion is drawn that Shakespeare went direct to Ayrer! I remember that Hamlet once spoke of 'a god kissing carrion.'

HALLIWELL (p. 503) suggests that 'Prospero's prototype may be looked for, with 'some probability of the research being successful, in the early histories of Genoa, 'where, in the year 1477, according to Thomas's *Historye of Italye*, 1561, "Prospero "Adorno was established as the Duke of Millain's liuetenaunt there; but he contin- "ued scarcely one yeare, tyl by meane of new practises that he held with Ferdinando, "kyng of Naples, he was had in suspicion to the Milanese; who, willynge to depose "him, raysed a newe commocion of the people, so that where he was before the "dukes liuetenaunte, now he was made governoure [or duke] absolutely of the com- "monwealth." Prospero was, however, deposed, and after some other changes, the "citesins, remembering how they were best in quiet, whan they were subjectes to "the Duke of Millaine, returned of newe to be under the Milanese dominyon; and "than was *Antony* Adorno made governoure of the citee for the duke." A further 'confirmation that this Prospero was, in all probability, the deposed duke of *The* '*Tempest* will be found in *Della Origine et de Fatti delle Famiglie Illustri d'Italia* '*di M. Francesco Sansovino, libro primo*, 4to Vin. 1582,' wherefrom Halliwell

gives a long extract in the original, which, however, adds nothing, I think, to our knowledge.

In the last century, attention was called by STEEVENS to the similarity between *The Tempest* and *Pericles* in the storm-scene; MEISSNER (*Untersuchungen über Sh.'s 'Sturm'*) goes further, and urges a resemblance in other respects between the two plays; in Cerimon, Helicanus, and Marina he finds the prototypes of Prospero, Gonzalo, and Miranda; in the last name he questions if there be not a reminiscence of Marina. He accepts Hunter's theory that the description of the tempest was suggested by Ariosto's *Orlando*, and adds two or three additional stanzas to those already quoted by Hunter. Furthermore, Meissner believes (p. 63), that Shakespeare derived his idea of Caliban from the description in Ammianus Marcellinus of the Huns, because the latter were of old supposed to be the progeny of the Devil and witches; the Latin author was translated in 1609 by Holland. In regard to this theory, it is pleasant to learn from his Preface that Meissner does not set upon it a high value.

The source of the Masque, Meissner asserts to have been the festivities at Stirling Castle when Prince Henry was baptised. To be sure, these festivities took place in 1594, and Shakespeare did not write his masque, so says Meissner, until eighteen years afterwards, but what are eighteen years to a man who tabulates for future use every incident of the day and every scrap of his knowledge? But Meissner's introductory paragraph (p. 81), with its intimate and assured knowledge of Shakespeare's inner life, should not be lost. It is as follows: 'The representation 'of happiness by the three figures—Ceres, Iris, and Juno—Shakespeare borrowed 'from a description of the Festival performance produced at Stirling Castle by 'order of King James on the occasion of the Baptism of Prince Henry, with 'extraordinary magnificence in 1594. This Baptism was an event of state of the 'first importance, and to it many European courts sent representatives. . . . . Without doubt these festivities excited great attention in London. Descriptions were 'printed, came into Shakespeare's hands, and were used by him afterwards for his '*Tempest*. It was, it is true, eighteen years later when the poet made use of them, 'and it could not have been solely his memory that recalled them to him. But we 'must consider the way in which our poet worked, how he laboriously [*mühselig*] 'gathered from his library the material which he needed. His idea was to represent 'dramatically, somehow or other, the sum and substance of earthly happiness. The 'method *he sought* and found in these Baptismal Festivities. Perhaps, too, there was 'an external occasion which awakened the memories of the English Court, of London, and of Shakespeare. To wit: Prince Henry, whose career had had this brilliant opening, and whose later life bade fair to fulfil, to the utmost, all the hopes of 'his baptism, died suddenly, universally lamented, in the bloom of his youth, on the '6th of November, 1612; that is, at the time when, perhaps, Shakespeare was still 'busy with *The Tempest*.'

Meissner sums up the sources of *The Tempest* in his Seventh Chapter, which, far too long to quote here, is remarkable for its virtual assumption that Shakespeare's plays are mere mosaics, painfully composed by gathering from every quarter under heaven all stray bits of glass or glittering tinsel; or, why not add? a few odd silver spoons, and then let the monstrous magpie stand confessed. But the concluding paragraph (p. 95) of this chapter is important, and it is here: 'The foregoing compilation and 'grouping of the sources of *The Tempest* give us an interesting glance into the work-

'shop of the poet. We see that whenever he needed any action, or anything in the 'nature of a narrative, he did not create out of his own imagination. Was he lack-'ing in the inventive faculty of a novelist, were his powers weakening from age, or 'was it from the calculation that it would be better for him to let the action influence 'the characters from without, instead of letting it develop freely and unrestrained out 'of the characters, as it probably would have developed had he himself, unaided, also 'invented it? Probably it was from all these reasons combined. In the mean while, 'however, we cannot avoid the inference, which indeed is confirmed by his other 'works, that, in very sooth, in the case of this first of all poets the inventive faculty 'of a novelist—whereof a smaller share falls to the German nation than to the 'Romance, a smaller share to men than to women—stands revealed as conspicuously 'inferior in proportion to the development in other directions of his imagination.'

It is perhaps worth while to mention, and merely to mention, two or three items on which Meissner (p. 13) lays stress. The first (see Cohn, p. xxv) is the Appointment by Christian, Duke of Saxony, of certain 'fiddlers and instrumentalists,' 'as his true 'and zealous servants to attend on him at banquets,' 'and entertain him with music 'and with their art in leaping,' &c. By a decree of 25th of October, 1586, provision was made for their conveyance to Berlin. Among the names of these jumpers and dancers appear Thomas Pope and George Bryan, both of whom are supposed to have been the same who were subsequently attached to Shakespeare's company of actors at the Blackfriars. The second is an *Album* (see Cohn, p. xxxv) of one Johannes Cellarius of Nürnberg (which town Meissner italicises), wherein appear the autographs of the English players, Thomas Sackeville, bearing date 1 February, 1604, and Johan Breidstrasz, with the date 24 March, 1606. This 'Breidstrasz' is supposed to be the translation of 'Breadstreet,' which, perhaps, it may be, although it is conceivable that it would have been quite as easy, and certainly more correct, for the owner to translate it 'Brodstrass.' In this same *Album* there is also the autograph of John Doland (as it is there spelled) subscribed to the musical notation of a 'fuga.' The first item, says Meissner (p. 14), 'points to the intimate connection between the 'Shakespearian stage and Germany, and the second, to an early intimate connection 'between London artists and Nürnberg, Ayrer's native town. Dowland could very 'easily have brought away with him *The fair Sidea*, and handed it over to Shake-'speare.' Lastly, Meissner cites an extract (Cohn, p. lxxxvii) from a MS chronicle of the city of Nurenberg to the effect that, '1613. On Sunday, the 27th of June, '. . . . the Elector of Brandenburg's servants and the English Comedians acted the 'beautiful comedies and tragedies of Philole and Mariane, Item, of Celide and 'Sedea,' &c. 'With great probability,' adds Meissner, 'we may assume this *Sedea*, 'acted at that time and precisely in Nürnberg, to be our *Fair Sidea*.' In Meissner's truly admirable book, *Die Englischen Comoedianten zur zeit Shakespeares in Oesterreich*, 1884, reference is made to this same extract, and in regard to *Sedea* Meissner says (p. 36) that it is, 'perhaps, Jacob Ayrer's *Fair Sidea* which' [and here he reveals how twelve years have imbedded the idea in his mind] 'Shakespeare used for his '*Tempest*.'

In all the foregoing speculations of Meissner (and it is not Meissner alone who yields to this influence, but all who deal with Shakespeare outside of his plays seem to be similarly affected) we see how the *insanabile cacoëthes* of taking assumptions for realities, of fancy for fact, leads to the building of stately domes on shifting sand. It is perhaps noteworthy that the foregoing appointment to his household by the Elector of Saxony of George Bryan and Thomas Pope could have lasted only a few

weeks. The date of the appointment is after the 25th of October, 1586, and yet FLEAY (*Hist. of the Stage*, p. 82) says that Bryan and Pope were, with the rest of Leicester's men, playing in London in January, 1587. In the lax orthography of those days not much importance can attach to the spelling of proper names, but it may be remarked that in the photolithograph given by Cohn of these actors' autographs, the names are written in German characters and signed 'Thomas Poppe' and 'George Bryand' (or 'Bryane,' it is impossible to decide which). 'Thomas King' is the only signature in English characters.

In an Introduction to Corneille's tragedy of *Heraklius*, Voltaire gives extracts and translations from Calderon's drama of *En esta vida todo es verdad y todo es mentira*, and, after a discussion of the question whether Corneille was indebted to Calderon or Calderon to Corneille, comes to the conclusion that what is common to both must be conceded to Calderon. This discussion attracted the attention of HERMAN GRIMM, who upon further investigation discovered (*Fünfzehn Essays*, 1875, p. 206) that the scenes which Dryden and Davenant contributed to their *Version* of *The Tempest* are to be found word for word in Calderon's Comedy. After a brief recapitulation of Calderon's drama, Grimm arrives at the following conclusions (p. 216): 'Calderon's 'play not only furnished Dryden with his additional scenes to *The Tempest*, but, 'apart from these scenes, stands in close kinship to the original itself of Shakespeare; 'but not, however, in such a way that the Spanish poet can be said to have made use 'of *The Tempest*. The resemblance lies not in the conduct of the plot or the sequence 'of scenes, but only in the coincidence of similar legendary fundamental ideas; in 'Calderon we find a magician and his daughter, although only subordinate charac-'ters. . . . . Of course Calderon was much later than Shakespeare.—But now, on the 'other hand, we find in Shakespeare Calderon's Astolf and the two young princes, but 'in another play. These three characters correspond to the old man and the two youths 'in *Cymbeline*. Did Calderon weld together his play out of Shakespeare's *Tempest* 'and *Cymbeline?* Was Shakespeare known in Spain at that day? Strangely enough, 'this very episode in Shakespeare, where Imogen encounters the dwellers in the 'cave, is but loosely inserted in the play, and is not to be found in the novel out 'of which all the rest of the play was elaborated. Shakespeare himself, therefore, 'must have derived this addition from elsewhere. But how incomparably beautiful 'is the way in which Shakespeare has represented the innocence of the youths who 'take Imogen for a boy! Only incidentally is their ignorance intimated, and the del-'icatest idyll evolved from it. This is *our* way of representing such things poetically. 'Calderon, the Spaniard, goes straight to the heart of the matter and relentlessly 'describes it, wherein Dryden follows him.—[From a comparison of the dramatic 'treatment in these two plays, by Shakespeare and by Calderon,] it seems to me 'likely [p. 218] that Calderon knew nothing of Shakespeare, and that both drew 'from the same source. It is, then, to the last degree remarkable that it was Dryden's 'hand which re-endowed, or rather completed to the full, Shakespeare's play with 'that which Shakespeare himself had omitted or had introduced into *Cymbeline*.—'But whence did Shakespeare and Calderon draw their material? They could 'hardly have had before them any old play. . . . . Both works must be traced back 'to some common novelistic foundation.—Let us seek further in this direction. The 'idea of celebrating the angelic innocence of youth is as old as Poesy itself. The 'insensibility of Adonis is its most beautiful expression in antiquity; the inexperience 'of Daphne in the idyll of Longus is an example of an even more refined pilfering

'of the theme. But of touching beauty, and a blossom of the purest meaning, is an 'Indian poem which tells how a king's daughter, Sanata, went forth to allure the 'youth Rischiasringa into her father's realm, in order to bring by his presence the 'long-desired rain, for lack of which the fields were burning up. The youth is living 'with his aged father in a grove; both are penitents. Sanata waits for the absence of 'the old man that she may approach Rischiasringa, who had never seen a woman 'and who supposes the lovely girl to be a young scholastic. Their first meeting, the 'vanishing of Sanata, the longing of Rischiasringa, the story he tells his father, 'Sanata's repeated visits, and how she lured him away, form the loveliest, fairest 'scenes, and belong to the best poetry I know. How cold and insufferable is Dry- 'den's work alongside of them! but Shakespeare's Imogen stands the comparison.— 'No trace is to be found of an earlier acquaintance with this poem in Europe; per- 'haps it was known to the story-tellers in India from whom Johannes Damascenus 'received the episodes of his *Baarlam and Josaphat*. In the fourth century this was 'composed in Syriac, thence translated into Greek, and its contents—that is, all the 'little stories of which it is made up—were known in Europe long before Shake- 'speare's time.

'(P. 221.) The composer of *Baarlam* owes his material not only to Indian, but also 'to Ethiopian stories. We may hence infer that the Folk-story which forms the basis 'of the Calderonian play was widely known in the Orient. Separate features from 'it we again find in other places. Perhaps it passed, in amplified shape, through the 'Moors to Spain, and so reached Calderon's ears. The magic of the old man, the 'sudden building of the palace, which as suddenly vanishes, remind us of similar 'deeds done by Genii in Arabian tales, as also of the subterranean life which always 'recurs there. But I am dealing only in conjectures. And as to how the story passed 'out of Spain into England and to Shakespeare, I can only suggest that the written 'statement of all things is more easily established; but only in our times, when one 'is sure that nearly everything gets into print, can there be a foundation of inquiry; 'but for those epochs when assuredly there was the very smallest amount of printing, 'and when oral tradition was the chief way in which stories were diffused, may it be 'permitted to appeal to this mode of communication by word of mouth, especially 'when no direct proofs can be adduced. We need not wonder then if the Folk- 'story, which I have suggested, should have travelled to England also. . . . . Thus 'we see a poetical idea, purely human, appear in an East Indian poem, we meet it 'in Grecian mythology, a Christian makes use of it in a poem designed to glorify his 'Faith; it comes to Italy, to Germany, and then takes on a national significance; it 'spreads, enlarged by pirating from other popular legendary elements, to Spain and 'to England; Shakespeare makes use of it in two plays, which have no connection 'the one with the other; one piece from the pen of Shakespeare Dryden changes, 'and another from Calderon he makes use of to the same end, while from the same 'drama Corneille takes the idea of a tragedy.—Every country impresses on an ele- 'mental subject its own peculiarities. In the primeval Indian story the chief emphasis 'is laid on the disobedience of the youth, who is torn from his consecrated solitude 'by the loveliness of a female form; in the Grecian myth it is laid on the seductive 'wiles of Aphrodite, which are wasted on the pure youthful soul of Adonis; in the 'Oriental legend, the chiefest stress is laid on the contrast between the gloomy sub- 'terranean life and the sudden revelation of the true existence; the Spanish poet 'adorns it with wonderful, heroic, family complications, which he surrounds with the 'brilliancy of romance and exclusively glorifies the idea of pure legitimacy; the

'Frenchman sets all this aside and gives us a picture of passions sharpened, among 'both men and women, by politics; but in England, out of the original story there is 'framed a wonderful, mysterious tale of the sea.'

In *Englische Studien* (II. band, i. heft, 1878, p. 141) J. CARO argues zealously in favour of a romance, or of an epic, or of a ballad which celebrated the adventures of Henry IV. on an expedition, in 1390, against the Lithuanians, as the remote source of *The Tempest*. He maintains that the romantic history of the Russian princes with whom Henry came then in contact must have been familiar themes in the mouths of minstrels at feast and at camp-fire, and the similarity between these histories, with their details of groundless jealousy, of exiled Princes, of royal marriages, of rescued heirs, and the plots of *The Winter's Tale* and of *The Tempest*, indicates the earliest germ of both of these Comedies. He maintains (p. 181) that the connection between Russia and England was, in Shakespeare's time, of the closest, and that when in the second half of the sixteenth century allusions were made to voyages of discovery, the thoughts of Englishmen turned not to the West, but to the East, especially to Russia. 'It is not going too far,' he says, 'to assume that in Shakespeare's time, in 'England, the interest in Russia and in the Russians was as deep and universal as it 'was in the eighteenth century in America and in the Americans. In very deed we 'must assume that Shakespeare stood aloof from the interests of his time and of his 'surroundings if we believe that he was not stirred by events which moved the crown, 'the court, and the commercial world, and which the advent of Russian merchants 'to London brought directly before his eyes.'—Caro's article is extremely interesting and full of romantic details, which, however, seem to me to bear only the general parallelisms, with the story of *The Tempest*, to be expected in the history of such fluctuating monarchies as those with which Caro's name is identified as the historian.

In the note on 'Setebos,' I, ii, 437, a quotation is given which shows that Shakespeare might have obtained the name of this god from Eden's *History of Travayle*, 1577, p. 252, Arber's *Reprint*.

MALONE is of opinion (*Var.* '21, p. 13) that for some traits of Caliban Shakespeare was indebted to a description in Holland's *Pliny*, bk vii, chap. ii, of the Choromandæ, 'a savage and wild people; distinct voice and speech they have none, but 'in stead thereof they keep an horrible gnashing and hideous noise; rough they are 'and hairy all over their bodies; eyes they have red like the houlets,' &c.

For the expulsion of Prospero from Milan by his brother and for the plots with Alonzo, MALONE (*Var.* '21, p. 6) suggested Greene's *Alphonsus* as a possible source of these incidents in *The Tempest;* and for the marriage of Claribel in Tunis he suggested the *Sixth Tragical Tale* of Turberville, which, as far as I can see, has nothing in common with *The Tempest* but the name 'Tunis.' These suggestions have deservedly received but little notice from subsequent critics.

For the former incident and for the magical banquet, H. C. (*Notes and Qu.* III, vi, 202) suggests a parallel in the *Râmâyana*.

In *N. and Qu.* (VII, iv, 404) R. W. BOODLE surmises that the expressions used by Ferdinand when he sees Miranda, I, ii, 489, were suggested by a scene in *The Rare Triumphs of Love and Fortune*, Dodsley, vi.

Many years ago HALLIWELL discovered, in a volume of tracts, some doggerel verses, which he reprinted in 1865, and which were again reprinted ten years later

by Quaritch. The sole claim on the attention of Shakespeare students which has been urged for these verses is that they describe the shipwreck of Sir George Somers and mention the 'Bermoothawes.' The tract bears substantially the following title: '*Nevves from* Virginia. *The Lost Flocke* Triumphant. *With the happy Arriual of that famous and worthy knight S^r* Thomas Gates: . . . . *With the maner of their distresse in the Iland of Deuils* (*otherwise called* Bermoothawes) *where they remained 42. weekes. . . . . By R. Rich*, Gent., *one of the Voyage.* London, 1610.' Three or four stanzas will prove, I think, quite sufficient. I omit the first two, which merely describe the setting out of the fleet; the third then tells us how—

'The seas did rage, the windes did blowe,
distressed were they then;
Their ship did leake, her tacklings breake,
in daunger were her men.
But heaven was pylotte in this storme,
and to an iland nere,
Bermoothawes call'd, conducted then,
which did abate their feare.

'But yet these worthies forced were,
opprest with weather againe,
To runne their ship betweene two rockes,
where she doth still remaine.
And then on shoare the iland came,
inhabited by hogges,
Some foule and tortoyses there were
they onely had one dogge.

'To kill these swyne, to yeild them foode
that little had to eate,
Their store was spent, and all things scant,
alas! they wanted meate.
A thousand hogges that dogge did kill,
their hunger to sustaine,
And with such foode did in that ile
two and forty weekes remaine,' &c.

It may be permitted to surmise that had Malone known of this tract, he would have detected in the prowess of this remarkable dog the hint which supplied Shakespeare with the dogs, which he afterwards set upon Stephano, Trinculo, and Caliban.

It may be, perhaps, as well to recall here a note of Henley, on I, ii, 221. Lack of space in the Commentary debarred me from giving in full the passage from Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*, which Henley suggested was an imitation of Ariel's offer of service to Prospero. Ariel says: 'I come

To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire; to ride
On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his quality.'

The alleged imitation is in the Satyr's offer to Clorin, the Faithful Shepherdess, V, v, *ad fin.*:

'tell me, sweetest,
What new service now is meetest
For the Satyr? Shall I stray
In the middle air, and stay
The sailing rack, or nimbly take
Hold by the moon, and gently make
Suit to the pale queen of night
For a beam to give thee light?
Shall I dive into the sea,
And bring thee coral, making way
Through the rising waves that fall
In snowy fleeces? Dearest, shall
I catch thee wanton fawns, or flies
Whose woven wings the summer dyes
Of many colors? Get thee fruit,
Or steal from heaven old Orpheus' lute?
All these I'll venture for, and more,
To do her service all these woods adore.'

On this passage, WEBER quotes HENLEY'S note from *The Tempest*, as given at I, ii, 221, and DYCE repeats Weber, but expresses no opinion of his own. I cannot think that Dyce believed that any imitation by Fletcher is to be here detected. The only *verbal* identity is in the offer, by both Ariel and the Satyr, to *dive;* but Ariel offers to 'dive into the fire,' and the Satyr 'into the sea.' Had the imitation been unquestionable, it would have played sad havoc with Malone's date of 1611 for *The Tempest.* There is but little doubt that *The Faithful Shepherdess* 'was brought out,' as GIFFORD says, 'in 1610, perhaps before.' DYCE adds that 'Sir William Skip-'with, one of the three friends to whom the author dedicates it, died on the 3rd of 'May, 1610.' If an imitation by Fletcher had been more pronounced, or had it been seriously believed to have even existed at all, this question of dates would have assumed importance, and have been discussed under the *Date of Composition.* But as it is, a belief in the alleged imitation has never been seriously entertained.

In conclusion, it may be as well to add a few facts mentioned by HUNTER (*Illust.* i, 168) which, although they by no means indicate any source from which Shakespeare drew his plot, are more germane, perhaps, to a discussion of this subject than to any other: 'There was a real Alonzo, King of Naples, having a son named Fer-'dinand, who in 1495 succeeded him in his kingdom. When he was dispossessed 'by Charles the Eighth of France, he retired to the island of Ischia. Ferdinand did 'not, as in the play, marry a princess of the house of Milan, but the two houses were 'at that time united by the marriage of Alonzo himself with Hippolita Sforza, a 'daughter of Francis, Duke of Milan. Then turning to the history of Milan, we 'have a banished Duke in Maximilian, who was dispossessed in 1514 by Francis the 'First of France. We have also an usurping Duke of Milan, corresponding to Anto-'nio, in a brother of Maximilian. To the banished Duke of Milan the original 'author of this romance seems to have transferred qualities which belonged to Alonzo, 'King of Naples, of whom it is said that he "renounced his estate unto his son (Fer-'"dinand), took his treasure with him, and sailed into Sicily; where, for the term '"of his short life, that dured scarce one year, he disposed himself to study, solitari-'"ness, and religion."—Thomas's *Hist. of Italye*, 1549. [See also Hallowell, *ante*,

'p. 343, and *post* "On Costume," p. 354.] But the Duke of Milan, called Francis, 'may seem to have had a taste for the studies in which Prospero was so great an 'adept, for I have a treatise on Witchcraft, printed at Milan in 1490, in which the 'reality of all that goes under the name of magic is affirmed, and the book is dedi-'cated to the duke by its author, Jerome Visconti. The name of Prospero does not 'occur in either family.'

DURATION OF ACTION

SHAKESPEARE has adhered in this play strictly to the Unity of Time. The duration of the action is just about the time required for the performance on the stage. The indications of the time are marked with emphasis and precision. But we have to accept Shakespeare's use of the nautical term 'glass,' and in this instance he has been detected in a technical error. He supposed the sailor's 'glass' to be an *hour* glass instead of a *half-hour* glass. See notes on I, ii, 280, and V, i, 266. Making this allowance, the action of the play lasts from three to four hours.

DANIEL (*New Sh. Soc. Trans.* Pt II. p. 117) gives the following 'Time-analy-'sis': 'In the first scene on the Island, which follows immediately on the shipwreck, 'Prospero asks Ariel (I, ii, 280), "What is the time o' th' day? *Ariel.* Past the mid-'"season. *Prospero.* At least two glasses: the time 'twixt six and now Must by us '"both be spent most preciously." The opening scene, the shipwreck, may, there-'fore, be supposed to commence shortly before 2 p. m., and it is now just past that 'hour.—A little later [line 390] Caliban, on being called out by Prospero, grumbles: '"I must eat my dinner." Caliban, for those times, was a late diner.—At the com-'mencement of the last scene of the play [V, i, 5] Prospero again asks Ariel: "how's '"the day?" and Ariel replies—"On the sixt hower, at which time, my Lord, You '"said our worke should cease." The time, therefore, for the whole action would be 'according to Prospero and Ariel, little more than four hours. The testimony of 'Alonso and the Boatswain is, however, somewhat at variance with this estimate of 'time. In this same last scene Alonso speaks of himself and his followers as they—'"who *three hours* since Were wrack'd upon this shore." And he subsequently says 'that his son's "eld'st acquaintance" with Miranda "cannot be *three hours.*"—The 'Boatswain, also, who shortly after enters, says,—"our ship—Which but *three glasses* '"*since*, we gave out split—Is tight and yare," &c. . . . . It cannot, however, be over-'looked in an enquiry into the time of this play, that though that time is strictly lim-'ited to a few hours of one afternoon, it nevertheless contains touches of a much more 'extended period; for instance, Ferdinand, addressing Miranda, III, i, 42, says—"'tis '"fresh morning with me When you are by at night." And yet they have never been 'in each other's company at *morning* or at *night.*' Daniel concludes with noticing that as a measure of time for *The Tempest* a 'glass' must be a *one-hour glass.*

MUSIC

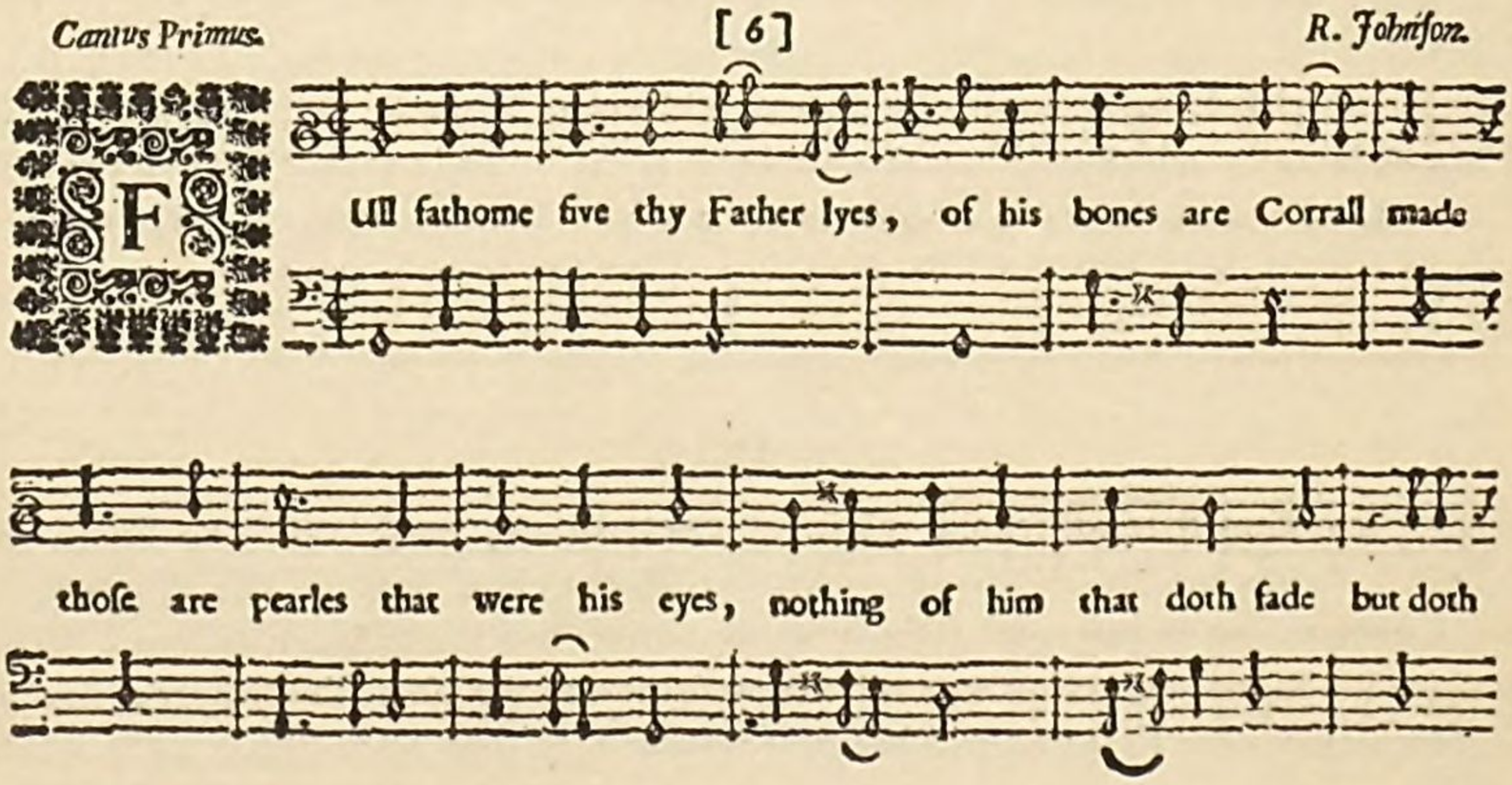
OF inspiring themes in the plays of Shakespeare, musicians have found the largest number in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, and next in *The Tempest*; in the former, fifteen passages have been set to music; and in the latter, thirteen. This statement I quote from FURNIVALL'S *Introduction* to the New Sh. Society's *List of All the Songs and Passages in Shakspere which have been set to Music*, 1884. The

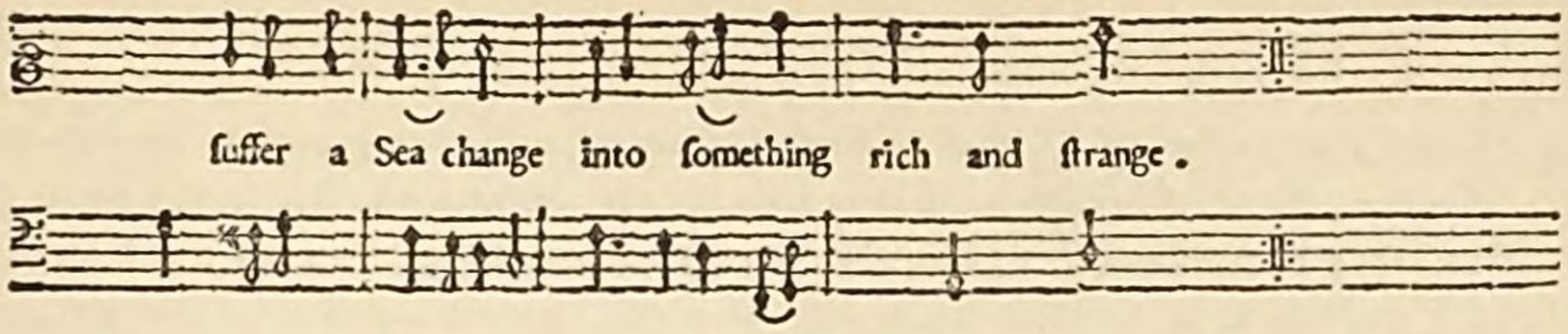
thirteen passages alluded to are properly restricted to Shakespeare's play; the list would be enlarged if Dryden's *Version* were included. I have six additional themes from that *Version*, published by Caulfield. The passages set to music, in the New Sh. Society's *List*, are as follows: 'Now I flam'd amazement,' I, ii, 231–239; 'Come unto these yellow sands,' I, ii, 441–450; 'Full fadom five thy Father lies,' I, ii, 460–468; 'While you here do snoaring lie,' II, i, 333–338; 'I shall no more to sea, to sea,' &c., II, ii, 46–57; 'No more dams I'll make for fish,' II, ii, 190–196; 'Flout 'em and cout 'em,' &c, III, ii, 129, 130; 'Before you can say come and goe,' IV, i, 50–54; 'Honour, riches, marriage, blessing,' IV, i, 118–129; 'You sun-burn'd Sickle-men of August weary,' IV, i, 151–155; 'The clowd-capt Towers,' &c, IV, i, 174–178; 'Now do's my Proiect gather to a head,' V, i, 3–12; and lastly 'Where the Bee sucks,' V, i, 101–107.

Of the foregoing, the music of only two has for us any special interest, viz. 'Full fadom five' and 'Where the bee sucks.' The interest, however, in these two is not merely special, but extraordinary. There is reason to suppose that the tunes have survived to which they were sung on the stage in Shakespeare's hearing.

In WILSON'S *Cheerfull Ayres or Ballads*, Oxford, 1660, these two songs are given with the name of the composer, R. JOHNSON, who was, according to GROVE'S *Dictionary of Music*, 'a lutenist and composer, and was in January, 1573–4, a retainer in 'the household of Sir Thomas Kytson. In April, 1575, being still in Sir Thomas's 'service, he assisted at the grand entertainment given by the Earl of Leicester to 'Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth. He subsequently came to London . . . . and became 'a composer for the theatres. In 1610 he composed the music for Middleton's *Witch*. '. . . . In 1611 he was in the service of Prince Henry at an annual salary of £40. In '1612 he composed the music for Shakespeare's *Tempest*.' With his subsequent compositions or his career we are not here concerned. His claims as the composer of these two songs are discussed by ROFFE (*Handbook of Shakespeare Music*, 1878, pp. 86, 87), and fully substantiated.

In the belief that the original music in Wilson's *Cheerfull Ayres* is of greater interest, with all its errors and its remarkable harmony, than any modern corrected version, I have had the pages reproduced by 'Levytyping.' The size of the original, an oblong quarto, with six staffs on a page, is about two inches longer and three inches broader than the present reproduction.





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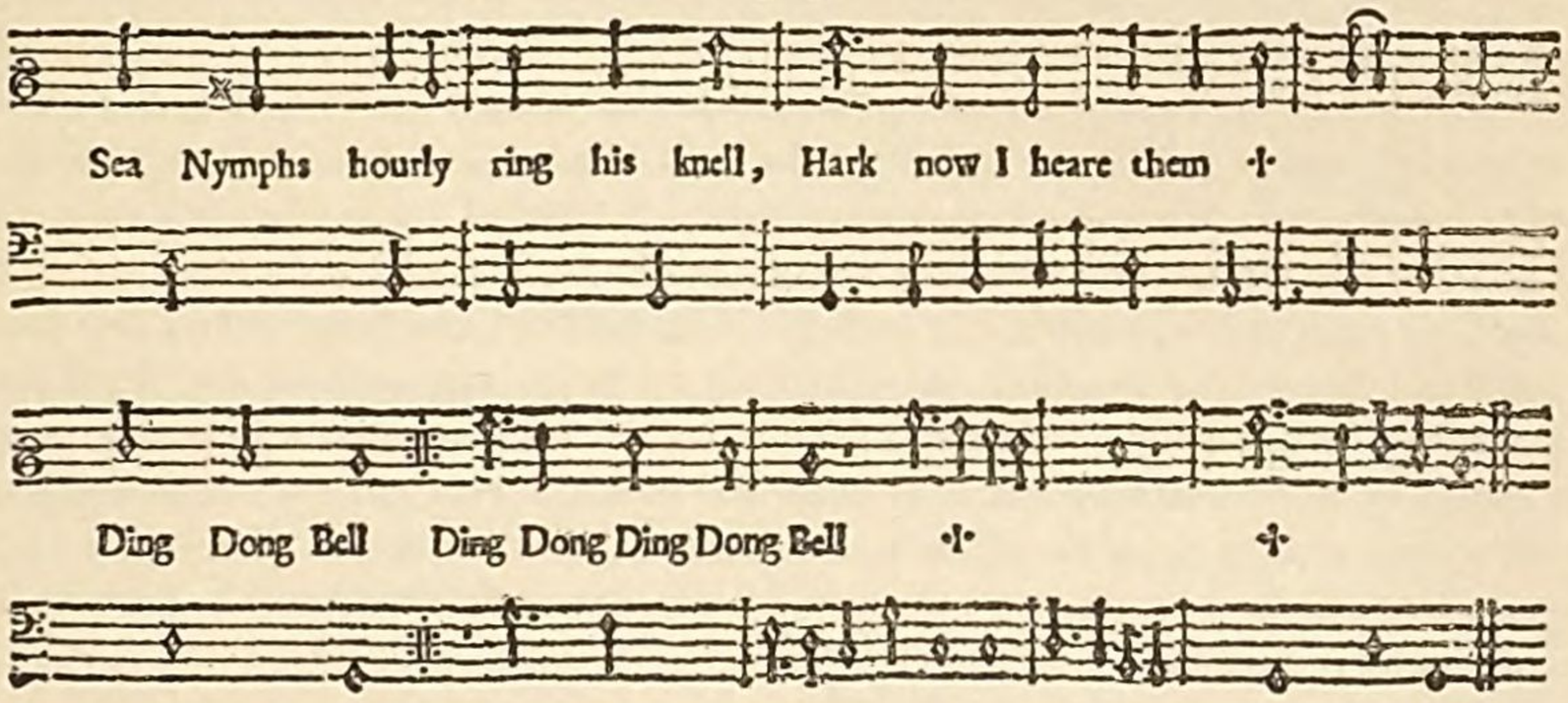
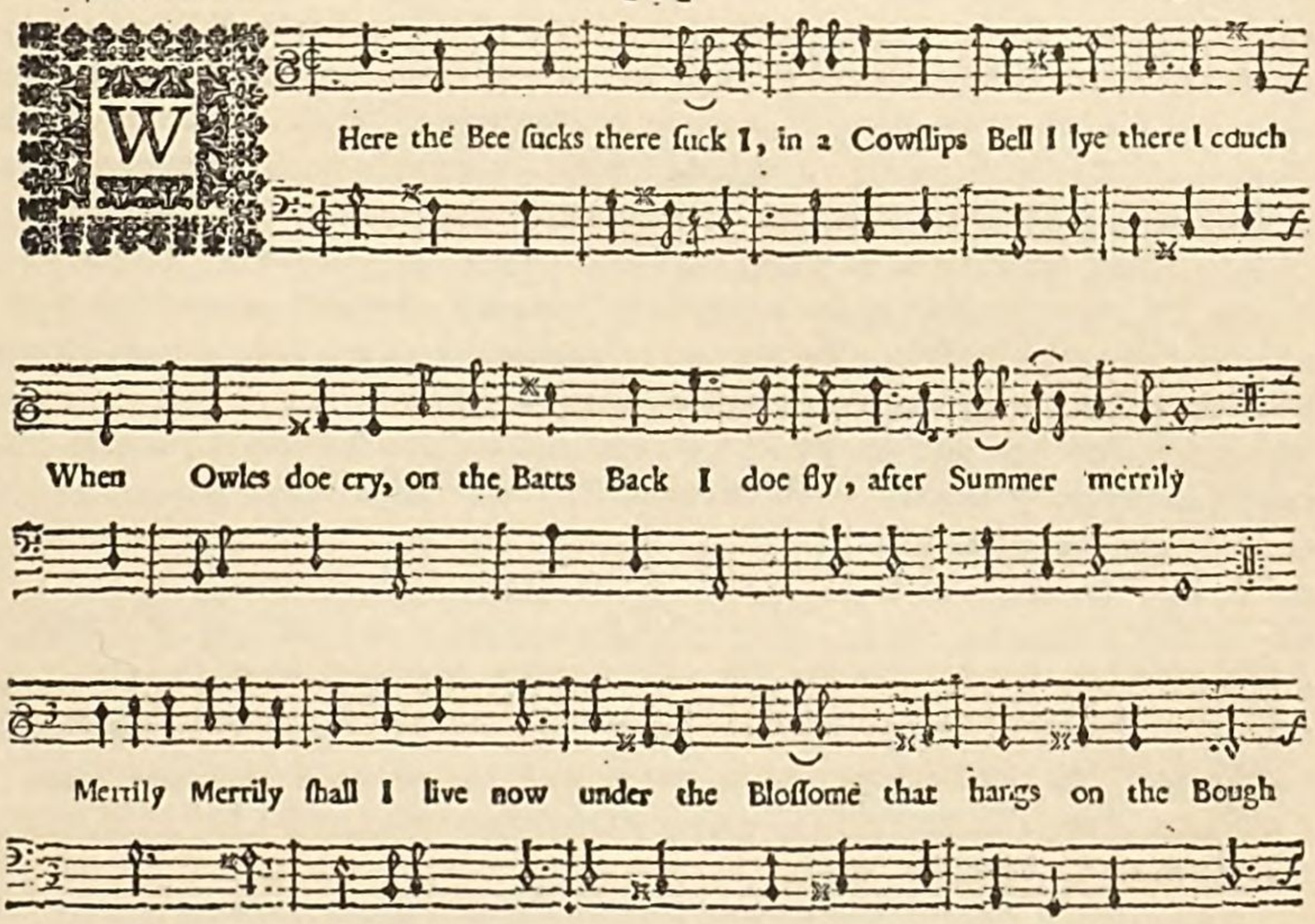


Cantus Primus. [8] *R. Johnſon.*



[9]

COSTUME

THE Costumes for the King of Naples and his followers are generally supposed to be, I believe, those of Shakespeare's own day. 'If the introduction of the Duke of 'Milan,' says E. W. GODWIN (*The Architect*, 10 April, 1875), 'makes the historical 'student uneasy, then there is no reason why the costume should not be put back 'seventy years or so. In the latter case we should have dresses,' similar to those in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, for which we should go to the paintings of Tintoretto and of Titian.

MALONE (*Var.* '21, vol. xv, p. 13) says that the dress worn by CALIBAN, 'which 'doubtless was originally prescribed by the poet himself and has been continued, I 'believe, since his time, is a large bear skin, or the skin of some other animal; and 'he is usually represented with long shaggy hair.'

'The extent of Caliban's ichthyological character,' says HALLIWELL (p. 334), 'will be determined from allusions in the play to be comparatively slight, perhaps 'restricted to the finny appearance of his arms. A misshapen man, with this pecu-'liarity, would indicate a monster as unnatural as could with propriety be introduced 'as a dramatic character taking an active share in the action of the play. Caliban is 'certainly neither a Dagon nor a monkey, the two extremes which have been assigned 'to him by the critics.'

See the notes on 'Caliban,' I, ii, 364.

The SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY in 1848 published, with notes by J. R. PLANCHÉ, some facsimiles of drawings made by INIGO JONES of the costumes which were used in Ben Jonson's Masques (among them are two of Shakespeare's characters; one is Jack Cade and the other Romeo, as a Pilgrim). Certain characters in the Masque of *The Fortunate Isles and their Union* are here depicted, and one of them is labelled 'Aery Spirit.'—COLLIER suggests that 'very possibly,' Ariel appeared as in this sketch, which is thus described by PLANCHÉ (p. 58): 'The Masque com-'mences thus: "His Majesty being set, Enter, running, Johphiel, an Airy Spirit, and "(according to the Magi) the intelligence of Jupiter's sphere, attired in light silks of "various colours, with wings of the same, a bright yellow hair, a chaplet of flowers, "blue silk stockings, and pumps and gloves, with a silver fan in his hand." The 'figure designed by Inigo Jones, if intended for this principal spirit, presents us with 'some variations from this description. He is attired in a tunic, most probably of "light silk," as the form of the body is pretty clearly defined through it; and over 'the right shoulder he wears a scarf of similar material, and probably of a different 'colour. His *wig*—for by "a hair" a whole head of false hair was signified—no 'doubt was of the "bright yellow" specified; but it is here unadorned by the chaplet 'of flowers. His stockings may have been blue; but he seems to have been depicted 'in buskins, instead of pumps; and gloves are not discernible on his hands, in neither 'of which do we behold a fan.'

In Henslowe's *Diary* (*Shakespeare Society's Reprint*, p. 277), among the 'proper-ties' of the Lord Admiral's men is 'a robe for to goo invisibell.'—See I, ii, 440.

HALLIWELL (p. 333): The period of the action of this play, although the story is of course entirely fanciful, may be referred, for the sake of those who may require to be informed of the appropriate Costume of the characters, to the latter part of the fifteenth century. There was at this period a real Alphonso or Alonzo, King of Naples, who had a son called Ferdinand. [See Hunter, *Illust.* i, 168, quoted *ante*.] The latter, although illegitimate, was named by the Pope as successor to his father's

crown (Thomas's *Hist. of Italye*, 1561, f. 133); and, after he had succeeded to the throne, was enabled to withstand the attack of an invader by the assistance afforded him by the Pope and the reigning duke of Milan. Previously to this, an attempt had been made by Charles the Eighth of France, at the instigation of a former duke of Milan, "to expulse Kyng Alfonso out of Naples, because he had before taken him for "his enemy, for sekying to mainteigne the astate of Giovanni, the sonne of Galeazo, "agaynst hym." The writer of the romance on which *The Tempest* was founded most likely followed a not unusual custom in adopting the names of some of his characters from real history. . . . . Other small coincidences may probably be traced by further research; but what is stated above, gleaned merely from the early compilation by Thomas, is sufficient to indicate the date to which the action is to be referred, when a fact of the kind is desired for determining the nature of the accessories required for the purposes of art or representation. The costume of Prospero, when he appears in his necromantic dress, should assimilate to that of the ancient magicians, one of whom is described in a very curious early MS in the possession of Lord Londesborough, as 'being aperelled in a blacke cote, and cape cloke, with a payer of 'blacke silke nether stockes, gartered with blacke garters crose above the knee, hav-'ing a velvet cap and a blacke fether.' The same authority says that there was to be a magical parchment affixed to the sleeve during the process of an enchantment; and Reginald Scot, in his *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584, gives the form of one of these necromantic symbols, which he says was to be attached to the magician's breast when he desired to invoke a spirit. . . . . As it may, however, be doubted whether Shakespeare intended Prospero should be regarded, even in his costume, as a type of the popular idea of a necromancer, it would probably be nearly sufficient to adopt a plain black gown distinguished by the magical cross, and leave the rest to the taste of the artist, limited by a regard to the period of the action. (P. 503.) In addition to what has been previously said, it may be observed that the character of Magus in the play of the *Marriages of the Arts*, is represented as being attired 'in a blacke sute with a 'triple crowne on his head, beset with crosses and other magical characters; in blacke 'shooes, with a white wand in his hand.'

DOUCE (i, 30): The character of Trinculo, who in the *Dramatis Personæ* is called a 'jester,' is not very well discriminated in the course of the play itself. As he is only associated with Caliban and the drunken butler, there was no opportunity of exhibiting him in the legitimate character of a professed fool; but at the conclusion of the play, it appears that he was in the service of the king of Naples, as well as Stephano. On this account he must be regarded as an allowed domestic buffoon, and should be habited on the stage in the usual manner. [Caliban calls him a 'pied ninny,' which of itself indicates his dress.]

CRITICISMS ON THE PLAY

DR JOHNSON (1773): It is observed of *The Tempest*, that its plan is regular; this the author of *The Revisal* [i. e. Heath] thinks, what I think too, an accidental effect of the story, not intended nor regarded by our author. But whatever might be Shakespeare's intention in forming or adopting the plot, he has made it instrumental to the production of many characters, diversified with boundless invention, and preserved with profound skill in nature, extensive knowledge of opinions, and accurate observation of life. In a single drama are here exhibited princes, courtiers, and sailors,

all speaking in their real characters. There is the agency of airy spirits, and of an earthly goblin. The operations of magic, the tumults of a storm, the adventures of a desert island, the native effusion of untaught affection, the punishment of guilt, and the final happiness of the pair for whom our passions and reason are equally interested.

WILLIAM HAZLITT (*Characters of Shakespear's Plays*, 1817, p. 116): *The Tempest* is one of the most original and perfect of Shakespear's productions, and he has shown in it all the variety of his powers. It is full of grace and grandeur. The human and imaginary characters, the dramatic and the grotesque, are blended together with the greatest art, and without any appearance of it. Though he has here given 'to airy nothing a local habitation and a name,' yet that part which is only the fantastic creation of his mind has the same palpable texture and coheres 'semblably' with the rest. As the preternatural part has the air of reality, and almost haunts the imagination with a sense of truth, the real characters and events partake of the wildness of a dream. The stately magician Prospero, driven from his dukedom, but around whom (so potent is his art) airy spirits throng numberless to do his bidding; his daughter Miranda ('worthy of that name') to whom all the power of his art points, and who seems the goddess of the isle; the princely Ferdinand, cast by fate upon the haven of his happiness in this idol of his love; the delicate Ariel; the savage Caliban, half brute, half demon; the drunken ship's crew—are all connected parts of the story, and can hardly be spared from the place they fill. Even the local scenery is of a piece and character with the subject. Prospero's enchanted island seems to have risen up out of the sea; the airy music, the tempest-tossed vessel, the turbulent waves, all have the effect of the landscape background of some fine picture. Shakespear's pencil is (to use an allusion of his own) 'like the dyer's hand, subdued to what it works in.' Everything in him, though it partakes of 'the liberty of wit,' is also subjected to 'the law' of the understanding. For instance, even the drunken sailors, who are made reeling ripe, share, in the disorder of their minds and bodies, in the tumult of the elements, and seem on shore to be as much at the mercy of chance as they were before at the mercy of the wind and waves. These fellows with their sea-wit are the least to our taste of any part of the play; but they are as like drunken sailors as they can be, and are an indirect foil to Caliban, whose figure acquires a classical dignity in the comparison.

CAMPBELL (1838): This drama is comparatively a grave counterpart to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. I say comparatively, for its gayety is only less abandoned and frolicsome. To be condemned to give the preference to either would give me a distress similar to that of being obliged to choose between the loss of two very dear friends.—*The Tempest*, however, has a sort of sacredness as the last work of the mighty workman. Shakespeare, as if conscious that it would be his last, and as if inspired to typify himself, has made its hero a natural, a dignified, and benevolent magician, who could conjure up spirits from the vasty deep, and command supernatural agency by the most seemingly natural and simple means.—And this final play of our poet has magic indeed; for what can be simpler in language than the courtship of Ferdinand and Miranda, and yet what can be more magical than the sympathy with which it subdues us? Here Shakespeare himself is Prospero, or rather the superior genius who commands both Prospero and Ariel. But the time was approaching when the potent sorcerer was to break his staff, and to bury it fathoms in the ocean—'deeper than did ever plummet sound.' That staff has never been, and never will be, recovered. [Attention has been called (I cannot now

remember where) to the trivial, very venial oversight of drowning the staff instead of the book.—Ed.]

W. W. Lloyd (*Critical Essay*, Singer's *Second Edition*, 1856, p. 94): While then the drama before us is apparently so remote in locality and detail from Virginia, it is most curious to observe how many of the topics brought up by colonies and colonization are indicated and characterised in the play.—The wonders of new lands, new races; the exaggerations of travellers, and their truths more strange than exaggeration; new natural phenomena, and superstitious suggestions of them; the perils of the sea and shipwrecks, the effect of such fatalities in awakening remorse for ill-deeds, not unremembered because easily committed; the quarrels and mutinies of colonists for grudges new and old, the contests for authority of the leaders, and the greedy misdirection of industry while even subsistence is precarious; the theories of government for plantations, the imaginary and actual characteristics of man in the state of nature, the complications with the indigenæ, the resort, penally or otherwise, to compelled labour, the reappearance on new soil of the vices of the older world, the contrast of moral and intellectual qualities between the civilized and the savage, and the gradual apprehension of the wondrous strangers by the savage, with all the requirements of activity, promptitude, and vigour demanded for the efficient and successful administration of a settlement,—all these topics, problems, and conjunctures came up in the plantation of Virginia by James I.; and familiarity with them and their collateral dependence would heighten the sensibility of the audience to every scene of a play which presented them in contrasted guise, but in a manner that only the more distinctly brought them home to their cardinal bearings in the philosophy of society—of man. [P. 102.] The incidental references to Claribel have the effect of adding another female character to the play; besides their use in furnishing an unforced motive for the voyage of Alonso, they serve to place him in contrast with Prospero in respect of paternal sensibility, while the word Gonzalo throws in at last, reconciles uneasy thoughts about his fate, by indicating that the African marriage had, by good fortune, been of happier event than Alonso had any right to count on, or had concerned himself about anticipating.—Gonzalo's Utopian theory of a happy island under theoretical government, presupposes an alteration in power and quality, not only of human nature but of nature at large; it prepares the edge and point of the next scene, where the inclemencies of the isle, the debasing labour rendered necessary, and the vile tendencies of imbruted passion in the occupants, tend to make the fantastic paradise a hell; and the outcry of the debauched slave, 'Freedom, hey day, freedom,' echoing the philosopher's aspiration for entire freedom from all restraint, is only ominous of disaster and misery.

François-Victor Hugo (*Œuvres Complètes de Shakespeare*, 1865, vol. ii. Introduction, p. 87): Only one man resisted this universal current [i. e. the belief in witchcraft promulgated by James].

That man was Shakespeare.

Shakespeare did not as did Reginald Scot.

He did not reject the traditions of the Bible nor the legends; he engrafted them.

He did not question the existence of the invisible world; he rehabilitated it.

He did not deny man's supernatural power; he consecrated it.

James the Sixth said: Accursed be spirits! Shakespeare says: Glory be to spirits!

This side taken by the poet was not the premeditation of a tactician; it was the result of a conviction. Shakespeare had a profound belief in the mysterious. He was not of those who affirm that the creation which begins with stones stops at man; he accepted fully the popular philosophy which makes an indefinite scale of beings ascend from matter to idea, from evil to good, from Satan to Jehovah, and midway in this scale places man, half body and half soul. Convinced that there is an intermediate world between man and God, Shakespeare was led, by logic itself, to a recognition of all the creatures wherewith the Pantheism of the Renaissance filled the world. No! Legends did not lie. No! Scripture did not lie. No! Mythology was not a myth. No! Plato did not lie. No! The ancient Druidical dogma did not lie. There is room in the Infinite for all the creatures of all the Theogonies. 'There are 'more things in this world, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy.' Above us, around us, and below us there are circling thousands of beings who see us, and whom we do not. These beings animate creation everywhere; gnomes and satyrs people the earth; nymphs, naïads, and undines people the waters; lares and hobgoblins people houses; sylphs and salamanders people the air and the fire; fairies people the ether; spirits people atoms! These beings form a superior humanity, seeing further than we and knowing more than we. And we, junior humanity, have not the right, forsooth, to address ourselves to this elder sister! We have not the right, forsooth, to evoke her, to consult her, to conjure her! We, sad lump of flesh that we are, must needs be forbidden in our perplexities to call upon these luminous auxiliaries! And not only is this appeal to be forbidden us, but it is to be accounted a crime! And, to punish these invocations to the purest of spiritual beings, fagots are to be prepared!

It is against these conclusions of the legislator that the poet protests.

The law condemns Faerie; Shakespeare celebrates it in *The Midsummer Night's Dream.* The law condemns the magician to the stake; Shakespeare glorifies him in *The Tempest.*

(Page 90.) *The Midsummer Night's Dream* depicts the action of the invisible world on man. *The Tempest* symbolizes the action of man on the invisible world.

In the former, the work of the poet's youth, man obeys the spirits. In the latter, the work of the poet's ripe age, it is the spirits who obey man.

Many commentators agree in the belief that *The Tempest* is the last creation of Shakespeare. I will readily believe it. There is in *The Tempest* the solemn tone of a testament. It might be said that, before his death, the poet, in this epopee of the ideal, had designed a codicil for the Future. In this enchanted isle, full of 'sounds and sweet airs that give delight,' we may expect to behold Utopia, the promised land of future generations, Paradise regained. Who in reality is Prospero, the king of this isle? Prospero is the shipwrecked sailor who reaches port, the exile who regains his native land, he who from the depths of despair becomes all-powerful, the worker who by his science has tamed matter, Caliban, and by his genius the spirit, Ariel. Prospero is man, the master of Nature and the despot of destiny; he is the man-Providence!

The Tempest is the supreme denoument, dreamed by Shakespeare, for the bloody drama of Genesis. It is the expiation of the primordial crime. The region whither it transports us is the enchanted land where the sentence of damnation is absolved by clemency, and where reconciliation is ensured by amnesty to the fratricide. And, at the close of the piece, when the poet, touched by emotion, throws Antonio into the arms of Prospero, he has made Cain pardoned by Abel.

ÉMILE MONTÉGUT (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1865, vol. lviii. p. 732): *The Tempest* is clearly the last of Shakespeare's dramas, and, under the form of an allegory, is the dramatic last will and testament of the great poet, his adieux to that faithful public whose applause, during the short space of five and twenty years, he had gained for five and twenty masterpieces, and more than eleven others which, full of imagination and charm, would have made for any lesser mortal the most enviable of crowns; in a word, this drama is a poetic synthesis, or, as Prospero would express it in the language of a magician, it is a *microcosm* of that dramatic world which his imagination had created.

[Montégut give an ingenious and original reason for the position of *The Tempest* in the Folio: Although the last of Shakespeare's plays, it is in that volume placed first, because, like the emblematic frontispieces of antique books, it prepares the reader for the substance of all that follows. No other play will do this, none other is such a synthesis of all. Just as three or four well-selected plants will represent to the experienced eye of a botanist the flora of a hemisphere, so the whole Shakespearian world is brought before the imagination by the characters of Prospero, of Ariel, of Caliban, and of Miranda. 'It is of all poetic generalisations which have ever been 'made, the most refined and the clearest.']

After all, it is quite possible that *The Tempest* was performed for the first time at some marriage; but what is inadmissible is that it was composed expressly for such an occasion; the length of the drama, which far exceeds the customary length of a masque, forbids such a supposition. On the contrary, there is every indication that we are dealing with a work dreamed out at leisure, slowly arranged, patiently executed, and not with a brilliant improvisation which had to be ready at short notice, at a fixed hour for a solemnity which admitted of no delay.—p. 739. [If, however, it be really the fact that it was written for a marriage, Montégut suggests as a possible explanation that the demand for a masque may have broken in on Shakespeare's retirement in Stratford, where he was busily occupied with writing out his farewell to his dear public in this play of *The Tempest*. The demand came from a source too powerful to be refused. Into this farewell piece, nearly finished, Shakespeare intercalated the masque in the Fourth Act, and the thing was done. 'The masque appears to have been introduced somewhat artificially; the general action would not be deranged by its excision.'—p. 740.]

Prospero apparently makes several allusions to his own age, and intimates that it is the proper age to retire from public life. When Prospero says to Ariel, 'The time 'Twixt six and now must by us both be spent most preciously,' it is a little difficult to decide what Shakespeare means by 'the sixth hour'; because he wrote this play between his forty-seventh and his forty-eighth year, and Prospero seems to use the word 'hours' as the decades of human life; but in all other respects his words correspond exactly to the age which he had then reached. Like Prospero, Shakespeare had passed the 'mid-season' or summer of life. . . . . [When Ariel sings that he will fly 'after summer merrily' we must understand] not the summer of the year, but the summer of life, implying that the befitting hour for genius to retire is at the end of this warm season when its wings can expand in broad day, and that after mature age, or past the 'mid-season,' inspiration departs never to return. This prepossession to retire before age has chilled his genius and while his inspiration is in full course, is perceptible throughout the drama. [For proof of this Montégut appeals to Prospero's farewell to the 'elves of brooks, and standing lakes and groves,' and to the Epilogue.]—p. 472.

The history of the Inchanted Island, as Prospero reveals it in his conversations, in the First Act, with Miranda, Ariel, and Caliban,—is it not word for word the history of the English theatre and of the transformation which Shakespeare wrought in it? . . . . A young man, driven from home by domestic reverses, pursued by poverty, and, perhaps, by the persecutions of Sir Thomas Lucy (may his name live for ever!) steps, on the boards of the English theatre. . . . . Ah, that primitive English theatre, what a savage, inhospitable place, where the witch Sycorax, another name for barbarism, hourly practised her abominable sorceries! . . . . She was scarcely just dead when Shakespeare arrived on this isle of a theatre which he found under the control of a gloomy and nondescript genius, a scion worthy of her, Caliban,—let us boldly call him Marlowe,—a devilish creature, with a criminal imagination, a soul of the damned, whom education debased instead of refining, and whose savagery seemed merely to increase under all the resources of civilisation. In the audacious lusts, in the misshapen thoughts of Caliban can be readily detected that spirit of sedition and impiety which glows in the theatre of Marlowe; . . . . but, misshapen as he is, this Caliban of the English theatre is a true son of nature, this 'abhorred slave' of vice is inspired, and he utters with incomparable power the poesy of slime and of crime. Accordingly, Shakespeare, who could recognise this, neither denied its worth nor disclaimed it. 'This thing of darkness,' he says by the mouth of Prospero, 'I acknowledge mine.' But, in taking possession of this theatre with its bloody and perverted inventions, he heard the mournful voice of an imprisoned spirit beseeching him to free it, the sweet voice of English genius, full of tenderness, of melancholy, and of passion, which for expression needed complete freedom. Shakespeare freed this beautiul spirit from the prison where barbarism had confined it, and by its aid humanised the savage theatre. Then the brambles burst into flower, the thickets were transformed into verdurous groves where fairies loved to throng, the horrible gloom of the primeval forests was scattered by the light of dazzling apparitions, the foul, mephitic vapours grew melodious, and were crossed and recrossed by songs to which even Caliban and his debased companions could not be insensible, and which will retain their power as long as there are souls here below open to music and poesy. Behold the Eden into which Shakespeare converted this savage land! Nevertheless, against this isle, thus transfigured by Prospero, there was many a calumny uttered; its fertility was denied, the enchantments of its sovereign called in doubt. Shakespeare, in this allegory of his life, does not overlook the criticisms of which he was the object. Recall the conversation with which the Second Act opens, and the bitter sneers at the Inchanted Isle spoken by Sebastian and Antonio, some George Chapman, or some John Marston, egged on by jealousy and hate, perhaps, also by the instigations of that dog of a Ben Jonson (*ce dogue de* Ben Jonson), great poet and antipathetic character, whose relations with Shakespeare were not always, to his shame be it spoken, free from hypocrisy. It is in vain that honest Gonzalo extols the charms of the isle; Antonio and Sebastian criticise everything in it, even the colour of the soil. . . . . Patience, malignant sceptics! The phantasmagoria of the vanishing viands and of Ariel as a harpy will soon conquer your incredulity and dazzle you into insanity, and force you, with repentance, to confess the power of Prospero-Shakespeare.—p. 746.

Mrs F. A. KEMBLE (*MS note in a copy of* Hanmer's *edition, long in her possession*): *The Tempest* is my favourite of Shakespeare's dramas. The remoteness of the scene from all known localities allows a range to the imagination such as no other of his plays affords,—not even *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, where, though the

Dramatis Personæ are half of them superhuman, the scene is laid in a wood 'near Athens'; and Theseus and Hippolyta, if fabulous folk, are among the mythological acquaintance of our earliest school days.—But the 'uninhabited island,' lost in unknown seas, gives far other scope to the wandering fancy. As the scene is removed from all places with which we hold acquaintance, so the story, simple in the extreme, has more reference to past events than to any action in the play itself, which involves but few incidents, and has little to do with common experience.—But chiefly I delight in this play, because of the image it presents to my mind of the glorious supremacy of the righteous human soul over all things by which it is surrounded. Prospero is to me the representative of wise and virtuous manhood in its true relation to the combined elements of existence,—the physical powers of the external world, and the varieties of character with which it comes into voluntary, accidental, or enforced contact.—Of the wonderful chain of being, of which Caliban is the densest and Ariel the most ethereal extreme, Prospero is the middle link. He—the wise and good man—is the ruling power, to whom the whole series is subject.—First, and lowest in the scale, comes the gross and uncouth but powerful savage, who represents both the more ponderous and unwieldy natural elements (as the earth and water), which the wise magician by his knowledge compels to his service; and the brutal and animal propensities of the nature of man which he, the type of its noblest development, holds in lordly subjugation.—Next follow the drunken, ribald, foolish retainers of the King of Naples, whose ignorance, knavery, and stupidity represent the coarser attributes of those great, unenlightened masses which, in all communities, threaten authority by their conjunction with brute force and savage ferocity; and only under the wholesome restraint of a wise discipline can be gradually admonished into the salutary subserviency necessary for their civilisation.—Ascending by degrees in the scale, the next group is that of the cunning, cruel, selfish, treacherous worldlings, —Princes and Potentates,—the peers, in outward circumstances of high birth and breeding, of the noble Prospero, whose villainous policy (not unaided by his own dereliction of his duties as a governor in the pursuit of his pleasure as a philosopher) triumphs over his fortune, and, through a devilish ability and craft, for a time gets the better of truth and virtue in his person.—From these, who represent the baser intellectual, as the former do the baser sensual, properties of humanity, we approach by a most harmonious, moral transition, though the agency of the skilfully interposed figure of the kindly gentleman, Gonzalo, those charming types of youth and love,—Ferdinand and Miranda.—The fervent, chivalrous devotion of the youth, and the yielding simplicity and sweetness of the girl, are lovely representations of those natural emotions of tender sentiment and passionate desire which, watched and guided and guarded by the affectionate solicitude and paternal prudence of Prospero, are pruned of their lavish luxuriance, and supported in their violent weakness by the wise will that teaches forbearance and self-control as the only price at which these exquisite flowers of existence may unfold their blossoms in prosperous beauty and bear their rightful harvest of happiness as well as pleasure.—Next in this wonderful gamut of being, governed by the sovereign soul of Prospero, come the shining figures of the Masque,—beautiful bright apparitions, fitly indicating the air, the fire, and all the more smiling aspects and subtler forces of nature. These minister with prompt obedience to the magical behests of science, and, when not toiling in appointed service for their great task-master, recreate and refresh his senses and his spirit with the ever-varying pageant of this beautiful Universe.—Last—highest of all—crowning with a fitful flame of lambent brightness this poetical pyramid of existence, flickers

and flashes the beautiful Demon, without whose exquisite companionship we never think of the royal magician with his grave countenance of command.—Ariel seems to me to represent the keenest perceiving intellect, separate from all moral consciousness and sense of responsibility. His power and knowledge are in some respects greater than those of his master,—he can do what Prospero cannot,—he lashes up the Tempest round the island,—he saves the king and his companions from the shipwreck,—he defeats the conspiracy of Sebastian and Anthonio, and discovers the clumsy plot of the beast Caliban,—he wields immediate influence over the elements, and comprehends alike without indignation or sympathy,—which are moral results,—the sin and suffering of humanity. Therefore,—because he is only a spirit of knowledge, he is subject to the spirit of love,—and the wild, subtle, keen, beautiful, powerful creature is compelled to serve with mutinous waywardness and unwilling subjection the human soul that pitied and rescued it from its harsher slavery to sin,—and which, though controlling it with a wise severity to the fulfilment of its duties, yearns after it with the tearful eyes of tender human love when its wild wings flash away into its newly recovered realm of lawless liberty.

LOWELL (*Among my Books*, 1870, p. 199): If I read *The Tempest* rightly, it is an example of how a great poet should write allegory,—not embodying metaphysical abstractions, but giving us ideals abstracted from life itself, suggesting an under-meaning everywhere, forcing it upon us nowhere, tantalizing the mind with hints that imply so much and tell so little, and yet keep the attention all eye and ear with eager, if fruitless, expectation. Here the leading characters are not merely typical, but symbolical,—that is, they do not illustrate a class of persons, they belong to universal Nature. . . . . There is scarce a play of Shakespeare's in which there is such variety of character, none in which character has so little to do in the carrying on and development of the story. But consider for a moment if ever the Imagination has been so embodied as in Prospero, the Fancy as in Ariel, the brute Understanding as in Caliban, who, the moment his poor wits are warmed with the glorious liquor of Stephano, plots rebellion against his natural lord, the higher Reason. Miranda is mere abstract Womanhood, as truly so before she sees Ferdinand as Eve before she was wakened to consciousness by the echo of her own nature coming back to her, the same, and yet not the same, from that of Adam. Ferdinand, again, is nothing more than Youth, compelled to drudge at something he despises, till the sacrifice of will and abnegation of self win him his ideal in Miranda. The subordinate personages are simply types; Sebastian and Antonio, of weak character and evil ambition; Gonzalo, of average sense and honesty; Adrian and Francisco, of the walking gentlemen who fill up a world. They are not characters in the same sense with Iago, Falstaff, Shallow, or Leontes; and it is curious how every one of them loses his way in this enchanted island of life, all the victims of one illusion after another, except Prospero, whose ministers are purely ideal. The whole play indeed is a succession of illusions, winding up with those solemn words of the great enchanter who had summoned to his service every shape of merriment or passion, every figure in the great tragi-comedy of life, and who was now bidding farewell to the scene of his triumphs. For in Prospero shall we not recognise the Artist himself,—

> 'That did not better for his life provide
> Than public means which public manners breeds,
> Whence comes it that his name receives a brand,'—

who has forfeited a shining place in the world's eye by devotion to his art, and who,

turned adrift on the ocean of life on the leaky carcass of a boat, has shipwrecked on that Fortunate Island (as men always do who find their true vocation), where he is absolute lord, making all the powers of Nature serve him, but with Ariel and Caliban as special ministers?

RUSKIN (*Munera Pulveris*, ed. New York, 1872, p. 126): Plato's slave, in the *Polity*, who, well dressed and washed, aspires to the hand of his master's daughter, corresponds curiously to Caliban's attacking Prospero's cell; and there is an undercurrent of meaning throughout, in the *The Tempest* as well as in *The Merchant of Venice*, referring in this case to government, as in that to commerce. Miranda ('the wonderful,' so addressed first by Ferdinand, 'Oh you wonder!') corresponds to Homer's Arte; Ariel and Caliban are respectively the spirits of faithful and imaginative labour, opposed to rebellious, hurtful, and slavish labour. Prospero ('for hope'), a true governor, is opposed to Sycorax, the mother of slavery, her name, 'Swine-raven,' indicating at once brutality and deathfulness. . . . . For all these dreams of Shakespeare, as those of true and strong men must be, are *φαντάσματα θεῖα, καὶ σκιαὶ τῶν ὄντων*—divine phantasms, and shadows of things that are. We hardly tell our children, willingly, a fable with no purport in it; yet we think God sends his best messengers only to sing fairy tales to us, fond and empty. *The Tempest* is just like a grotesque in a rich missal, 'clasped where paynims pray.' Ariel is the spirit of generous and free-hearted service, in early stages of human society oppressed by ignorance and wild tyranny; venting groans as fast as mill-wheels strike; in shipwreck of states, dreadful; so that 'all but mariners plunge in the brine and 'quit the vessel, then all afire with *me*,' yet having in itself the will and sweetness of truest peace, whence that is especially called 'Ariel's' song, 'Come unto these yellow 'sands, and there, *take hands*,' 'courtesied when you have, and kissed, the wild waves 'whist'; (mind, it is 'cortesia,' not 'curtsey'), and read *quiet* for 'whist,' if you want the full sense. Then you may indeed foot it featly, and sweet spirits bear the burden for you,—with watch in the night and call in early morning. The *vis viva* in elemental transformation follows—'Full fathom five thy father lies, of his bones are 'coral made.' Then, giving rest *after* labour, it 'fetches dew from the still-vext 'Bermoothes, and with a charm joined to their suffered labour, leaves men asleep.' Snatching away the feast of the cruel, it seems to them as a harpy; followed by the utterly vile, who cannot see in it any shape, but to whom it is the picture of nobody, it still gives shrill harmony to their false and mocking catch, 'Thought is free'; but leads them into briers and foul places, and at last hollas the hounds upon them. Minister of fate against the great criminal, it joins itself with the 'incensed seas and 'shores,'—the sword that layeth at it cannot hold, and may 'with bemocked-at stabs 'as soon kill the still-closing waters, as diminish one dowle that is in its plume.' As the guide and aid of true love, it is always called by Prospero 'fine' (the French 'fine,' not the English), or 'delicate'—another long note would be needed to explain all the meaning in this word. Lastly, its work done, and war, it resolves itself into the elements. The intense significance of the last song, 'Where the bee sucks,' I will examine in its due place.—The types of slavery in Caliban are more palpable, ... the heart of his slavery is in his worship: 'That's a brave god and bears celestial—'liquor.' But, in illustration of the sense in which the Latin *benignus* and *malignus* are to be coupled with Eleutheria and Douleia, note that Caliban's torment is always the physical reflection of his own nature—'cramps' and 'side stitches that shall pen 'thy breath up; thou shalt be pinched, as thick as honey-combs;' the whole nature

of slavery being one cramp and cretinous contraction. Fancy this of Ariel! You may fetter him, but you set no mark on him; you may put him to hard work and far journey, but you cannot give him a cramp.

DOWDEN (*Shakspere—His Mind and Art*, 1875, p. 425): If I were to allow my fancy to run out in play after such an attempted interpretation, I should describe Prospero as the man of genius, the great artist, lacking at first in practical gifts which lead to material success, and set adrift on the perilous sea of life, in which he finds his enchanted island, where he may achieve his works of wonder. He bears with him Art in its infancy—the marvellous child, Miranda. The grosser passions and appetites—Caliban—he subdues to his service, '*Mir.* 'Tis a villain, sir, I do not love 'to look on. *Pros.* But as 'tis We cannot miss him'; and he partially informs this servant-monster with intellect and imagination; for Caliban has dim affinities with the higher world of spirits. But these grosser passions and appetites attempt to violate the purity of art. Caliban would seize on Miranda, and people the island with Calibans; therefore his servitude must be strict. And who is Ferdinand? Is he not, with his gallantry and his beauty, the young Fletcher, in conjunction with whom Shakspere worked upon *The Two Noble Kinsmen* and *Henry VIII?* Fletcher is conceived as a follower of the Shaksperian style and method in dramatic art; he had 'eyed full many a lady with best regard,' for several virtues had liked several women, but never any with whole-hearted devotion, except Miranda. And to Ferdinand the old enchanter will entrust his daughter, 'a thrid of his own life.' But Shakspere had perceived the weak point in Fletcher's genius—its want of hardness of fibre, of patient endurance, and of a sense of the solemnity and sanctity of the service of art. And therefore he finely hints to his friend, that his winning of Miranda must not be too light and easy. It shall be Ferdinand's task to remove some thousands of logs and pile them, according to the strict injunction of Prospero. 'Don't despise drudgery and dryasdust work, young poets,' Shakspere would seem to say, who had himself so carefully laboured over his English and Roman histories; 'for Miranda's sake such drudgery may well seem light.' Therefore, also, Prospero surrounds the marriage of Ferdinand to his daughter with a religious awe. Ferdinand must honour her as sacred, and win her by hard toil. But the work of the higher imagination is not drudgery—it is swift and serviceable among all the elements, fire upon the topmast, the sea-nymph upon the sands, Ceres the goddess of earth, with harvest blessings, in the Masque. It is essentially Ariel, an airy spirit,—the imaginative genius of poetry, but recently delivered in England from long slavery to Sycorax. Prospero's departure from the island is the abandoning by Shakspere of the theatre, the scene of his marvellous works: 'Graves at my command Have 'waked their sleepers, oped, and let them forth By my so potent art.' Henceforth Prospero is but a man; no longer a great enchanter. He returns to the dukedom he had lost in Stratford-upon Avon, and will pay no tribute henceforth to any Alonzo or Lucy of them all.—Thus may one be permitted to play with the grave subject of *The Tempest*, and I ask no more credit for the interpretation here proposed than is given to any other equally innocent, if trifling, attempt to read the supposed allegory.

J. SURTEES PHILLPOTTS (*Rugby Edition*, 1876, p. xx): Another poet had depicted a magical tempest with a shipwrecked prince cast upon an enchanted island, and there relieved and tended by a king's daughter. The pictures are both beautiful, but they are not the same, and their difference is as marked a feature in their beauty as their

likeness.—If an uneducated person wished to understand the meaning of a poetical creation, or, in other words, to see in what the essential unity of a poem consisted, he could hardly do better than exchange the details in Homer's canvas (*Od.* vi, 244, 275, 310), piece by piece, for those in Shakespeare. He would then see what magic art there is in a poet's colouring, and how even the most trivial details are made to throw a reflected light on the main action of the piece; how, for instance, the attractiveness of the one island enhances the fidelity of Ulysses, while the barrenness of the other blackens the guilt of Antonio.—Caliban could not be transferred. He is a purely Celtic creation, the grotesque demonology which made such beings conceivable being wholly foreign to the sunny sportiveness of an Hellenic myth.—Ariel's song would not have been a fit vehicle for conveying sage advice to Ulysses in deadly peril, nor would stern-eyed Athene have ever won her liberty as a 'felix in amoribus 'index,' even the heavenly grace she sheds on her hero for the nonce being at once turned to the practical end of winning him a free passage to his home.—If we fancy Ulysses taking the place of Ferdinand in *The Tempest*, it is obvious that it must have been a tale without an end, or have had the same end which poor Calypso found so sad. Ferdinand is fresh to the world; he 'carries a brave form,' unlike the toil-worn Ulysses; he has all his life before him, with no memories of long years passed with Penelope, of never-ending travels by land and sea, 'of the towns and moods of many 'men'; he is, in short, Miranda's peer.—There is a real resemblance, on the other hand, between the characters of Nausicaa and Miranda. Each stands before us as an ideal of maidenhood, while the depths of tenderness in each are half revealed to us by their expressions of pity and sympathy. . . . . Yet for all its unrivalled simplicity, Miranda's character marks the growth in the conception of woman's relation to society since the epic times. Nausicaa is no free agent; she may have preferences, but she does not choose; with a Quaker-like simplicity we see her preparing for her wedding with the suitor of her father's choice. Shakespeare required for his Miranda an amount of self-assertion which to Nausicaa would have seemed indecorous.

FURNIVALL (*Leopold Sh. Introd.*, 1877, p. lxxxviii): No play brings out more clearly than *The Tempest* the Fourth-Period spirit [i. e. of Re-union, of Reconciliation, and Forgiveness], and Miranda evidently belongs to that time; she and her fellow, Perdita, being idealisations of the sweet country maidens whom Shakspere would see about him in his renewed family life at Stratford. . . . . Turn back to the First-Period *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and compare with its Stratford girls, stained with the tempers and vulgarities of their day, these Fourth-Period creations of pure beauty and refinement, all earth's loveliness filled with all angels' grace; and recognise what Shakspere's growth has been. . . . . The general consent of critics and readers identifies Shakspere, in the ripeness and calmness of his art and power, more with Prospero than with any other of his characters; just as the like consent identifies him, in his restless and unsettled state, in his style of less perfect art, with Hamlet.—When we compare Prospero's 'We are such stuff As dreams are made of, and our little life 'Is rounded with a sleep,' with all the questionings and fears about the future life which perplexed and terrified Hamlet and Claudio, we may see what progress Shakspere has himself made in soul. The links of this play with *Pericles* are the opening storm in each, Thaisa and Marina thought drowned or dead, and yet restored to Pericles; Ferdinand, and Prospero, and Miranda thought drowned, and yet restored to Alonso; revenge forgotten by Pericles in the fulness of his joy; revenge overcome in Prospero by his willingness to forgive. With earlier plays we can hardly help com-

paring the faithful, cheery Gonzalo, who provides Prospero and Miranda in their danger with clothes, and food, and books, with the faithful Kent, and Gloster who provides Lear with a room and a litter to drive towards Dover. Caliban is hinted at in *Troilus* (III, iii, 264), while Prospero's speech to Miranda, about the zenith and the star, is like Brutus's on the tide in the affairs of men. In his inattention to his government, Prospero is like the Duke in *Meas. for Meas.* With *Hamlet* we have the likenesses of Antonio getting rid of Prospero and seizing his crown to Claudius's murder of Hamlet's father and taking his crown; and Prospero's warning to Ferdinand that 'the strongest oaths are straw to the fire in the blood,' like Polonius's to Ophelia of the blazes when the blood burns, giving more light than heat. But Prospero, unlike Hamlet, has been taught by the discipline of his island life, and as soon as fortune gives him his first chance, he acts, and obtains his end. As a fairy-land play, the links of *The Tempest* with *Midsummer Night's Dream* are strong. But now it is no longer, as in Shakspere's youth, that men and women are toys for fairies' whims to play with; in his age the poet uses his magic to wield the fairy-world and the powers of nature for the highest possible end—the winning back to good, of human souls given over to evil. Contrast, too, for a moment, Oberon's care for the lovers in the *Dream*, with the beautiful, tender feeling of Prospero for Miranda and Ferdinand here. He stands above them almost as a god, yet sharing their feelings and blessing them. Note, too, how his tenderness for Miranda revives in his words, 'The fringed 'curtains of thine eyes advance,' the lovely fancy of his youth, her 'two blue win-'dows faintly she upheaveth' (*Ven. and Ad.* 482). He has seized in Miranda, as in Perdita, on a new type of sweet country-girl unspoilt by town devices, and glorified it into a being fit for an angels' world. And as he links earth to heaven with Miranda, so he links earth to hell with Caliban.

Richard Grant White (*Studies in Shakespeare*, 1886, p. 27): Nothing is clearer to me, the more I read and reflect upon his works, than that, after Shakespeare's first three or four years' experience as a poet and dramatist, he was entirely without even any art-purpose or aim whatever, and used his materials just as they came to his hand, taking no more pains with them than he thought necessary to work them into a play that would please his audience and suit his company; while at the same time, from the necessities of his nature and the impulse that was within him, he wrought out the characters of his personages with the knowledge of a creator of human souls, and in his poetry showed himself the supremest master of human utterance. *The Tempest* conforms to the unities of time and place merely because the story made it convenient for the writer to observe them; *The Winter's Tale* defies them because its story made the observance of them very troublesome, and indeed almost, if not quite, impossible. There has been a great deal of ingenious speculation about Shakespeare's system of dramatic art. It is all unfounded, vague, and worthless. Shakespeare had no system of dramatic art.

Dr Garnett (*Irving Shakespeare*, 1890, p. 188): *The Tempest* is not one of those plays whose interest consists in strong dramatic situations. The course of the action is revealed from the first. Prospero is too manifestly the controlling spirit to arouse much concern for his fortunes. Ferdinand and Miranda are soon put out of their pain, and Ariel lies beyond the limits of humanity. The action is simple and uniform, and all occurrences are seen converging slowly towards their destined point. No play, perhaps, more perfectly combines intellectual satisfaction with imaginative

pleasure. Above and behind the fascination of the plot and the poetry we behold Power and Right evenly paired and working together, and the justification of Providence producing that sentiment of repose and acquiescence which is the object and test of every true work of art.

PROSPERO

CHARLES COWDEN-CLARKE (*Sh. Characters*, 1863, p. 279): But with all our admiration of and sympathy with the illustrious magician, we perforce must acknowledge Prospero to be of a revengeful nature. He has not the true social wisdom; and he only learns Christian wisdom from his servant Ariel. By nature he is a selfish aristocrat. When he was Duke of Milan he gave himself up to his favourite indulgence of study and retired leisure, yet expected to preserve his state and authority. When master of the Magic Island he is stern and domineering, lording it over his sprite-subjects and ruling them with a wand of rigour. He comes there, and takes possession of the territory with all the coolness of a usurper; he assumes despotic sway, and stops only short of absolute unmitigated tyranny. His only point of tender human feeling is his daughter; and his only point of genial sympathy is with the dainty being Ariel. And yet withal, beneath Prospero's sedate expression, we find there lie real kindness and affection for the little embodied Zephyr; for when, with a sportive question and child-like, Ariel says, 'Do you love me, master? No;' the master replies, 'Dearly, 'my delicate Ariel.' And again, afterwards, 'I shall miss thee; but yet thou shalt 'have thy freedom,' showing that he has a heart to comprehend the eagerness of the airy sprite to be at liberty amidst the boundless elements of which he is the creature. The best of Prospero's social philosophy is, that it consists not in so obstinate an adherence to its tenets, but that it suffers itself to be won over to a kindlier and more tolerant course when convinced that he has hitherto held too strict a one. His purpose of revenge gives way to mercy when assured that his injurers repent.

J. A. HERAUD (*Shakspere—His Inner Life*, &c, 1865, p. 395): Ariel is swayed more by fear than gratitude, a fact which excites Prospero's anger. And here let it be remarked what necessities belong to dramatic characterisation. Although Shakspere would not exhibit Prospero with his clear spiritual will and power obscured and turmoiled by the sensual appetites and passions that made the lives of Antony and Cleopatra 'a storm whereon they rode'; yet, had he depicted his benevolent magician as basking perpetually in the sunshine of an open conscience and uninterruptedly serene, we should have had a being elevated so far above the condition of humanity that we could not have sympathized with him. He therefore presents him as chafed with certain obstacles in the magic sphere of his working, and as occasionally wroth with Ariel and Caliban for resistance expressed or implied. He is also liable to perturbation of mind from forgetfulness, as in the Fourth Act, when he suddenly remembers the conspiracy of Caliban. And thus, with all his moral excellence, Prospero is made to awaken our sympathy for a natural imperfection. Meanwhile, all has the wonderful coherence and mystery of a dream.

EDWARD R. RUSSELL (*Theological Review*, Oct. 1876, p. 482): *The Tempest* must be placed among the most fanciful products of Shakespeare's genius, and, though full of gravity and serious incidents, is generally thought to derive any interest it may

have for the reflective and emotional faculties from the fascinating traits of Miranda, Prospero, and Ferdinand. We must be permitted to suggest a deeper purpose. In the *Epilogue*, the poet says his project was to please, but be sure it was to please himself as well as his audience. Let any one to whom the idea has not previomsly occurred, re-open his Shakespeare with the special intention of appreciating what we may call the Manichæan element in this delightful poem. Postpone the pleasure of letting the mind glide gently down the current of the poet's dream. Cast a gaze of scrutiny into its depths. Fear not lest you should be too polemical. The supreme poetic charm of *The Tempest* will not be easily dissipated. But if for the time you manage to analyze this gossamer thing of beauty, what will you see? A man perfectly wise and gracious, scarcely distinguishable in purity and benevolence from what we believe of God, and endowed by magical studies—or rather (for our present purpose) by the dramatist's will—with superhuman power. Prospero, by this happy fiction of magic lore, is put, without profanity, almost in the place of Deity. In one passage [V, i], in which he puts forward his humanity, asking whether he shall not be as kindly moved as Ariel towards his prisoners in the lime-grove, seeing that Ariel is but air, while he is 'one of their kind, and relishes all as sharply, passion as they,' it is just possible that there may be an allusion to the sensibility to man's infirmities attributed in Holy Writ to the experiences on earth of the great High Priest. However this may be, we have in Prospero a being capable of calling forth spirits, of causing storms and shipwrecks, miraculous escapes and supernatural restorations, and indeed of doing everything very much as the Deity can, according to the received theory of special providences. To him, in the seemingly cruel exercise of his power, his daughter Miranda makes appeal in the celebrated passage, spoken in sight of the shipwreck, beginning: 'If by your art, my dearest father, you have Put the wild 'waters in this roar, allay them.' May we not consider the rest of the play an answer, as this passage is an echo, to the weary doubts of ages in the presence of calamities caused by Omnipotence, which seems malevolent in not having prevented them? To pursue the idea is here impossible; but it will give a new fruitfulness to the reading of *The Tempest* if Prospero be followed in this mood through his grave struggle with powers of evil,—if we note how obstinately the ill elements of sentient life continue malign and perverse in his despite; how cunningly and blindly within the circle of his sway light-minded conspirators tinker their petty schemes; how constantly, vigilantly, and painfully his power has to be exercised if exercised with effect; how, omnipotent though he be, it is only by moral discipline he can work moral ends; and how, contending with his master-mind, the very spirits with whom he has peopled his domain, and who are absolutely his slaves, are 'tricksy' and scarce controllable.—In the light of such a conception of the poet's inner fancy, what analogies are revealed! Even the drunken sailors and Caliban's worship of his sorry sailor-king have their counterparts in God's world. The 'abhorred slave, which any print of 'goodness will not take, being capable of all ill,' stands for much that is incorrigible in the worser specimens of the human race. The magical threat which imposes chaste love on Ferdinand symbolizes moral laws more absolute than necromancy. The 'stuff 'that dreams are made of' weaves itself into the veritable fabric of created life. 'Spirits which by' Prospero's 'art' have been 'from their confines called to enact his 'present fancies,' may typify whole literatures on which have been inscribed the passing yet eternal thoughts of Deity. 'The rarer action,' says Prospero, is 'In virtue 'than in vengeance; they being penitent The sole drift of any purpose doth extend 'Not a frown further.' And in such words we seem to hear the immortal secret of

Heaven's discipline, so far as men can rightly understand it. But most frequently of all do we perceive in gentlest lineaments the shadowy outlines of that inexplicable, never-ending battle between permitted or necessary evil and omnipotent good which puzzles humanity from age to age. When Prospero abjures his magic, dissolves his airy charm, breaks his staff, buries it certain fathoms in the earth, and, deeper than did ever plummet sound, drowns his book, a sigh of relief breaks from the bosom which his charms have enthralled. We rejoice to know that the hollow of the Divine hand is more capacious than the amplest capacity of a poet's Atlantean genius, and its rectifying touch even kindlier than this most gracious creation of Shakespeare's tenderest mood of wistful theological thought. That his thought was theological we cannot doubt, ethereal and sparkling as was its expression. It is unlikely that the scheme of *The Tempest* could have had any other origin than the contemplations to which we attribute it; and it is impossible that such analogies to the Divine government should have gone unnoticed under his eye as they passed in the act of creation from his pen.

Dr GARNETT (*Irving Shakespeare*, 1890, p. 185): Prospero's mercy is as complete [as that of Imogen or of Hermione], but it is of another kind. It is rather the contemptuous indifference not only of a prince, who feels himself able to despise his enemies, but of a sage no longer capable of being very deeply moved by external accidents and the mutations of earthly fortune. He does not in his heart very greatly care for his dukedom, or very deeply resent the villainy that has deprived him of it. The happiness of his daughter is the only thing which touches him very nearly, and one has the feeling that even the failure of his plans to secure this would not have embittered his life. Nay, so far does he go in detachment from the affairs of the world, that without any external enforcement he breaks his staff and drowns his book, and, but for the imperishable gains of study and meditation, takes his place among ordinary men. That this Quixotic height of magnanimity should not surprise, that it should seem quite in keeping with the character, proves how deeply this character has been drawn from Shakespeare's own nature. Prospero is not Shakespeare, but the play is in a certain measure autobiographical. . . . . It shows us more than anything else what the discipline of life had made of Shakespeare at fifty,—a fruit too fully matured to be suffered to hang much longer on the tree. Conscious superiority untinged by arrogance, genial scorn for the mean and base, mercifulness into which contempt enters very largely, serenity excluding passionate affection, while admitting tenderness, intellect overtopping morality, but in no way blighting or perverting it,—such are the mental features of him in whose development the man of the world had kept pace with the poet, and who now shone as the consummate example of both. . . . . Another great poet has portrayed for us an aged, potent, and benevolent enchanter. It is interesting to compare Prospero with the Faust of *The Second Part;* who, far more distinctly than Shakespeare's creation, impersonates the author and sums up his final view of life. It is plain that the Time Spirit has been at work, and that either of these poets would have written differently in the century of the other. Though Shakespeare was a more practical man than Goethe, and quite exempt from what, did reverence allow, we might describe as the latter's 'fads,' the Faust of *The Second Part* is a more practical and energetic person than Prospero, and much more strongly impressed with the paramount duty of labouring for the common weal in his day and generation. On the other hand, although Goethe was a more highly cultivated man than Shakespeare and much more advanced in years, his Faust does

not possess the calm superiority and pure, thrice-defecated refinement of Prospero. The ex-manager of the Globe, with his constant eye to the main chance, has produced a pattern for scholars; the statesman and courtier has given a model for the ordinary man. We must ascribe this in great measure to the different circumstances of the periods of the respective authors. . . . . Neither Faust nor Prospero is a perfect character. Each has a past to be repented of. Prospero, indeed, has not, like Faust, committed crime; but neither has he, like Faust, been exposed to the temptations of a supernatural intelligence. His errors have been the product of his own nature; he has, like the monarch [i. e. King James. See p. 303 *ante*] he shadows forth, been too bookish for a King: 'for the liberal arts Without a parallel; these 'being all my study The government I cast upon my brother, And to my state grew 'stranger, being transported And rapt in secret studies.'—Prospero's narrative, in which this is confessed, is a subtle piece of dramatic irony; he does not blame himself, or suspect that he may be lowering himself in his daughter's opinion, or see anything except the treachery from which he has suffered, but which he has himself invited. There is, besides, a slight tinge of irony in Shakespeare's conception of his wisdom; it is admirable and adequate to the end it would attain, but a little too fussy and self-conscious to rank as the very highest manifestation of intellect. It is what one continually sees in men of great parts and long experience, intimately persuaded that no one can do anything so well as themselves, and perhaps not without ground for that conviction, but a trifle too obtrusive in the assertion of it. The remaining deductions from Prospero's perfection are also conspicuous in Faust. Shakespeare and Goethe, delineating aged men, have given them a tinge of petulance and peevishness. In Faust this becomes unreasoning injustice, and makes him, contrary to his intention, re-enact the tragedy of Naboth's vineyard. In Prospero it is a mere foible, visible in his somewhat pedantic manner to his daughter, his susceptibility when she does not give him sufficient attention, though knowing that he has himself caused her drowsiness, and his tartness toward Ariel. One can imagine how a tamed and civilised Caliban might contrive to stir up the populace against him, though this is not M. Renan's idea.

MIRANDA

COLERIDGE (*Lit. Rem.* ii, 154): With love, pure love, there is always an anxiety for the safety of the object, a disinterestedness by which it is distinguished from the counterfeits of its name. Compare *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II, Scene ii, with *The Tempest*, III, i. I do not know a more wonderful instance of Shakespeare's mastery, in playing a distinctly rememberable variation on the same remembered air, than in the transporting love confessions of Romeo and Juliet and Ferdinand and Miranda. There seems more passion in the one, and more dignity in the other; yet you feel that the sweet, girlish lingering and busy movement of Juliet, and the calmer and more maidenly fondness of Miranda, might easily pass into each other.

Mrs JAMESON (*Characteristics of Women*, ed. ii, 1833, i, 280): We might have deemed it impossible to go beyond Viola, Perdita, and Ophelia as pictures of feminine beauty; to exceed the one in tender delicacy, the other in ideal grace, and the last in simplicity, if Shakespeare had not done this; and he alone could have done it. Had he never created a Miranda, we should never have been made to feel how completely the purely natural and the purely ideal can blend into each other.

The character of Miranda resolves itself into the very elements of womanhood. She is beautiful, modest, and tender, and she is these only; they comprise her whole being, external and internal. She is so perfectly unsophisticated, so delicately refined, that she is all but ethereal. Let us imagine any other woman placed beside Miranda—even one of Shakespeare's own loveliest and sweetest creations—there is not one of them that could sustain the comparison for a moment; not one that would not appear somewhat coarse or artificial when brought into immediate contact with this pure child of nature, this 'Eve of an enchanted Paradise.'

What, then, has Shakespeare done?—'O wondrous skill and sweet wit of the 'man!'—he has removed Miranda far from all comparison with her own sex; he has placed her between the demi-demon of earth and the delicate spirit of air. The next step is into the ideal and supernatural; and the only being who approaches Miranda, with whom she can be contrasted, is Ariel. Beside the subtle essence of this ethereal sprite, this creature of elemental light and air, that 'ran upon the winds, rode the 'curl'd clouds, and in the colours of the rainbow lived,' Miranda herself appears a palpable reality, a woman, 'breathing thoughtful breath,' a woman, walking the earth in her mortal loveliness, with a heart as frail-strung, as passion-touched, as ever fluttered in a female bosom.

I have said that Miranda possesses merely the elementary attributes of womanhood, but each of these stands in her with a distinct and peculiar grace. She resembles nothing upon earth; but do we therefore compare her, in our own minds, with any of those fabled beings with which the fancy of ancient poets peopled the forest depths, the fountain, or the ocean?—oread or dryad fleet, sea-maid, or naiad of the stream? We cannot think of them together. Miranda is a consistent, natural, human being. Our impression of her nymph-like beauty, her peerless grace, and purity of soul has a distinct and individual character. Not only is she exquisitely lovely, being what she is, but we are made to feel that she *could* not possibly be otherwise than as she is portrayed. She has never beheld one of her own sex; she has never caught from society one imitated or artificial grace. The impulses which have come to her, in her enchanted solitude, are of heaven and nature, not of the world and its vanities. She has sprung up into beauty beneath the eye of her father, the princely magician; her companions have been the rocks and woods, the many-shaped, many-tinted clouds, and the silent stars; her playmates the ocean billows, that stooped their foamy crests, and ran rippling to kiss her feet. Ariel and his attendant sprites hovered over her head, ministered duteous to her every wish, and presented before her pageants of beauty and grandeur. The very air, made vocal by her father's art, floated in music around her. If we can presuppose such a situation with all its circumstances, do we not behold in the character of Miranda not only the credible, but the natural, the necessary results of such a situation? She retains her woman's heart, for that is unalterable and inalienable, as a part of her being; but her deportment, her looks, her language, her thoughts,—all these, from the supernatural and poetical circumstances around her, assume a cast of the pure ideal; and to us, who are in the secret of her human and pitying nature, nothing can be more charming and consistent than the effect which she produces upon others, who, never having beheld anything resembling her, approach her as 'a wonder,' as something celestial: 'Most sure, the goddess 'on whom these airs attend!' And again: 'What is this maid? Is she the goddess 'who hath severed us, And brought us thus together?'

Contrasted with the impression of her refined and dignified beauty, and its effect on all beholders, is Miranda's own soft simplicity, her virgin innocence, her total

ignorance of the conventional forms and language of society. It is most natural that in a being thus constituted, the first tears should spring from compassion, 'suffering 'with those that she saw suffer'; and that her first sigh should be offered to a love at once fearless and submissive, delicate and fond. She has no taught scruples of honour like Juliet; no coy concealments like Viola; no assumed dignity standing in its own defence. Her bashfulness is less a quality than an instinct; it is like the self-folding of a flower, spontaneous and unconscious. I suppose there is nothing of the kind in poetry equal to the scene between Ferdinand and Miranda. In Ferdinand, who is a noble creature, we have all the chivalrous magnanimity with which man, in a high state of civilization, disguises his real superiority, and does humble homage to the being of whose destiny he disposes; while Miranda, the mere child of nature, is struck with wonder at her own new emotions. Only conscious of her own weakness as a woman, and ignorant of those usages of society which teach us to dissemble the real passion, and assume (and sometimes abuse) an unreal and transient power, she is equally ready to place her life, her love, her service beneath his feet.

[P. 291.] As Miranda, being what she is, could only have had a Ferdinand for a lover, and an Ariel for her attendant, so she could have had with propriety no other father than the majestic and gifted being who fondly claims her as 'a thread of his 'own life—nay, that for which he lives.' Prospero, with his magical powers, his superhuman wisdom, his moral worth and grandeur, and his kingly dignity, is one of the most sublime visions that ever swept with ample robes, pale brow, and sceptred hand before the eye of fancy. He controls the invisible world, and works through the agency of spirits; not by any evil and forbidden compact, but solely by superior might of intellect—by potent spells gathered from the lore of ages, and abjured when he mingles again as a man with his fellow-men. He is as distinct a being from the necromancers and astrologers celebrated in Shakespeare's age as can well be imagined; and all the wizards of poetry and fiction, even Faust and St. Leon, sink into commonplaces before the princely, the philosophic, the benevolent Prospero.—The characters [Juliet, Helena, Perdita, Viola, Ophelia, Miranda] which I have here classed together as principally distinguished by the predominance of passion and fancy, appear to me to rise in the scale of ideality and simplicity from Juliet to Miranda; the last being in comparison so refined, so elevated above all stain of earth, that we can only acknowledge her in connection with it through the emotions of sympathy she feels and inspires.

HEINE (*Shakespeare's Mädchen und Frauen*, 1839, Philadelphia ed. p. 345): Ay, truth is forever the badge of Shakespearian love, in whatsoever shape it appear, be it called Miranda, or Juliet, or even Cleopatra.—Albeit I have mentioned these names more by accident than by design, yet it occurs to me that they, too, represent the three most significant types of love. Miranda is representative of a love which, without historic influence, can develop its highest ideality, like a flower in a virgin soil which only fairy feet may tread. The songs of Ariel have moulded her heart, and sensuality never appeared to her but in the revolting, hateful shape of a Caliban. The love, therefore, which Ferdinand inspires, is not merely naïve but of a holy sincerity, of a primeval purity verging on the awesome. Juliet's love, like her times and surroundings, bears a more romantic, mediæval character, hinting of the renaissance; its glow is dazzling like the palace of the Scalieri, and strong withal like the noble clans of Lombardy, who, rejuvenated by Germanic blood, loved as vehemently as they hated. Juliet represents the love of a youthful period, rude, indeed, but of uncontaminated

health. She is permeated with the sensual glow and the strong faith of such a time, and even the chill of the charnel-house can neither shake her trust nor cool her ardour. But ah, this Cleopatra of ours,—she represents a civilisation already out of joint; a time when beauty has withered, when the locks, albeit curled by every art, anointed with every perfume, are shot with many a grey hair; a time when the cup, the lower it gets, the more eagerly it is drained. This love is without faith or fidelity, but none the less wild and glowing. In angry consciousness that this glow is inextinguishable, the impatient woman adds more oil and plunges like a bacchante into the blazing flames. Cowardly is she, and yet hurried on by her own destructiveness. Love is always a kind of frensy, more or less beautiful; but with this Egyptian queen, it mounts to the most shuddering madness. . . . . This love is a mad comet which, storming across the heavens in the most unprecedented orbit with its flaming train, terrifies the stars in its path, where it does not harm them, and at last miserably collapsing disappears, like a rocket, in a thousand sparks. Ay, fair Cleopatra, like a fearsome comet wert thou, and not alone for thine own destruction didst thou glow, but for all thy fellows didst thou bode harm. . . . . In Anthony's downfall, old heroic Rome came to a lamentable end.—But to what shall I compare you, Juliet and Miranda? Again I look up to the heavens and there seek your image. Perchance it lies behind the stars, where my gaze cannot penetrate. Perhaps if the glowing sun should have the mildness of the moon, I could compare it, Juliet, to thee! If the gentle moon should e'en have the ardour of the sun, I would compare it, Miranda, to thee!

Henry Giles (*Human Life in Shakespeare*, 1868, p. 135): Idealism is an evident characteristic of all the women in Shakespeare that poetically interest our feelings and imagination. But in some it is so luminous as to form a nimbus in which they always appear to our memory and fancy. Miranda is the first of this order. She has dwelt alone, from her infancy, with her father on a desert island compassed by ocean and the heavens; and thus she has lived, fearless and delighted, in the midst of mystery and beauty. Quiet in the soul-sleep of innocence, trustful in her father's care and power, she has dread of nothing. The spirits of air are her ministers, the brutes of earth are meek to her, and even Caliban bends to her service. But clouds gather in the sky; winds rush upon the sea; with the storm comes her prince, and with the prince comes love. The visionary world is broken into by the actual; realities intrude on fancies; and out of dreams she merges into passion. Now this,—a fable in outward fact,—is a truth in the inward life. The actual, natural, genuine maiden *does* dwell much alone. Her life is an island full of enchantments, girded by immensity. In her intercourse with nature she sees, and hears, and feels the wonderful and the lovely; filial affections are in her heart; the graces and charities of maidenhood are in her manners. When this calm of unconsciousness must end,—when the trouble darkens, out of which impassioned hopes are born,—when the prince of her affections comes to her in the storm, she arises in the royalty of womanhood to meet him. If no prince should come, or if he who does come should not be a prince or princely, *she* will yet be queenly in her own womanly right, and by her own womanly nature.

Mrs F. A. Kemble (*Notes*, &c, 1882, p. 155): I would suggest to the reader's consideration the curious felicity of the scene, where Ferdinand and Miranda acknowledge their affection to each other. I mean in the harmonious contrast between a young

prince, bred in a Court, himself the centre of a sphere of the most artificial civilisation, and a girl, not only without any knowledge of the world and society, but even without previous knowledge of the existence of any created man but her father and Caliban.—Brought up in all but utter solitude, under no influence but that of her wise and loving father on earth and her wise and loving Father in Heaven, Miranda exhibits no more coyness in her acceptance of Ferdinand's overtures than properly belongs to the instinctive modesty of her sex, unenhanced by any of the petty, pretty arts of coquetry and assumed shyness, which are the express result of artificial female training. The simple emotion of bashfulness, indeed, which (in spite of her half-astonished, half-delighted exclamation—'Do you love me?' that elicits her lover's passionate declaration) causes her to 'weep at what she's glad of,' is so little comprehensible to herself, that she shakes it off with something like self-reproach as an involuntary disingenuousness: 'Hence, bashful *cunning;*' and then with that most pathetic and exquisite invocation to 'plain and holy innocence,' offers her life to her lover with the perfect devotion and humility of the true womanly nature. In the purity and simplicity of this 'tender of affection,' Ferdinand made acquaintance with a species of modesty to which assuredly none of those ladies of the Court of Naples, 'whom he 'had eyed with best regard,' had ever introduced him; and indeed to them Miranda's proceeding might very probably have appeared highly unladylike, as I have heard it pronounced more than once by — ladies. The young prince, however, was probably himself surprised for a little while into a sphere of earnest sincerity as different from the artificial gallantry with which he had encountered the former objects of his affection as the severe manual labour he was undergoing for the sake of Miranda was different from the inflated offers of service, and professions of slavery, which were the jargon of civilised courtesy; that species of language which Olivia reproves when she says, ''twas never merry world Since lowly feigning was called 'compliment.'—The transparent simplicity and sweet solemnity of the girl's confession of love could not but awaken an almost religious sense of honour and tenderness in the young man's soul, and though his Neapolitan Court vocabulary speaks a little in the 'admired Miranda, Indeed the top of admiration,' the 'I 'Beyond all limit of what else i' the world Do love, prize, honour you,' is love's true utterance, as free from sophistication as the girl's own guileless challenge.—It is not a little edifying to reflect how different Prospero's treatment of these young people's case would have been if, instead of only the most extraordinary of conjurers, he had been the most commonplace of scheming matrons of the present day. He, poor man, alarmed at the sudden conquest Ferdinand makes of his child, and perceiving that he must 'this swift business uneasy make, lest too light winning make 'the prize light,' can bethink himself of no better expedient than reducing the poor young prince into a sort of supplementary Caliban, a hewer of wood and drawer of water: now, a modern chaperon would merely have had to intimate to a well-trained modern young lady, that it would be as well not to give the young gentleman too much encouragement till his pretensions to the throne of Naples could really be made out (his straying about without any Duke of Newcastle, and very wet, was a good deal like a mere adventurer, you know); and I am pretty certain that the judicious mamma or female guardian of Miss Penelope Smith, the fair British Islander who became Princess of Capua, pursued no other system of provocation by repression. An expert matrimonial schemer of the present day, I say, would have devised by these means a species of trial by torture for poor Ferdinand, to which his 'sweating 'labour' as Prospero's patient log man would have been luxurious idleness.—But

Prospero was after all a mere man, and knew no better than to bring up Miranda to speak the truth, and the fair child had been so holily trained by him, that her surrender of herself to the man she loves is so little feminine after the approved feminine fashion that it is simply angelic.—That Shakespeare, who indeed knew all things, knew very well the difference between such a creature as Miranda and a well-brought-up young lady, is plain enough, when he makes poor Juliet, after her passionate confession of love made to the stars and overheard by Romeo, apologise to him with quite pathetic mortification for not having been more 'strange.' She regrets extremely her unqualified expressions of affection,—assures Romeo that nothing would have induced her to have spoken the truth if she had only known he had heard her, and even offers, if it can be the least satisfaction to him, and redeem what she may have lost in his esteem by her frankness, to 'frown and be perverse and say him 'nay,'—and, in short, has evidently shocked her own conventional prejudices quite as much as she fears she has his, by not having had a chance of playing a thousand fantastical tricks about a passion which is thenceforth to govern her life, and give her over to her early death. But then Juliet was the flower of Veronese young ladies, and her good mother and gossiping nurse were not likely to have neglected her education to the tune of letting her speak the truth without due preparation. Miranda is to be excused as a savage,—probably Ferdinand thought her excusable.

ANON. (*Shakespeare's Garden of Girls*, 1885, p. 264): It is with men rather than women that Miranda is so great a favorite. Few women can understand her, and fewer still believe in her. And why? Because she is not sufficiently of the earth, earthy. Not that I attach any base ideas to the epithet earthy, for the earth is the mother of all good. . . . . Miranda is one of those strange beings who are best understood by those who least resemble her.—We cannot judge fairly of those who stand in the same line with ourselves, for we can only obtain a sidelong glance at them. But of altogether opposite natures we can make a complete survey, view them from behind and before, and take their measure justly. Therefore, I maintain that Miranda is better understood by the opposite sex, and is more appreciated by men than by women. [P. 270.] Juliet, when she imagined all in the house were safe in bed, crept out into the still, warm, summer air to tell her bosom's secret to the listening breeze, and found a listening lover. Miranda, as soon as she thinks her father is hard at study, strays instinctively towards the spot where she is likely to meet Ferdinand. Love teaches her guile, but it is guile of a very harmless kind, and we can only smile complacently, as, no doubt, the old man, Prospero, did, at the young girl stealing away, unperceived, as she imagines, to the object of her heart's newly-aroused devotion.—There would be a little fluttering of conscience at the clandestine interview. But even good and pure Miranda must dissemble a little when love assumes his sway, and she forgets her father's command when she reveals her name.

Dr GARNETT (*Irving Shakespeare*, 1890, p. 187): If Prospero is imperfect, Miranda is perfection, with the abatement only that we see her in a peculiar and limited set of circumstances, and must take her on trust for the rest. She is not a Cordelia or an Imogen, so tried in the fire as to justify the confidence that she could not possibly come short in any circumstance of life. She is rather a Perdita, 'a wave of the 'sea,' caught and shown for an instant in so exquisitely graceful an attitude that we are only too thankful to be sure that 'she will ever do nothing but that.' In some respects this pair of heroines are the most wonderful of all Shakespeare's women, for

nowhere else is such an effect obtained with so little apparent effort. Mere outlines produce the impression of elaborate paintings, and that seems the freest exuberance of the most careless genius which is in reality the reward of the profoundest study and severest toil. It would be far easier to create or copy a Lady Macbeth than a Miranda. It is amazing with how few speeches and how little action this effect is produced. Certain it is that when Miranda offers to carry the logs for Ferdinand she seems to put all the grace and lovingness of womankind into that single act; and that no one ever stumbled at her frank surrender to, or rather, appropriation of, a prince whom she has hardly seen.—What volumes it speaks for Shakespeare's freshness of heart that Imogen, Perdita, and Miranda should be the last creations of the veteran dramatist!—The other human personages do not require much notice. Being Shakespeare's, they are exactly what they ought to be; but, unless Gonzalo be excepted, they have no other office than that of necessary wheels in the mechanism of the piece. Ferdinand is a gallant young lover, rewarded beyond his deserts as lovers sometimes are, and as his prototype was expected to suppose himself. Alonso's grief and remorse are conveyed with all the power of which a cheerful subject admitted.

ARIEL

COLERIDGE (*Seven Lectures*, &c, 118): If a doubt could ever be entertained whether Shakespeare was a great poet, acting upon laws arising out of his own nature, and not without law, as has been sometimes idly asserted, that doubt must be removed by the character of Ariel. The very first words uttered by this being introduce the spirit, not as an angel, above man; not a gnome, or a fiend, below man; but while the poet gives him the faculties and the advantages of reason, he divests him of all mortal character, not positively, it is true, but negatively. In air he lives, from air he derives his being, in air he acts; and all his colours and properties seem to have been obtained from the rainbow and the skies. There is nothing about Ariel that cannot be conceived to exist either at sun-rise or at sun-set; hence all that belongs to Ariel belongs to the delight the mind is capable of receiving from the most lovely external appearances. His answers to Prospero are directly to the question, and nothing beyond; or where he expatiates, which is not unfrequently, it is to himself and upon his own delights; or upon the unnatural situation in which he is placed, though under a kindly power and to good ends.—Shakespeare has properly made Ariel's very first speech characteristic of him. After he has described the manner in which he had raised the storm and produced its harmless consequences, we find that Ariel is discontented,—that he has been freed, it is true, from a cruel confinement, but still that he is bound to obey Prospero and to execute any commands imposed upon him. We feel that such a state of bondage is almost unnatural to him, yet we see that it is delightful for him to be so employed.—It is as if we were to command one of the winds in a different direction to that which nature dictates, or one of the waves, now rising and now sinking, to recede before it bursts upon the shore: such is the feeling we experience when we learn that a being like Ariel is commanded to fulfil any mortal behest.—When, however, Shakespeare contrasts the treatment of Ariel by Prospero with that of Sycorax, we are sensible that the liberated spirit ought to be grateful, and Ariel does feel and acknowledge the obligation; he immediately assumes the airy being, with a mind so elastically correspondent, that when once a feeling has passed from it, not a trace is left behind.—Is there any thing in nature

from which Shakespeare caught the idea of this delicate and delightful being, with such child-like simplicity, yet with such preternatural powers? He is born neither of heaven nor of earth; but, as it were, between both, like a May-blossom kept suspended in air by the fanning breeze, which prevents it from falling to the ground, and only finally, and by compulsion, touching the earth. This reluctance of the Sylph to be under the command even of Prospero is kept up through the whole play, and in the exercise of his admirable judgement Shakespeare has availed himself of it, in order to give Ariel an interest in the event, looking forward to that moment when he was to gain his last and only reward—simple and eternal liberty.

SCHLEGEL (p. 180): In the zephyr-like Ariel the image of air is not to be mistaken; . . . . as, on the other hand, Caliban signifies the heavy element of earth. Yet they are neither of them allegorical personifications, but beings individually determined. In general we find in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, in *The Tempest*, in the magical part of *Macbeth*, and wherever Shakespeare avails himself of the popular belief in the invisible presence of spirits and the possibility of coming in contact with them, a profound view of the inward life of Nature and her mysterious springs, which, it is true, ought never to be altogether unknown to the genuine poet, as poetry is altogether incompatible with mechanical physics, but which few have possessed in equal degree with Dante and himself.

FRANZ HORN (*Shakespeare's Schauspiele Erläutert*, 1823, ii, 110): As a contrast to Caliban we have Ariel, but by no means a purely ethereal, expressionless angel, rather a genuine spirit of air and of pleasure, graceful and free-thoughted, but light withal, mischievous, and at times a wee bit naughty. He owes to Prospero his deliverance from the most confined of all confined situations, but gratitude is no merely natural virtue (we might almost add that it is not an atmospheric virtue). Accordingly, almost like a human being, he has, not infrequently, to be reminded of it and kept in check. Only when promised to be set free in two days is his amiability restored, and does he take pleasure in carrying out his master's plans, with delightful skill, at one time as a sea-nymph, at another as the stage-manager of a masque, and as an actor, or as a harpy, &c.—We referred just now to expressionless angels, and no explicit hint is needed as to where they are to be found; for no one can deny that these immortal winged ones (so charming in many an old German painting), with their cumbrous immortal harps, and, if possible, even more immortal hallelujahs, occasion in the works of many a poet a no less immortal weariness. Shakespeare never falls into this error, and it is a delight to observe in what manifold and sure ways he always deals with the wonderful. In *The Tempest* he attains his end by the simplest means, representing nature, and indeed truly, as the greatest of wonders. In the gentlest of ways he has led us to the faith that Prospero, through his higher power, is able to command nature,—and how willingly do we put faith in this higher power in man!—thus all other wonders become perfectly natural, and, to a certain extent, mere trifles, which we see with pleasure play around us. That higher power does not by any means reside in Prospero only. Ferdinand and Miranda, without any visible magician's wand or any special preparation, are an overmatch to the wonders of nature, in which they take pleasure merely as in some delightful comedy, for the supreme wonder is in their own bosoms: Love, purely human, and, therefore, divine.

SKOTTOWE (*Life of Sh.*, &c, 1824, ii, 315): The most decisive instance of the

pre-eminence of Prospero as a magician is the obedience of Ariel. The necromancer of ordinary acquirements domineered over inferior spirits; the more skilful, over invisible beings of a more exalted nature; but that artist, alone, whose powerful genius had led him triumphant through the whole range of human science, could aspire to the control of spirits resident in the highest regions of spiritual existence. Of this order is Ariel, and Shakespeare has somewhat overstrained the privilege which, as a superior spirit, he enjoyed, by releasing him from all restrictions upon the time of his appearance. The approach of day was the signal for the departure of all spirits, the most wicked disappearing first, and the least criminal lingering till dawn, and even daylight itself, appeared. Ariel was entitled to protract his stay to the latest possible period allowed; but all spirits were more or less guilty of the rebellion for which they were banished heaven; and, as a guilty thing, the performance of all his labours between two and six o'clock in the afternoon, to which they are specifically fixed, is inadmissible.

In *Notes and Queries* (3d Ser. vol. iv, p. 44, 1863) CUTHBERT BEDE (Rev. Edw. Bradley) reproduced, in part, an early play-bill, wherein, as Miss Kemble, the future Mrs Siddons took the part of Ariel. The young actress was but twelve years old, and had probably appeared on the stage many times before; there exists, however, only one earlier play-bill, I believe (see *The Kembles*, by Fitzgerald, i, 21), in which her name appears among the *Dramatis Personæ*, but in the present bill she appears for the first time in a Shakespearian character. 'At that time, 1767,' says Cuthbert Bede, 'the managers of country theatres were driven to various ingenious expedients 'in order to evade those penalties upon unlicensed play-houses threatened by Sir Rob-'ert Walpole's "Golden Rump" Act of 1737, and they usually advertised and charged 'for a concert in which a dramatic performance could be introduced *gratis*. . . . . I 'copy as much of the bill as relates to the play and the Kembles:

"Worcester, April 16th, 1767.

"MR KEMBLE'S Company of Comedians.

"At the THEATRE at the KING'S HEAD, on Monday evening next, will be performed a CONCERT OF MUSICK, to begin at exactly half-an-hour after six o'clock. Tickets to be had at the usual places. Between the parts of the Concert will be presented, gratis, a celebrated COMEDY call'd

The TEMPEST; or the Inchanted Island.

(As altered from Shakespeare by Mr Dryden and Sir W. D'Avenant.)

With all the Scenery, Machinery, Musick, Monsters, and other Decorations proper to the piece, entirely new.

Alonzo (Duke of Mantua), Mr Kemble;
Hyppolito (a youth who never saw a woman), Mr Siddons;
Stephano (Master of the Duke's Ship), Mr Kemble;
Amphitrite, by Mrs Kemble;
Ariel (the Chief Spirit), by Miss Kemble;
and Milcha, by Miss F. Kemble.

The Performance will open with a Representation of a Tempestuous Sea (in perpetual agitation) and Storm, in which the Usurper's Ship is Wreck'd; the Wreck ends with a Beautiful Shower of Fire.—And the whole to conclude with a CALM SEA, on which appears Neptune, Poetic God of the Ocean, and his Royal Consort Amphitrite, in a Chariot drawn by Seahorses, accompanied with Mermaids, Tritons, &c."

'And it was in this fashion that *The Tempest* was produced by Mr Kemble, twenty-
'two years later than this, at Drury Lane Theatre.'

Sir EDWARD STRACHEY (*Quarterly Review*, July, 1890, p. 120): Let us notice the contrast between the man and the spirit who 'is but air,' and so cannot pretend to more than a transient and, as it were, reflected, touch of human tenderness and pity. This contrast, not only here, but throughout the Play, may remind us of Fouqué's beautiful conception of Undine, the elemental spirit into whom a human soul is infused through marriage. Fouqué must have been possessed by the same idea as Shakespeare as to these elemental spirits; and each does but embody in his own poetic form an idea which is to be found at the bottom of the Greek tales of nymphs, and satyrs, and hamadryads, and of the mediæval traditions of elves, and fairies, and water-sprites. Looking at them from this point of view, we see that Fouqué and Shakespeare throw each much light on the other's mode of treating the subject, and so on the subject itself. But for our present purpose the contrast is even more important than the resemblance; for it shows us the higher genius, the more thorough mastery of the laws of nature and life, in Shakespeare's creation. Fouqué would have made Ariel a female spirit becoming Miranda by the power of love, and marriage to Ferdinand; but how much finer, because truer, is Shakespeare's Miranda, a real and complete woman from first to last! Fouqué's conception is indeed very charming, but wants the reality of Shakespeare's, without surpassing it in poetic ideality. Yes, they do not least appreciate and enjoy the presence of Ariel who are most content that he should vanish at last into thin air, leaving us with common mortals in the common light of day, and among the common thoughts,—common, yet solemn even to sadness,—with which the Play concludes. Prospero represents the poet in the exercise of his art, infusing a new life of poetry and romance into all nature; yet who feels more deeply, who declares more plainly, than Prospero, that the time must come to every one, when not only does each glorious vision fade into the light of common day, but that light itself sinks into dusk and darkness. The romantic and the poetic cannot sustain the actual, but, having first themselves died out, leave this to perish too.

CALIBAN

DRYDEN (*Preface to* Tro. and Cress. 1679): To return once more to Shakespear; no man ever drew so many characters, or generally distinguished 'em better from one another, excepting only *Johnson*: I will instance but in one, to show the copiousness of his invention; 'tis that of *Calyban*, or the monster in *The Tempest*. He seems there to have created a person which was not in Nature, a boldness which at first sight would appear intolerable; for he makes him a species of himself, begotten by an *Incubus* on a Witch; but this, as I have elsewhere prov'd, is not wholly beyond the bounds of credibility, at least the vulgar stile believe it. We have the separated notions of a spirit and of a witch; (and spirits, according to *Plato*, are vested with a subtil body; according to some of his followers, have different sexes) therefore as from the distinct apprehensions of a horse, and of a man, Imagination has form'd a *Centaur*, so from those of an *Incubus* and a *Sorceress*, *Shakespear* has produc'd his Monster. Whether or no his generation can be defended, I leave to Philosophy; but of this I am certain, the Poet has most judiciously furnish'd him with a person, a

language, and a character which will suit him both by Father's and Mother's side: he has all the discontents and malice of a Witch, and of a Devil; besides a convenient proportion of the deadly sins; Gluttony, Sloth, and Lust, are manifest; the dejectedness of a slave is likewise given him, and the ignorance of one bred up in a Desart Island. His person is monstrous, as he is the product of unnatural lust; and his language is as hobgoblin as his person; in all things he is distinguish'd from other mortals.

COLERIDGE (*Seven Lectures*, 121): The character of Caliban is wonderfully conceived; he is a sort of creature of the earth, as Ariel is a sort of creature of the air. He partakes of the qualities of the brute, but is distinguished from brutes in two ways:—by having mere understanding without moral reason; and by not having the instincts which pertain to absolute animals. Still, Caliban is in some respects a noble being; the poet has raised him far above contempt; he is a man in the sense of the imagination; all the images he uses are drawn from Nature and are highly poetical; they fit in with the images of Ariel. Caliban gives us images from the earth, Ariel images from the air. Caliban talks of the difficulty of finding fresh water, of the situation of morasses, and of other circumstances which even brute instinct, without reason, could comprehend. No mean figure is employed, no mean passion displayed, beyond animal passion and repugnance to command.

A. W. SCHLEGEL (*Lectures on Dram. Literature*, trans. by John Black, 1815, ii, 179): Caliban has become a by-word as the strange creation of a poetical imagination. A mixture of the gnome and the savage, half demon, half brute, in his behaviour we perceive at once the traces of his native disposition and the influence of Prospero's education. The latter could only unfold his understanding, without, in the slightest degree, taming his rooted malignity: it is as if the use of reason and human speech should be communicated to a stupid ape. Caliban is malicious, cowardly, false, and base in his inclinations; and yet he is essentially different from the vulgar knaves of a civilized world, as they are occasionally portrayed by Shakespeare. He is rude, but not vulgar; he never falls into the prosaic and low familiarity of his drunken associates, for he is a poetical being in his way; he always speaks in verse. He has picked up everything dissonant and thorny in language, out of which he has composed his vocabulary; and of the whole variety of nature, the hateful, repulsive, and pettily deformed have alone been impressed on his imagination. The magical world of spirits, which the staff of Prospero has assembled on the island, casts merely a faint reflection into his mind, as a ray of light which falls into a dark cave, incapable of communicating to it either heat or illumination, serves merely to put in motion the poisonous vapours. The whole delineation of this monster is inconceivably consistent and profound, and, notwithstanding its hatefulness, by no means hurtful to our feelings, as the honour of human nature is left untouched.

LAMB (*Sanity of True Genius*, *Works*, ii, 452, ed. 1870): Where Shakespeare seems most to recede from humanity he will be found the truest to it. From beyond the scope of Nature if he summon possible existences, he subjugates them to the law of her consistency. He is beautifully loyal to that sovereign directress, even when he appears most to betray and desert her. His ideal tribes submit to policy; his very monsters are tamed to his hand, even as that wild sea-brood, shepherded by Proteus. He tames, and he clothes them with attributes of flesh and blood, till they wonder at

themselves, like Indian Islanders forced to submit to European vesture. Caliban, the Witches, are as true to the laws of their own nature (ours with a difference) as Othello, Hamlet, and Macbeth. Herein the great and the little wits are differenced, —that if the latter wander ever so little from Nature or actual existence, they lose themselves and their readers. Their phantoms are lawless; their visions nightmares. They do not create, which implies shaping and consistency. Their imaginations are not active, for to be active is to call something into act and form, but passive, as men in sick dreams. For the super-natural, or something super-added to what we know of Nature, they give you the plainly non-natural.

WILLIAM HAZLITT (*Characters of Shakespear's Plays*, 1817, p. 118): The character of Caliban is generally thought (and justly so) to be one of the author's masterpieces. It is not indeed pleasant to see this character on the stage, any more than it is to see the god Pan personated there. But in itself it is one of the wildest and most abstracted of all Shakespear's characters, whose deformity, whether of body or mind, is redeemed by the power and truth of the imagination displayed in it. It is the essence of grossness, but there is not a particle of vulgarity in it. Shakespear has described the brutal mind of Caliban, in contact with the pure and original forms of Nature; the character grows out of the soil where it is rooted, uncontrolled, uncouth, and wild, uncramped by any of the meannesses of custom. It is 'of the earth, earthy.' It seems almost to have been dug out of the ground, with a soul instinctively superadded to it, answering to its wants and origin. Vulgarity is not natural coarseness, but conventional coarseness, learned from others, contrary to, or without an entire conformity of natural power and disposition; as fashion is the common-place affectation of what is elegant and refined without any feeling of the essence of it.—P. 120. Master Barnardine, in *Measure for Measure*, the savage of civilised life, is an admirable philosophical counterpart to Caliban.

SKOTTOWE (ii, 325): Yet it admits of question, whether the portrait of Caliban be a perfect and harmonious whole. Whence, it may be asked, did Caliban obtain such skill in the accurate and even familiar use of words not necessary to the expression of common ideas? Whence his clear notions of the relative situations of the governor and the governed? . . . . Could all the skill and diligence of Prospero have imbued his mind with the knowledge he evinces? Of explaining to the 'poisonous slave,' his indisputable right to the dominion of the island under the double claim of inheritance and possession, his able master will not even be suspected.

In 1873, Dr DANIEL WILSON, Professor of English Literature in University College, Toronto, published a book called *Caliban: The Missing Link*. 'The missing link,' refers to that gap, not alone in Darwin's theory, but in any theory, of evolution, which exists between highest ape and the lowest savage; and Dr Wilson's purpose is, as he states in his Preface, p. xi, to shew that Shakespeare's 'genius had already created 'for us the ideal of that imaginary, intermediate being, between the true brute and 'man, which, if the new theory of descent from crudest animal organisms be true, 'was our predecessor and precursor in the inheritance of this world of humanity. 'We have in *The Tempest* a being which is "a beast, no more," and yet is endowed 'with speech and reason up to the highest ideal of the capacity of its lower nature.' However charming the theory of the origin of species may be, 'all is vain, unless the

'whole hypothesis of the descent of man, the evolution of mind, and every step in 'the pedigree by which he is traced back to the remotest of his new-found ancestry, 'be accepted as an indisputable fact.'—p. 7. 'The not wholly irrational brute, the 'animal approximating in form and attributes as nearly to man as the lower animal 'may be supposed to do while still remaining a brute, has actually been conceived 'for us with all the perfection of an art more real and suggestive than that of the 'chisel of Phidias, in one of the most original creations of the Shakespearian drama.' —p. 9. 'There was obviously something marine or fish-like in the aspect of the 'island monster. "In the dim obscurity of the past," says Darwin, "we can see that "the early progenitor of all the vertebrates must have been an aquatic animal"; in 'its earliest stages "more like the larvæ of the marine Ascidians than any other "known form," but destined in process of time, through lancelet, ganoid, and other 'kindred transitions, to "suffer a sea-change Into something rich and strange." In 'Caliban there was undesignedly embodied, seemingly, an ideal of the latest stages 'of such an evolution.'—p. 73. 'In reality, though by some scaly or fin-like append- 'ages, the idea of a fish or sea-monster is suggested to all, the form of Caliban is, 'nevertheless, essentially human.'—p. 75. 'Caliban is, therefore, to all appearance 'in his twenty-fifth year [Ariel was imprisoned a 'dozen years' when Prospero arrived on the island, and that was 'twelve years' before the opening of the play] 'as we catch a first-glimpse of this pre-Darwinian realisation of the intermediate link 'between brute and man. . . . . We may conceive of the huge canine teeth and pro- 'gnathous jaws which in old age assume such prominence in the higher quadrumana. 'Darwin claims for the bonnet-monkey "the forehead which gives to man his noble "and intellectual appearance"; and it is obvious that it was not wanting in Caliban, 'for when he discovers the true quality of the drunken fools he has mistaken for gods, 'his remonstrance is, "we shall all be turned to apes with foreheads villainous low." 'Here then is the highest development of "the beast that wants discourse of reason." 'He has attained to all the maturity his nature admits of, and so is perfect as the study 'of a living creature distinct from, yet next in order below the level of, humanity.'— p. 78. 'Caliban is not a brutalised, but a natural brute mind. He is a being in 'whom the moral instincts of man have no part; but also in whom the degradation 'of savage humanity is equally wanting. He is a novel anthropoid of a high type,— 'such as on the hypothesis of evolution must have existed intermediately between the 'ape and man,—in whom some spark of rational intelligence has been enkindled, 'under the tutorship of one who has already mastered the secrets of nature.'—p. 79. 'Prospero describes the pity with which he at first regarded the poor monster, whose 'brutish gabble he had trained to the intelligent speech which is now used for curses. 'In all this do we not realise the ideal anthropoid in the highest stage of Simian evo- 'lution, stroked and made much of, like a favourite dog, fed with dainties, and at 'length taught to frame his brute cries into words by which his wishes could find 'intelligible utterance? . . . . But the intellectual development compasses, at the 'utmost, a very narrow range.'—p. 86. 'Caliban seems indeed the half-human link 'between the brute and man; and realises, as no degraded Bushman or Australian 'savage can do, a conceivable intermediate stage of the anthropomorphous existence, 'as far above the most highly organised ape as it falls short of rational humanity. 'He excites a sympathy such as no degraded savage could. We feel for the poor 'monster, so helplessly in the power of the stern Prospero, as for some caged wild 'beast pining in cruel captivity, and rejoice to think of him at last free to range in 'harmless mastery over his island solitude. . . . . His is a type of development essen-

'tially non-human,—though, for the purposes of the drama, endued to an extent alto-'gether beyond the highest attainments of the civilised, domesticated animal, with 'the exercise of reason and the use of language;—a conceivable civilisation such as 'would, to a certain extent, run parallel to that of man, but could never converge to 'a common centre.'—p. 90.

In two succeeding chapters WILSON treats of Caliban as 'the Metaphysician' and as 'the Theologian,' at times, in lines running parallel to Browning's poem, which is used by way of illustration. Wilson's emendations of the Text of the play have been duly incorporated in the preceding pages of this volume.

A. W. WARD (*Hist. of Eng. Dramatic Literature*, 1875, i, 441): What was the origin of the conception of Caliban? It undoubtedly connects itself with the general idea of the desert island, to which it forms an all but inevitable supplement. But to the influence of such accounts of desert places and their savage inhabitants [as in Eden's *Historye of Travaile*, in Ralegh and in Hakluyt] was added that of a literary tendency of this very age. I refer, of course, to the descriptions of Utopias, inhabited by beings free from the debasing influences of a false civilisation, of which the best known example is Sir Thomas More's *De Optimo reipublicæ statu deque nova* INSULA *Utopia* (published abroad in Latin in 1516, and in its first English translation in 1551). An Italian *Civitas solis*, by Campanella in 1600, is likewise noted; and the production of this class of works, as is well known, continued to be a favourite exercise of genius and of ingenuity in many later periods of our own literature; indeed, our own generation has had to submit to a revival of this at times rather fatiguing kind of invention. But a more special literary panegyric of the blessings of an uncivilised state of society was in existence in one of the Essays of Montaigne, translated by Florio in 1603. . . . . It seems difficult to escape from the conclusion, that Shakspere intended his monster as a satire incarnate on Montaigne's 'noble savage.'

PHILLPOTTS (*The Rugby Edition*, p. xvii, 1876): In Caliban we seem to catch an echo of tales told by prisoners on their return from that Algerine captivity which overtook so many a seafarer of the time. Shakespeare transmutes such rude accounts by creating a being who, though fierce and vile in every way, is still penetrated with the spirit of that surrounding nature of which he is a part. . . . . Caliban is the very reverse of Ariel. He can feel neither gratitude nor attachment. The only reverence he shows for Prospero is a brutish fear of what he may suffer from a superior being whose motives he imagines to be revenge or mere caprice. . . . . The character may have had a special bearing on the great question of a time when we were discovering new countries, subjecting unknown savages, and founding fresh colonies. If Prospero might dispossess Caliban, England might dispossess the aborigines of the colonies.

As another instance of the deep impression on the world of literature which the son of Sycorax has made, M. RENAN wrote (in 1878) under the title of *Caliban*, and as a continuation of *The Tempest*, a philosophical drama, which he asks the reader to regard merely 'as the amusement of an ideologist, not as a theory; a fantasy of the imagination, not as a political thesis'; its political bearing, however, is manifest throughout, and, although much of it is local and temporary, its fundamental idea will be true until the millennium. It is to be regretted that space will permit of only a brief abstract; anything short of an unabridged translation (of course out of

all question here) would fail to give an adequate idea of the keen, satirical brilliancy of the original.

Prospero is represented as having been accompanied by Ariel, Caliban, Gonzalo, and Trinculo to Milan, where he has been reinstated as Duke; but, however faithful he may have been to the promise of breaking his staff and drowning his book, he has evidently provided himself with a new library, and, immersed in secret studies, neglects the duties of government as much as ever. Caliban has the freedom of the cellar, and it is there we first see him, and hear the first mutterings of red-republicanism, or perhaps, socialism, whereof eventually he becomes the exponent. His bitterness towards Prospero is intense, his regret endless that he was foiled in his attempt on Prospero's life. 'Here in this new country,' he says, 'I have been promised my lib-'erty. And to this liberty I have a right! Aforetime, I never reflected, but, in this 'plain of Lombardy, my ideas have bravely expanded. The Rights of Man are 'absolute. How dare Prospero prevent me from belonging to myself? 'Tis true, 'he lets me get drunk in his cellar; but is it not the very first crime of princes to 'humiliate the people by benefits? To wipe out this disgrace at the hands of princes 'there is but one way: to kill them; blood alone can wash out this outrage.' Ariel appears and undertakes to reason with Caliban. 'Why should you revolt?' he asks. 'Where could you be better off than here? The cellar is free to you, and you know 'the way to it. If free, you would be far less happy.' 'Ay,' responds Caliban, 'but 'I am worked out (*exploité*). Spiritless valet, can't you see that to be *exploité* by 'another man is perfectly insupportable? have you no jot of honour? No mortal has 'a right to degrade another. In such a case, revolt becomes the most holy of duties.' Thus the argument proceeds, Caliban at every step revealing a fresh development in socialistic views, until towards the close there is one penetrating thrust at what social-ists term 'the Church.' 'Prospero ruled us by false pretences. He deceived us, and 'is there anything more humiliating than to be deceived? Those imps that made me 'tumble into quagmires, those apes that made me frantic by their grimaces, those 'infuriated cats which bit my legs, they were horrible, and they were not genuine. 'Aha! you scoundrel, this injury I'll never forgive! When the people once discover 'that the superior classes have led them by superstition, you will see what they will 'do to their ancient masters. This hell with which they terrify us has never existed. 'These monsters, which gave Prospero his prestige, were imaginary; but they tor-'mented me just as much as if they had been real.'

In the Second Act, Prospero provides a masque for the people of Milan on a vast and most gorgeous scale, but before it takes place, and afterwards, in the various groups of spectators the questions that agitate modern society are discussed, with a ground tone of discontent and with intimations of sedition. In the Third Act the revolution breaks out, and Caliban is in his element. He mingles among the people, says but few words, but each time strikes the key-note to which the dull intelli-gence of the rabble responds, until at last all break out in cries of 'Vive Caliban! Caliban, chef du peuple!' and Caliban thus harangues them: 'This is not the time 'to talk. The man who has done you all this wrong is wicked, cunning, indescrib-'able. Our duty is to catch him and to hinder him from further evil. Do not think 'that this will prove easy. He has under his control, spirits as malicious as himself, 'especially a damned performer on the pipe and tabor whose tricks are inconceivable. 'On one occasion I had an opportunity to drive a nail into Prospero's head. I was 'in the very sweat of the pleasure; piff!—the whole chance was piped away. Dis-'trust yourselves; 'tis harder than you suppose. Confide to me the order and the

'march of events. . . . . First of all, we must lay hold of his books—those books of 'hell, ugh! how I hate them. We must take them and burn them. Some one else 'might use them. Down with books! They are the worst enemies of the People. 'They who have them, control their fellow-creatures. The man who knows Latin, 'commands other men. Down with Latin!'

The upshot of it all is, that the revolution is successful, Caliban is installed in Prospero's palace, and the Third Scene of the Third Act, which is, I think, the gem, finds Caliban, alone, at night stretched on Prospero's bed, and he thus soliloquises: 'No, I never would have believed that it is so sweet to reign. Above all, I 'never would have believed that by reigning one matured so fast. On the trip from 'the townhall to this palace, I changed more than during all the rest of my life. Ten 'hours have passed since the people brought me here in their arms, and now—I do 'not recognise myself. I was unjust to Prospero; bondage embittered me. But, 'now, lying here in his bed, I judge him as we judge our fellows. There was good 'in him, and, in many respects, I am disposed to imitate him.

'What can be more odious, for example, than the inopportune impatience of these 'people, this endless file of impossible petitions with which they have just over-'whelmed me? What greed for enjoyment! what subversive pretensions! They 'demand of me to extract the nourishment for ten thousand men out of a hogshead 'of wheat, and to pour five hundred tankards of wine out of a pint. Tell that to the 'marines, comrades! As for me, my decision is made: I am not to let myself be 'overridden by men who suppose that, by placing themselves in advance of me, they 'are going to drag me with them into the abyss. A government should resist,—I will 'resist. After all, Institutions and myself have interests in common. I also am an 'Institution,—it is necessary that this should last. Property is the ballast of society;— 'I feel myself in sympathy with property-owners.

'And then over and above the useful, there is the ornamental (*l'éclat*). Orna-'ment is necessary. Marry, fêtes, the fine arts, palaces, courts are the ornaments of 'life. I will foster artists. Literary men shed glory; I must not neglect them. . . . . 'Prospero was always talking of the welfare of humanity. 'Tis not he who is destined 'to achieve it. Suppose, by chance, it should happen to be I. . . . . [*He falls asleep.*'

Prospero sends Ariel to put to rout the revolutionists, but Ariel returns defeated, bewildered, and dust-defiled. Wherever Caliban is supreme, Ariel is powerless; no one listened to his music, his songs were unheard. 'Revolution is Realism; in what 'is visionary, ideal, the People have no faith. The People have become Positivists. 'Faith is necessary if our ideal terrors are to be felt. What is to be done when the 'People have become Positivists?'

Prospero having been deposed, the Inquisition steps in and claims him as a prisoner for his free-thinking and sorcery. Prospero resists and the Milanese, Caliban's subjects, sustain him. 'Eh bien,' says Gonzalo to Prospero, 'you see how it is. Caliban 'has one more good quality still: he is anticlerical.' 'True,' answers Prospero, and then after a moment's hesitation, '—In exile I shall find the monk everywhere. Ma 'foi, vive Caliban!'

In the Fifth Act, Caliban is seen in all his regal splendour, seated on Prospero's throne and receiving homage. The Inquisition appeals to him to enforce its orders, and in rehearsing Prospero's wickedness reminds Caliban that at one time Prospero had been his mortal enemy. 'Ah, no,' Caliban interposes, 'be silent. Do not recall 'those memories to me. What has been, is no longer. I am heir to Prospero's 'rights; I must defend them. Prospero is my protégé. It is befitting that he should

'work at his ease, with his philosophers and his artists, under my patronage. His 'works will be the glory of my reign. I shall have my share in them. I work him '(*Je l'exploite*); 'tis the law of the world.'

In the closing scene Prospero gives Ariel his liberty, which is, Ariel says, his 'death. *Prius mori quam fœdari.* The air has already reclaimed in me that which 'belongs to it. . . . . Every idealist will be my lover; every pure soul my sister; I 'shall be the virgin snow on the bosom of young girls, the glow in the tresses of their 'hair. I shall blossom with the rose, I shall grow green with the myrtle, exhaling 'perfume with the carnation, pale with the olive. Adieu, my master, remember thy 'Ariel.' [*Ariel vanishes and a pure, exquisite harmony breathes around. Prospero falls senseless. The End.*

An edition like the present would be scarcely complete without at least a reference to BROWNING'S *Caliban upon Setebos; or Natural Theology in the Island.* The essence of the poem lies in its alternative title, which sets forth the vague questionings of a keenly observant, but utterly untutored, mind in regard to the existence of an overruling power, the problem of evil, the mystery of pain, and the evidences of caprice, rather than of law, in the government of the world,—such restless longings for a solution of the mysteries of life as rise unbidden to the mind when looking on the ocean, at high noon, amid the full tide of summer life.

Caliban, who almost uniformly speaks in the third person, is represented as lying, at midday, prone, 'with elbows wide, fists clenched to prop his chin,' near the mouth of his cave, kicking both feet in cool slush, and looking out over the sea, which sunbeams cross and recross. He resolves to talk to himself just as he pleases about 'that 'other, whom his dam called God.' Accordingly, he shouts 'Setebos, Setebos, and 'Setebos!' but as there is no response he infers that the god must 'dwell i' the cold 'o' the moon.' And yet that god must have made the sun, (which gives proofs of power,) as well as the clouds, winds, and meteors; but He did not make the stars, they effect nothing; He made, however, 'the sun, this isle, Trees and the fowls here, beast 'and creeping thing. All these He made, and more, Made all we see, and us.' But why did He make them and us? It could scarcely have been from spite. He would hardly have made what He 'misliked or slighted or was an eye-sore to Him.' It must have been in 'envy, littleness, or sport' that He 'made what Himself would 'fain, in a manner, be.—Weaker in most points, stronger in a few,' and 'yet mere 'playthings all the while.' Suppose, in a moment of intoxication, I were to wish, says Caliban, that 'I were born a bird'; and, being unable to be what I wished, I could make out of clay a live bird, and will it to fly to yon rock-top

> 'In which feat, if his leg snapped, brittle clay,
> And he lay stupid-like,—why, I should laugh;
> And if he, spying me, should fall to weep,
> Beseech me to be good, repair his wrong,
> Bid his poor leg smart less or grow again,—
> Well as the chance were, this might take, or else
> Not take, my fancy; I might hear his cry,
> Or give the manikin three legs for his one,
> Or pluck the other off, leave him like an egg,
> And lessoned he was mine and merely clay.
> Were this no pleasure, lying in the thyme . . . .
> Making and marring clay at will? So He.'

There is nothing here of right nor wrong, but mere caprice,—just as if 'of yonder 'crabs that march from mountain to the sea' I should let twenty pass, and stone the twenty-first. 'As it likes me each time, I do: so He.'

But suppose, after all, that He were good i' the main, yet will He not tolerate any vainglory or boasting in the things which he Has created, they must be submissive and cringe before Him. Suppose I were to make a pipe whose sound could ensnare the birds, and suppose the pipe were to boast and say,

'"I catch the birds, I am the crafty thing,
I make the cry my maker cannot make
With his great round mouth; he must blow through mine!"
Would not I smash it with my foot? So He.'

But why should Setebos be discontented, why should He be thus ill at ease? Perhaps there is a higher Ideal, of which Setebos is conscious—a something quiet o'er His head, out of His reach, that feels nor joy nor grief, both of which in themselves are really indications of weakness. But for this higher power Caliban does not care; he cares only for Setebos, who, first, looking up and finding that He cannot soar to what is quiet and hath happy life, next looks down here and makes this bauble of a world to ape what is real and better. Just as Caliban, whose standard cannot rise above himself, had once imitated Prospero's magic book by stitching a book of broad leaves and wrote thereon prodigious words, and peeled a wand and called it by a name,

''Plays thus at being Prosper in a way,
Taketh his mirth with make-believes: so He.'

Sycorax had held that the quiet made all things and that Setebos alone was the cause of evil. This cannot be, because the stamp of imperfection is on all things, and imperfection means misery and unquiet.

Undoubtedly Setebos is busy, working all the time, not, however, out of love for what He creates, but merely to exercise His wit and strength. Just as Caliban had once made a pile of turfs, and, with a fish tooth, scratched a moon on each, and set up some sticks endwise, and crowned the whole with a sloth's skull a-top. In the work itself there was not the slightest use, it was done for work's sole sake:

''Shall some day knock it down again: so He.'

In the distribution of happiness there is the same caprice. Setebos has a spite against Caliban, and favours Prospero, who knows why? If He would only tell the secret of how to please Him! Obeying no law Himself, there is no law for obeying Him. If you are lucky once, be sure you will never be lucky in the same way again. If you repeat some act that has once pleased Him, He may grow wroth,—never try the same way twice! Just as Caliban himself sometimes spares a squirrel because it is plucky and shows fight, or else spares an urchin because it is timid and shows fear, but what would arouse his wrath would be that either creature, because he had spared him so once, should think that he must spare him so a second time. 'He would teach the reasoning couple what "must" means.

'He does as he likes, or wherefore Lord? So He.'

However, the present state of things will continue. Perhaps Setebos may get tired of this world and so leave off watching it. 'Here are we, and there is He, 'and nowhere help at all.'

After all, with this life the pain will stop. Setebos does His worst in this our life, and saves the last pain for the worst,—with which, an end. Meanwhile the best way to escape His ire is not to seem too happy. Herein extremes meet and unrestrained free-thinking merges into Puritanic asceticism. Therefore, to all outward seeming,

Caliban intends to appear as miserable as ever, will dance only on dark nights, in the sunlight will moan, and get under holes to laugh. If Setebos should catch him just then, and ask 'What chucklest at?' to appease Him, he would cut a finger off 'or of 'my three kid yearlings burn the best,' and in the meanwhile hope that things will somehow mend, that either the superior quiet will conquer Setebos or that Setebos Himself will grow old and doze, doze, which is really as good as if He were dead.

At this point of Caliban's meditations a terrible thunderstorm bursts over his head, the white lightning flashes 'there, there, there, there, there.' Setebos has evidently become cognizant of Caliban's irreverent speculations:

> 'What, what? A curtain o'er the world at once!
> Crickets stop hissing; not a bird— or, yes,
> There scuds His raven that hath told Him all!
> It was fool's play, this prattling! Ha! The wind
> Shoulders the pillared dust, death's house o' the move,
> And fast invading fires begin! White blaze—
> A tree's head snaps—and there, there, there, there, there,
> His thunder follows! Fool to gibe at Him!
> Lo! 'Lieth flat and loveth Setebos!
> 'Maketh his teeth meet through his upper lip,
> Will let those quails fly, will not eat this month
> One little mess of whelks, so he may 'scape!'

WITCHCRAFT

THE magic which Prospero practises in the 'Enchanted Island' is so entirely his own, and so far removed from all traces of vulgar Witchcraft, that it is not worth while to do more than simply refer the reader, who may be curious in such matters, to Dr DRAKE'S *Shakespeare and His Times*, vol. ii, p. 507–525, where much learning on the subject is conveniently epitomised, together with copious extracts from SCOT'S *Discoverie of Witchcraft*. I cannot see, however, that any light is thrown on the character of Prospero, or that we are taught a more exquisite appreciation of Ariel, by knowledge the most exact of the distinctions between Magicians and Necromancers, and Wizards, or between Elves, and Demons, and Goblins. For me, it is sufficient to try to imagine the infinite delight with which Shakespeare's audience accepted as a real, genuine, living creature such a fairy as Ariel, and the breathless awe with which every wave of Prospero's wand was regarded. To that audience, Witchcraft and Enchantment were Facts, not to be questioned, and Caliban was as veritable a possibility as Ferdinand. The strength of the popular belief in Witches and in Demon Lovers, in Shakespeare's time, may be inferred from its vitality even in the days of Dryden, who asserts, as we have seen above on p. 379, that Caliban's parentage 'is not wholly beyond the bounds of credibility.'

DRYDEN'S VERSION

THE following version of *The Tempest* by DAVENANT and DRYDEN was written, as we learn, not only from the *Epilogue*, but also from Pepy's, in 1667. Dryden's *Preface*, dated 1669, was probably written for the earliest publication in 1670. The present Reprint is from the earliest copy in my possession. I have cut out about twenty or thirty lines, which will not be missed. The Notes on the First Scene were kindly made for me by Commander F. M. GREEN, U.S.N., whose name, widely known and honoured in naval scientific circles, has an authority, almost, it might be said, without appeal, as that of the 'Editorial Contributor' on 'Naval and Nautical Terms' in *The Century Dictionary*.

The following are the references to this Version in Pepy's *Diary*. They are taken from Miss L. TOULMIN-SMITH'S INGLEBY'S *Centurie of Prayse* (p. 321, &c.):

[1667] November 7.—At noon resolved with Sir W. Pen to go to see *The Tempest*, an old play of Shakespeare's, acted I hear the first day. . . . . The house mighty full; the King and Court there; and the most innocent play that ever I saw; and a curious piece of musick in an echo of half sentences, the echo repeating the former half, while the man goes on with the latter; which is mighty pretty. The play has no great wit, but yet good, above ordinary plays.

November 13.—To the Duke of York's house, and there saw *The Tempest* again, which is very pleasant, and full of so good variety that I cannot be more pleased almost in a comedy, only the seamen's part a little too tedious.

December 12.—After dinner all alone to the Duke of York's house and saw *The Tempest*, which, as often as I have seen it, I do like very well, and the house very full.

1667–68. January 6.—Away to the Duke of York's house, in the pit, ... there being acted *The Tempest*.

February 3.—To the Duke of York's house, to the play *The Tempest*, which we have often seen, but yet I was pleased again, and shall be again to see it, it is so full of variety, and particularly this day I took pleasure to learn the tune of the seamen's dance.

1668–69. January 21.—Home, where I find Madam Turner, Dyke, and The., and had a good dinner for them & merry; and so carried them to the Duke of York's house, ... and there saw *The Tempest;* but it is but ill done by Gosnell, in lieu of Moll Davis.

THE TEMPEST, or, THE ENCHANTED ISLAND. A Comedy. As it is now Acted at His Highness the Duke of *York's* Theatre. LONDON, Printed by *T. N.* for *Henry Herringman*, at the *Blew Anchor* in the *Lower Walk* of the *New-Exchange*. MDCLXXIV.

PREFACE.

THE writing of Prefaces to Plays, was probably invented by some very ambitious Poet, who never thought he had done enough: Perhaps by some Ape of the French Eloquence, which uses to make a business of a Letter of Gallantry, an examen of a Farce; and, in short, a great pomp and ostentation of words on every trifle. This is certainly the Talent of that Nation, and ought not to be invaded by any other. They do that out of gaiety, which would be an imposition upon us.

We may satisfie our selves with surmounting them in the Scene, and safely leave them those trappings of writing, and flourishes of the Pen, with which they adorn the borders of their Plays, and which are indeed no more than good Landskips to a very indifferent Picture. I must proceed no farther in this Argument, lest I run my self beyond my excuse for writing this. Give me leave therefore to tell you, Reader, that I do it not to set a value on any thing I have written in this Play, but out of gratitude to the memory of Sir *William Davenant*, who did me the honour to join me with him in the alteration of it.

It was originally *Shakespear's:* a Poet for whom he had particularly a high veneration, and whom he first taught me to admire. The Play it self had formerly been acted with success in the *Black-Fryers:* and our Excellent *Fletcher* had so great a value for it, that he thought fit to make use of the same Design, not much varied, a second time. Those who have seen his *Sea-Voyage*, may easily discern that it was a Copy of *Shakespear's Tempest:* the Storm, the Desart Island, and the Woman who had never seen a Man, are all sufficient Testimonies of it. But *Fletcher* was not the only Poet who made use of *Shakespear's* Plot: Sir *John Suckling*, a profess'd admirer of our Author, has follow'd his footsteps in his *Goblins;* his *Regmella* being an open imitation of *Shakespear's Miranda;* and his Spirits, though counterfeit, yet are copied from *Ariel.* But Sir *William Davenant*, as he was a Man of quick and piercing imagination, soon found that somewhat might be added to the design of *Shakespear*, of which neither *Fletcher* nor *Suckling* had ever thought: and therefore to put the last hand to it, he design'd the Counter part to *Shakespear's* Plot, namely, that of a Man who had never seen a Woman; that by this means those two Characters of Innocence and Love might the more illustrate and commend each other. This excellent Contrivance he was pleas'd to communicate to me, and to desire my assistance in it. I confess, that from the very first moment it so pleas'd me, that I never writ any thing with more delight. I must likewise do him that justice to acknowledge, that my writing received daily his amendments, and that is the reason why it is not so faulty, as the rest which I have done, without the help or correction of so judicious a Friend. The Comical part of the Saylors were also of his invention and for the most part his writing, as you will easily discover by the Style. In the time I writ with him, I had the opportunity to observe somewhat more nearly of him than I had formerly done, when I had only a bare acquaintance with him: I found him then of so quick a fancy, that nothing was propos'd to him on which he could not suddenly produce a thought extreamly pleasant and surprising: and those first thoughts of his, contrary to the old Latine Proverb, were not always the least happy. And as his fancy was quick so likewise were the products of it remote and new. He borrowed not of any other; and his imaginations were such as could not easily enter into any other Man. His Corrections were sober and judicious: and he corrected his own writings much more severely than those of another Man, bestowing twice the time and labour in polishing, which he us'd in invention. It had perhaps been easie enough for me to have arrogated more to my self than was my due, in the writing of this Play, and to have pass'd by his name with silence in the Publication of it, with the same ingratitude which others have us'd to him, whose Writings he hath not only corrected, as he hath done this, but has had a greater inspection over them, and sometimes added whole Scenes together, which may as easily be distinguish'd from the rest, as true Gold from counterfeit by the weight. But besides the unworthiness of the Action which deterred me from it (there being nothing so base as to rob the dead of his reputation) I am satisfi'd I could never have receiv'd so much honour, in being thought the Author of any

Poem, how excellent soever, as I shall from the joining my imperfections with the Merit and Name of *Shakespear* and Sir *William Davenant*.

Decemb. 1. 1669.

JOHN DRIDEN.

PROLOGUE.

AS when a Tree's cut down, the secret Root
Lives under ground, and thence new branches shoot:
So, from old *Shakespear's* honour'd dust, this day
Springs up and buds a new reviving Play.
Shakespear, who (taught by none) did first impart
To *Fletcher* Wit, to labouring *Johnson* Art.
He, Monarch-like, gave those his Subjects Law,
And is that Nature which they paint and draw.
Fletcher reach'd that which on his heights did grow,
Whilst *Johnson* crept and gather'd all below.
This did his Love, and this his Mirth digest:
One imitates him most, the other best.
If they have since out-writ all other Men,
'Tis with the drops which fell from *Shakespear's* pen.
The Storm which vanish'd on the neighb'ring shore,
Was taught by *Shakespear's* Tempest first to roar.
That Innocence and Beauty which did smile
In *Fletcher*, grew on this *Enchanted Isle*.
But *Shakespear's* Magick could not copy'd be,
Within that Circle none durst walk but he.
I must confess 'twas bold, nor would you now
That liberty to vulgar Wits allow,
Which work by Magick supernatural things:
But *Shakespear's* Pow'r is Sacred as a King's.
Those Legends from old Priesthood were receiv'd,
And he then writ, as People then believ'd.
But, if for *Shakespear* we your grace implore,
We for our Theatre shall want it more:
Who by our dearth of Youths are forc'd t' employ
One of our Women to present a Boy.
And that's a transformation, you will say,
Exceeding all the Magick in the Play.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALONZO Duke of *Savoy*, and Usurper of the Dukedom of *Mantua*.
Ferdinand his Son.
Prospero right Duke of *Millain*.
Antonio his Brother, Usurper of the Dukedom.
Gonzalo, a Nobleman of *Savoy*.
Hippolito, one that never saw Woman, right Heir of the Dukedom of *Mantua*.
Stephano Master of the Ship.
Mustacho his Mate.
Trincalo Boatswain.
Ventoso a Marriner.

Several Marriners.
A Cabbin Boy.
Miranda and *Dorinda* } (Daughters to *Prospero*) that never saw Man.
Ariel an aiery Spirit, attendant on *Prospero.*
Several Spirits, Guards to *Prospero.*
Caliban *Sycorax* his Sister } Two Monsters of the Isle.

THE ENCHANTED ISLAND.

The Front of the Stage is open'd; and the Band of 24 *Violins, with the Harpsicals and Theorbo's which accompany the Voices, are plac'd between the Pit and the Stage. While the Overture is playing, the Curtain rises, and discovers a new Frontispiece, join'd to the great Pilasters, on each side of the Stage. This Frontispiece is a noble Arch, supported by large wreathed Columns of the* Corinthian *Order; the wreathings of the Columns are beautifi'd with Roses wound round them, and several* Cupids *flying about them. On the Cornice, just over the Capitals, sits on either side a Figure, with a Trumpet in one hand, and a Palm in the other, representing* Fame. *A little farther on the same Cornice, on each side of a Compass-pediment, lie a Lion and a Unicorn, the Supporters of the Royal Arms of* England. *In the middle of the Arch are several Angels, holding the King's Arms, as if they were placing them in the midst of that Compass-pediment. Behind this is the Scene, which represents a thick Cloudy Sky, a very Rocky Coast, and a Tempestuous See in perpetual Agitation. This Tempest (suppos'd to be rais'd by Magick) has many dreadful Objects in it, as several Spirits in horrid shapes flying down amongst the Sailers, then rising and crossing in the Air. And when the Ship is sinking, the whole House is darken'd, and a shower of Fire falls upon 'em. This is accompanied with Lightning, and several Claps of Thunder, to the end of the Storm.*

ACT I.

Enter Mustacho *and* Ventoso.

Vent. WHat a Sea comes in?
Must. A hoaming[1] Sea! we shall have foul weather.

Enter Trincalo.

Trinc. The Scud[2] comes against the Wind, 'twill blow hard.

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Bosen!
Trinc. Here, Master, what say you?
Steph. Ill weather! let's off to Sea.
Must. Let's have Sea room enough, and then let it blow the Devil's Head off.
Steph. Boy! Boy! [*Enter Cabin Boy.*
Boy. Yaw, yaw, here, Master.
Steph. Give the Pilot a dram of the Bottle. [*Exeunt* Stephano *and Boy.*

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[1] **hoaming**] According to the *Century Dictionary*, this word is found nowhere else: 'it is probably an error (for *combing* in the form of *coaming*, or else for *foaming?*).'

[2] **Scud**] F. M. GREEN: The scud never goes against the wind.

Enter Mariners, and pass over the Stage.

Trinc. Bring the Cable to the Capstorm.[1]

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.

Alon. Good Bosen have a care; where's the Master? Play the Men.

Trinc. Pray keep below.

Anto. Where's the Master, Bosen?

Trinc. Do not you hear him? you hinder us: keep your Cabins, you help the storm.

Gonz. Nay, good Friend be patient.

Trinc. I, when the Sea is: hence; what care these Roarers for the name of Duke? to Cabin; silence; trouble us not.

Gonz. Good Friend, remember whom thou hast aboard.

Trinc. None that I love more than my self: you are a Counseller, if you can advise these Elements to silence, use your wisdom: if you cannot, make your self ready in the Cabin for the ill hour. Cheerly good hearts! out of our ways, Sirs.

[*Exeunt* Trincalo *and Mariners.*

Gonz. I have great Comfort from this Fellow; methinks his complexion is perfect Gallows; stand fast, good fate, to his hanging; Make the Rope of his Destiny our Cable, for our own does little advantage us; if he be not born to be hang'd, we shall be drown'd. [*Exit.*

Enter Trincalo *and* Stephano.

Trinc. Up aloft, Lads. Come reef both Topsails.

Steph. Make haste, let's weigh, let's weigh, and off to Sea. [*Ex.* Steph.

Enter two Mariners, and pass over the stage.

Trinc. Hands down! man your Main-Capstorm.

Enter Mustacho *and* Ventoso *at the other door.*

Must. Up aloft! and man your Seere-Capstorm.[2]

Vent. My Lads, my Hearts of gold, get in your Capstorm-Bar: Hoa up, hoa up, *&c.* [*Exeunt* Mustacho *and* Ventoso.

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Hold on well! hold on well! nip well there;
Quarter-Master, get's more Nippers. [*Ex.* Steph.

Enter two Mariners, and pass over again.

Trinc. Turn out, turn out, all hands to Capstorm.
You dogs, is this a time to sleep? lubbard.
Heave together, Lads. [Trincalo *whistles.*

[*Exeunt* Mustacho *and* Ventoso.

Must. within. Our Vial's broke.

Vent. within. 'Tis but our Vial-block has given way. Come heave, Lads! we are fix't again. Heave together, Bullyes.

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Cut down the Hammocks! cut down the Hammocks!
Come, my Lads: Come, *Bullyes*, chear up! heave lustily.
The Anchor's a peek.

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[1] **Capstorm**] In MURRAY'S *New Eng. Dict.* this form for *Capstern* is cited in the present passage, but no other example of it is given.

[2] **Seere-Capstorm**] F. M. GREEN: A perfectly absurd order. There is no such thing as a 'Seere-Capstorm,' and there has never been such a thing.

Trinc. Is the Anchor a Peek?

Steph. Is a weigh! Is a weigh!

Trinc. Up aloft my Lads, upon the fore-castle! Cut[1] the Anchor, cut him.

All within. Haul Catt,[2] Haul Catt, &c. Haul Catt, haul: Haul Catt, haul. Below.

Steph. Aft, aft, and loose the Misen!

Trinc. Get the Misen-tack aboard. Haul aft Misen-sheet;

Enter Mustacho.

Must. Loose the Main-top-sail!

Steph. Let him alone, there's too much Wind.

Trinc. Loose Fore-sail! Haul aft both sheets! trim her right afore the Wind.[3] Aft! aft! Lads, and hale up the Misen.

Must. A Mackrel-gale, Master.

Steph. within. Port hard, port! the Wind veeres forward, bring the Tack aboard Port is. Star-board, star-board, a little steady; now steady, keep her thus, no nearer you cannot come, till the Sails are loose.

Enter Ventoso.

Vent. Some hands down: the Guns are loose. [*Ex.* Must.

Trinc. Try the Pump, try the Pump. [*Ex.* Vent.

Enter Mustacho *at the other door.*

Must. O Master! six foot water in Hold.

Steph. Clap the Helm hard a weather! Flat, flat, flat, in the Fore-sheet there.

Trinc. Over haul your fore-boling.

Steph. Brace in the Lar-board.[4] [*Exit.*

Trinc. A Curse upon this houling. [*A great Cry within.* They are louder than the Weather. [*Enter* Antonio *and* Gonzalo. Yet again, what do you here? shall we give o'r, and drown? ha' you a mind to sink?

Gonz. A Pox o'your Throat, you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable Dog.

Trinc. Work you then and be Pox't.

Anto. Hang, Cur, hang, you Whorson insolent Noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Trinc. Ease the Fore-brace a little.[5] [*Exit.*

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[1] **Cut**] F. M. GREEN: Evidently a misprint for *Cat.*

[2] **Haul Catt**] MURRAY'S *New Eng. Dict.* cites: Falconer, *Dict. Marine*, 1789, *Cat*, is . . . . a . . . . strong tackle, or complication of pullies, to hook and draw the anchor . . . . up to the cat-head.

[3] **trim her right afore the Wind**] F. M. GREEN: From the first exclamations in this Scene, 'What a sea comes in?' 'let's off to sea,' &c., it is evident that the wind is blowing on shore. The effect, therefore, of this present order would be to drive a vessel, trimmed 'right afore the wind,' directly on shore.

[4] F. M. GREEN: The orders contained in the preceding seven lines are incoherent and unintelligible. A 'fore-bowline' is an unimportant, insignificant line, used only in fair weather.

[5] **Ease . . . little**] F. M. GREEN: This could do neither good nor harm. In fact, it may be generally remarked of this whole Scene, that the words and phrases put into the mouth of the Boatswain are manifestly used by a person who did not at all understand them.

Gonz. I'll warrant him for drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a Nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd Wench.

Enter Alonzo *and* Ferdinand.

Ferd. For my self I care not, but your loss brings a Thousand Deaths to me.

Alonz. O name not me, I am grown Old, my Son; I am tedious to the World, and that, by use, is so to me: But, *Ferdinand*, I grieve my Subjects loss in thee: Alas, I suffer justly for my Crimes, but why thou shouldst—O Heaven!

[*A Cry within.*

Heark, Farewel, my Son, a long farewel!

Enter Trincalo, Mustacho, *and* Ventoso.

Trinc. What must our Mouths be cold then?

Vent. All's lost. To prayers, to prayers.

Gonz. The Duke and Prince are gone within to prayers.
Let's assist them.

Must. Nay, we may e'en pray too; our case is now alike.

Ant. Mercy upon us, we split.

Gonz. Let's all sink with the Duke and the Young Prince. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Stephano, *and* Trincalo.

Trinc. The Ship is sinking. [*A new Cry within.*

Steph. Run her ashore!

Trinc. Luff! luff! or we are all lost! there's a Rock upon the Star-board-Bow.

Steph. She strikes, she strikes! All shift for them themselves. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

In the midst of the Shower of Fire the Scene changes. The Cloudy Sky, Rocks, and Sea vanish; and when the Lights return discover that Beautiful part of the Island, which was the Habitation of Prospero; *'Tis compos'd of three Walks of Cypress-trees, each Side-walk leads to a Cave, in one of which* Prospero *keeps his Daughters, in the other* Hippolito: *The Middle-Walk is of a great depth, and leads to an open part of the Island.*

Enter Prospero *and* Miranda.

Prosp. Miranda, where's your Sister?

Miran. I left her looking from the pointed Rock, at the Walk's end, on the huge Beat of Waters.

Prosp. It is a dreadful Object.

Mir. If by your Art, my dearest Father, you have put them in this roar, allay 'em quickly.

Prosp. I have so ordered, that not one Creature in the Ship is lost:
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
My Daughter, and thy pretty Sister:
You both are ignorant of what you are.
Not knowing whence I am, nor that I'm more
Then *Prospero*, Master of a narrow Cell,
And thy unhappy Father.

Mir. I ne'r endeavour'd to know more than you were pleas' to tell me,

Prosp. I should inform thee farther.

Mir. You often, Sir, began to tell me what I am,
but then you stopt.

Prosp. The Hour's now come; Obey and be attentive. Canst thou remember a

time before we came into this Cell? I don't think thou canst, for then thou wert not full three years old.

Mir. Certainly I can, Sir.

Prosp. Tell me the Image then of any thing which thou dost keep in thy remembrance still.

Mir. Sir, had I not four or five Women once that tended me?

Prosp. Thou hadst, and more, *Miranda:* what seest thou else in the dark backward, and abyss of Time?

If thou remember'st ought e'r thou cam'st here, then how thou cam'st thou may'st remember too.

Mir. Sir, that I do not.

Prosp. Fifteen years since, *Miranda*, thy Father was the Duke of *Milan*, and a Prince of power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my Father?

Prosp. Thy Mother was all Vertue, and she said, thou wast my Daughter, and thy Sister too.

Mir. O Heavens! what foul Play had we, that we hither came, or was't a Blessing that we did?

Prosp. Both, both my Girl.

Mir. But, Sir, I pray proceed.

Prosp. My Brother, and thy Uncle, call'd *Antonio*, to whom I trusted then the manage of my State, while I was wrap'd with secret Studies: That false Uncle, having attain'd the craft of granting suits, and of denying them; whom to advance, or lop, for over-topping, soon was grown the Ivy which did hide my Princely Trunk, and suck'd my verdure out: thou attend'st not.

Mir. O good, Sir, I do.

Prosp. I thus neglecting worldly ends, and bent to closeness, and the bettering of my mind, wak'd in my false Brother an evil Nature: He did believe he was indeed the Duke, because he then did execute the outward Face of Soveraignty. Dost thou still mark me?

Mir. Your Story would cure Deafness.

Prosp. This false Duke needs would be absolute in *Milan*, and Confederates with *Savoy's* Duke, to give him Tribute, and to do him Homage.

Mir. False Man!

Prosp. This of *Savoy*, being an Enemy to me inveterate, strait grants my Brother's Suit, and on a Night, Mated to his Design, *Antonio* opened the Gates of *Milan*, and i' th' dead of darkness, hurri'd me thence, with thy young Sister, and thy crying self.

Mir. But wherefore did they not that hour destroy us?

Prosp. They durst not, Girl, in *Milan*, for the Love my people bore me; in short, they hurri'd us away to *Savoy*, and thence aboard a Bark at *Nissa's* Port: bore us some Leagues to Sea, where they prepar'd a rotten carcass of a Boat, not rigg'd, no Tackle, Sail, nor Mast; the very Rats instinctively had quit it.

Mir. Alack! what trouble was I then to you?

Prosp. Thou and thy Sister were two Cherubins, which did preserve me: you both did smile, infus'd with Fortitude from Heaven.

Mir. How came we ashore?

Prosp. By Providence Divine. Some food we had and some fresh Water, which a Nobleman of *Savoy*, called *Gonzalo*, appointed Master of that black design, gave us; with rich Garments and all necessaries, which since have steaded much: and of

his Gentleness (knowing I lov'd my Books) he furnish'd me from my own Library, with Volumes which I prize above my Dukedom.

Mir. Would I might see that Man.

Prosp. Here, in this Island we arriv'd, and here have I your Tutor been. But by my Skill I find, that my Mid-Heaven doth depend on a most happy Star, whose Influence if I not court, but omit, my Fortunes will ever after droop: here cease more Questions, thou art inclin'd to sleep: 'tis a good dullness, and give it way; I know thou canst not chuse. [*She falls asleep.*

Come away, my Spirit: I am ready now, approach,
my *Ariel*, Come. [*Enter* Ariel.

Ariel. All hail, great Master, grave Sir, hail, I come to answer thy best pleasure, be it to fly, to swim, to shoot into the Fire, to ride on the curl'd Clouds; to thy strong bidding task *Ariel* and all his Qualities.

Prosp. Hast thou, Spirit, perform'd to point the Tempest that I bad thee?

Ariel. To every Article. I boarded the Duke's Ship, now on the Beak, now in the Waste, the Deck, in every Cabin; I flam'd amazement and sometimes I seem'd to burn in many places on the Top-mast the Yards, and Boresprit; I did flame distinctly. Nay once I rain'd a shower of Fire upon them.

Prosp. My brave Spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil did not infect his Reason?

Ariel. Not a Soul but felt a Feaver of the Mind, and play'd some tricks of Desperation; all, but Mariners, plung'd in the foaming Brine, and quit the Vessel; the Duke's Son *Ferdinand*, with Hair upstaring (more like Reeds than Hair) was the first man that leap'd, cry'd, Hell is empty, and all the Devils are here.

Prosp. Why that's my Spirit;
But was not this nigh shore?

Ariel. Close by, my Master.

Prosp. But, *Ariel*, are they safe?

Ariel. Not a Hair perish'd.
In Troops I have dispers'd them round this Isle.
The Duke's Son I have landed by himself, whom I have left warming the Air with sighs, in an odd Angle of the Isle, and sitting, his Arms he folded in this sad Knot.

Prosp. Say how thou hast dispos'd the Mariners of the Duke's Ship, and all the rest of the Fleet?

Ariel. Safely in harbour
Is the Duke's Ship, in the deep Nook, where once thou call'dst
Me up at Mid-night to fetch Dew from the
Still vext *Bermoothes*, there she's hid,
The Mariners all under Hatches stow'd,
Whom with a Charm, join'd to their suffer'd Labour,
I have left asleep; and for the rest o' th' Fleet,
(Which I disperst) they all have met again,
And are upon the *Mediterranean* Float.
Bound sadly home for *Italy;*
Supposing that they saw the Duke's Ship wrack'd,
And his great Person perish.

Prosp. *Ariel*, thy Charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more Work:
What is the time o' th' day?

Ariel. Past the Mid-season.

Prosp. At least two Glasses: the time 'tween six and now must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ariel. Is there more Toyl? since thou dost give me Pains, let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd, which is not yet perform'd me.

Prosp. How now, *Moodie*?
What is't thou can'st demand?

Ariel. My Liberty.

Prosp. Before thy time be out? no more.

Ariel. I prethee!
Remember I have done thee faithful Service,
Told thee no Lies, made thee no Mistakings,
Serv'd without Grudge, or Grumbling,
Thou didst promise to bate me a full Year.

Prosp. Dost thou forget
From what a Torment I did free thee?

Ariel. No.

Prosp. Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the Ooze of the salt Deep, to run against the sharp Wind of the North, to do my Bus'ness in the Veins of the Earth, when it is bak'd with Frost.

Ariel. I do not, Sir.

Prosp. Thou ly'st, Malignant thing! hast thou forgot the foul Witch *Sycorax*, who with Age and Envy was grown into a Hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ariel. No, Sir.

Prosp. Thou hast, where was she born? speak, tell me.

Ariel. Sir, in *Argier*.

Prosp. Oh, was she so!
I must once every Month recount what thou hast been, which thou forget'st. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax*, for Mischiefs manifold, and Sorceries too terrible to enter humane hearing, from *Argier* thou know'st was banish'd: but for one thing she did, they would not take her Life: is not this true?

Ariel. I, Sir.

Prosp. This blue-ey'd Hag was hither brought with Child,
And here was left by th' Sailers, thou, my Slave,
As thou report'st thy self, wast then her Servant,
And 'cause thou wast a Spirit too delicate
To act her Earthy and abhor'd Commands;
Refusing her grand Hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent Ministers;
(In her unmitigable rage) into a cloven Pine,
Within whose rift imprison'd thou didst painfully
Remain a dozen Years; within which space she dy'd,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent
Thy Groans, as fast as Mill-Wheels strike.
Then was this Isle (save for two Brats,
Which she did litter here, the brutish *Caliban*,
And his Twin-Sister, two freckled hag-born Whelps)
Not honour'd with a humane Shape.

Ariel. Yes! *Caliban* her Son, and *Sycorax* his Sister.

Prosp. Dull thing, I say so; he, that *Caliban*, and she that *Sycorax*, whom I now keep in Service. Thou best know'st what torment I did find thee in; thy Groans did make Wolves houl, and penetrate the breasts of ever angry Bears, it was a Torment to lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax* could ne'r again undo: It was my Art, when I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made the Pine to gape and let thee out.

Ariel. I thank thee, Master.

Prosp. If thou more murmurest, I will rend an Oak,
And Peg thee in his knotty Entrails, till thou
Hast houl'd away twelve Winters more.

Ariel. Pardon, Master.
I will be correspondent to command, and be
A gentle Spirit.

Prosp. Do so, and after two day's I'll discharge thee.

Ariel. Thanks, my great Master. But I have yet one request.

Prosp. What's that, my Spirit?

Ariel. I know that this day's business is important, requiring too much Toyl for one alone. I have a gentle Spirit for my Love, who twice seven Years has waited for my Freedom: Let it appear, it will assist me much, and we with mutual joy shall entertain each other. This I beseech you grant me.

Prosp. You shall have your desire.

Ariel. That's my noble Master, *Milcha!* [Milcha *flies down to his Assistance.*

Milc. I am here my Love.

Ariel. Thou art free! welcome, my Dear! what shall we do? say, say, what shall we do?

Prosp. Be subject to no sight but mine, invisible to every Eye-ball else. Hence with Diligence, anon thou shalt know more. [*They both fly up, and cross in the Air.*
Thou hast slept well my Child. [*To* Miranda.

Mir. The Sadness of your Story put heaviness in me.

Prosp. Shake it off; come on, I'll now call *Caliban*, my Slave, who never yields us a kind Answer.

Mir. 'Tis a Creature, Sir, I do not love to look on.

Prosp. But as 'tis we cannot miss him; he does make our Fire, fetch in our Wood, and serve in Offices that profit us: what hoa! Slave! *Caliban!* thou Earth thou, speak.

Calib. within. There's Wood enough within.

Prosp. Thou Poisonous Slave, got by the Devil himself upon thy wicked Dam, come forth. [*Enter* Caliban.

Calib. As wicked Dew, as e'er my Mother brush'd with Raven's Feather from unwholesome Fens, drop on you both: A South-west blow on you, and blister you all o'er.

Prosp. For this, be sure, to night thou shalt have Cramps, Side-stitches, that shall pen thy Breath up; Urchins shall prick thee till thou bleed'st, thou shalt be pinch'd as thick as Honey-Combs, each Pinch more stinging than the Bees which made 'em.

Calib. I must eat my Dinner: this Island's mine by *Sycorax* my Mother, which thou took'st from me. When thou cam'st first, thou stroak'st me, and mad'st much of me, would'st give me Water with Berries in't, and taught'st me how to name the Bigger Light, and how the Less, that burn by Day and Night; and then I lov'd thee, and shewed thee all the qualities of the Isle, the Fresh-springs, Brine-pits, Barren Places and Fertile. Curs'd be I that I did so: All the Charms of *Sycorax*, Toads,

Beetles, Bats, light on thee, for I am all the Subjects that thou hast. I first was mine own Lord; and here thou stay'st me in this hard Rock, whiles thou does keep from me the rest o' th'Island.

Prosp. Thou most lying Slave, whom Stripes may move, not Kindness: I have us'd thee (Filth that thou art) with humane Care, and lodg'd thee in mine own Cell, till thou didst seek to violate the Honour of my Children.

Calib. Oh ho, Oh ho, would't had been done: thou didst prevent me, I had peopled else this Isle with *Calibans*.

Prosp. Abhor'd Slave!
Who ne'er would any print of goodness take, being capable of all Ill: I pity'd thee, took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour one or other thing when thou didst not (Savage) know thy own meaning, but wouldst gabble, like a thing most Brutish I endow'd thy Purposes with Words, which made them known: But thy wild Race (though thou didst learn) had that in't, which good Natures could not abide to be with: therefore was thou deservedly pent up into this Rock.

Calib. You taught me Language, and my Profit by it is, that I know to curse: the red botch rid you for learning me your Language.

Prosp. Hag-seed hence!
Fetch us in fewel, and be quick
To answer other business: shrug'st thou (Malice)
If thou neglectest, or dost unwillingly what I command,
I'll wrack thee with old Cramps, fill all thy bones with Aches,
Make thee roar, that Beasts shall tremble at thy Dinn.

Calib. No, prethee!
I must obey. His Art is of such power
It would controul my Dam's God, *Setebos*,
And make a Vassal of him.

Prosp. So, Slave hence. [*Exeunt* Prosp. *and* Calib. *severally*.

Enter Dorinda.

Dor. Oh, Sister! what have I beheld?

Mir. What is it moves you so?

Dor. From yonder Rock,
As I my Eyes cast down upon the Seas,
The Whistling Winds blew rudely on my Face,
And the Waves roar'd; at first I thought the War
Had been between themselves, but strait I spy'd
A huge great Creature.

Mir. O you mean the Ship.

Dor. Is't not a Creature then? it seem'd alive.

Mir. But what of it?

Dor. This floating Ram did bear his Horns above,
All ty'd with Ribbands, ruffling in the Wind;
Sometimes he nodded down his Head a while,
And then the Waves did heave him to the Moon;
He clambring to the Top of all the Billows,
And then again he curtsi'd down so low,
I could not see him; till at last, all side-long,
With a great Crack his Belly burst in pieces.

Mir. There all had perish't,

Had not my Father's Magick Art reliev'd them.
But, Sister, I have stranger News to tell you;
In this great Creature there were other Creatures,
And shortly we may chance to see that thing,
Which you have heard my Father call, a Man.

Dor. But what is that? for yet he never told me.

Mir. I know no more than you: but I have heard
My Father say, we Women were made for him.

Dor. What, that he should eat us, Sister?

Mir. No sure, you see my Father is a Man,
And yet he does us good. I would he were not old.

Dor. Methinks, indeed, it would be finer,
If we two had two young Fathers.

Mir. No, Sister, no, if they were young,
My Father said, that we must call them Brothers.

Dor. But, pray, how does it come, that we two are not Brothers then, and have not Beards like him?

Mir. Now I confess you pose me.

Dor. How did he come to be our Father too?

Mir. I think he found us when we both were little,
And grew within the Ground.

Dor. Why could he not find more of us? Pray, Sister, let you and I look up and down one day, to find some little ones for us to play with.

Mir. Agreed; but now we must go in. This is the hour
Wherein my Father's Charm will work,
Which seizes all who are in open air:
Th' effect of his great Art I long to see,
Which will perform as much as Magick can.

Dor. And I, methinks more long to see a Man. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Scene Changes to the wilder part of the Island, 'tis compos'd of diver sorts of Trees, and barren Places, with a prospect of the Sea at a great distance.

Enter Stephano, Mustacho, Ventoso.

Vent. THE Runlet of Brandy was a loving Runlet, and floated after us out of pure pity.

Must. This kind Bottle, like an old Acquaintance, swam after it.
And this Scollop-shell is all our Plate now.

Vent. 'Tis well we have found something since we landed.
I prethee fill a soop, and let it go round.
Where hast thou laid the Runlet?

Must. I' the hollow of an old Tree.

Vent. Fill apace.
We cannot live long in this barren Island, and we may
Take a soop before Death, as well as others drink
At our Funerals.

Must. This is Prize-Brandy, we steal Custom, and it cost nothing, Let's have two rounds more.

Vent. Master, what have you sav'd?

Steph. Just nothing but my self.

Vent. This works comfortably on a cold stomach.

Steph. Fill's another round.

Vent. Look! *Mustacho* weeps. Hang losses, as long as we have Brandy left. Prithee leave weeping.

Steph. He sheds his Brandy out of his Eyes: he shall drink no more.

Must. This will be a doleful day with old *Bess.* She gave me a gilt Nutmeg at parting. That's lost too. But, as you say, hang losses. Prethee fill again.

Vent. Beshrew thy heart for putting me in mind of thy Wife.
I had not thought of mine else, Nature will shew it self,
I must melt. I prithee fill again, my Wife's a good old Jade,
And has but one Eye left: but she'll weep out that too,
When she hears that I am dead.

Steph. Would you were both hang'd for putting me in thought of mine.

Vent. But come, Master, sorrow is dry! there's for you agen.

Steph. A Mariner had e'en as good be a Fish as a Man, but for the comfort we get ashore: O for an old dry Wench now I am wet.

Must. Poor heart! that would soon make you dry agen: but all is barren in this Isle: Here we may lie at Hull till the Wind blow Nore and by South ere we can cry, A Sail, A Sail, at sight of a white Apron. And therefore here's another to comfort us.

Vent. This Isle's our own, that's our comfort, for the Duke, the Prince, and all their train, are perished.

Must. Our Ship is sunk, and we can never get home agen: we must e'en turn Salvages, and the next that catches his Fellow may eat him.

Vent. No, no, let us have a Government; for if we live well and orderly, Heav'n will drive Shipwracks ashoar to make us all rich; therefore let us carry good Consciences, and not eat one another.

Steph. Whoever eats any of my Subjects, I'll break out his teeth with my Scepter: for I was Master at Sea, and will be Duke on Land: you *Mustacho* have been my Mate, and shall be my Vice-Roy.

Vent. When you are Duke, you may chuse your Vice-Roy; but I am a free Subject in a new Plantation, and will have no Duke without my voice. And so fill me th' other soop.

Steph. Whispering. Ventoso, dost thou hear, I will advance thee, prithee give me thy voice.

Vent. I'll have no whispering to corrupt the Election; and to show that I have no private ends, I declare aloud that I will be Vice-Roy, or, I'll keep my voice for my self.

Must. Stephano, hear me, I will speak for the people, because there are few, or rather none in the Isle to speak for themselves. Know then, that to prevent the farther shedding of Christian bloud, we are all content *Ventoso* shall be Vice-Roy, upon condition I may be Vice-Roy over him. Speak, good people, are you well agreed? What, no man answer? well, you may take their silence for consent.

Vent. You speak for the People, *Mustacho?* I'll speak for 'em, and declare generally with one voice, one and all; That there shall be no Vice-Roy but the Duke, unless I be he.

Must. You declare for the people, who never saw your Face! Cold Iron shall decide it. [*Both draw.*

Steph. Hold, loving Subjects: we will have no Civil War during our Reign: I do hereby appoint you both to be my Vice-Roys over the whole Island.

Both. Agreed! agreed!

Enter Trincalo, *with a great Bottle, half drunk.*

Vent. How! *Trincalo* our brave Bosen!

Must. He reels: can he be drunk with Sea water?

Trinc. sings. I shall no more to Sea to Sea,
Here I shall die ashore.

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a Man's Funeral.
But here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Sings. The Master, the Swabber, the Gunner, and I,
The Surgeon and his Mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, *and* Marrian, *and* Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate.
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Wou'd cry to a Sailor, Go hang?
She lov'd not the savour of Tar nor of Pitch,
Yet a Taylor might scratch her where ere she did itch.

This is a scurvy Tune too, but here's my comfort agen. [*Drinks.*

Steph. We have got another Subject now; Welcome,
Welcome into our Dominions!

Trinc. What Subject, or what Dominions? here's old Sack, Boy: the King of good-fellows can be no subject.
I will be old *Simon* the King.

Must. Hah, old Boy! how didst thou scape?

Trinc. Upon a Butt of Sack, Boys, which the Sailors
Threw over-board: but are you alive, hoa! for I will
Tipple with no Ghosts till I'm dead: thy hand, *Mustacho*,
And thine, *Ventoso;* the Storm has done its worst:
Stephano alive too! give thy Bosen thy hand, Master.

Vent. You must kiss it then, for, I must tell you, we have chosen him Duke in a full Assembly.

Trinc. A Duke! where? what's he Duke of?

Must. Of this Island, Man. Oh *Trincalo*, we are all made, the Island's empty; all's our own, Boy, and we will speak to his Grace for thee, that thou may'st be as great as we are.

Trinc. You great? what the Devil are you?

Vent. We two are Vice-Roys over all the Island; and when we are weary of Governing, thou shall succeed us.

Trinc. Do you hear, *Ventoso*, I will succeed you in both your places before you enter into 'em.

Steph. *Trincalo*, sleep and be sober; and make no more uproars in my Country.

Trinc. Why, what are you, Sir, what are you?

Steph. What I am, I am by free Election, and you *Trincalo*, are not your self; but we pardon your first fault, because it is the first day of our Reign.

Trinc. Umph, were matters carried so swimmingly against me, whilst I was swimming, and saving my self for the good of the people of this Island.

Must. Art thou mad, *Trincalo?* wilt thou disturb a setled Government, where thou art a meer stranger to the Laws of the Country?

Trinc. I'll have no Laws.

Vent. Then Civil War begins. [Vent. *and* Must. *draw.*

Steph. Hold, hold, I'll have no bloudshed,
My Subjects are but few: let him make a Rebellion
By himself; and a Rebel, I Duke *Stephano* declare him:
Vice-Roys, come away.

Trinc. And Duke *Trincalo* declares, that he will make open War where ever he meets thee, or thy Vice-Roys. [*Exeunt* Steph. Must. Vent.

Enter Caliban *with wood upon his back.*

Trinc. Hah! who have we here?

Calib. All the infections that the Sun sucks up from Frogs, Fens, Flats, on *Prospero* fall and make him by inch-meal a Disease: his Spirits hear me, and yet I needs must curse, but they'l not pinch, fright me with Urchin shows, pitch me i' th' mire, nor lead me in the dark out of my way, unless he bid 'em: but for every trifle he sets them on me; sometimes like Baboons they mow and chatter at me, and often bite me; like Hedge-hogs then they mount their prickles at me, tumbling before me in my barefoot way. Sometimes I am all wound about with Adders, who with their cloven tongues hiss me to madness. Hah! yonder stands one of his spirits sent to torment me.

Trinc. What have we here, a Man, or a Fish?
This is some Monster of the Isle, were I in *England*,
As once I was, and had him painted;
Not a Holy-day Fool there but would give me
Six pence for the sight of him; well, if I could make
Him tame, he were a present for an Emperour.
Come hither pretty Monster, I'll do thee no harm.
Come hither!

Calib. Torment me not;
I'll bring the Wood home faster.

Trinc. He talks none of the wisest: but I'll give him
A dram o' th' Bottle, that will clear his understanding.
Come on your ways, Master Monster, open your mouth.
How now, you perverse Moon-calf! what,
I think you cannot tell who is your Friend!
Open your chops, I say. [*Pours Wine down his Throat.*

Calib. This is a brave God, and bears Cœlestial Liquor;
I'll kneel to him.

Trinc. He is a very hopeful Monster; Monster, what sayst thou, are thou content to turn civil and sober, as I am? for then thou shalt be my Subject.

Calib. I'll swear upon that Bottle to be true; for the liquor is not Earthly: did'st thou not drop from Heaven?

Trinc. Only out of the Moon, I was the Man in her when time was. By this light, a very shallow Monster.

Calib. I'll shew thee every fertile inch i' th' Isle, and kiss thy foot: I prithee be my God, and let me drink. [*drinks agen.*

Trinc. Well drawn Monster, in good faith.

Calib. I'll shew thee the best Springs, I'll pluck thee Berries,
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough:
A curse upon the Tyrant whom I serve, I'll bear him

No more sticks, but follow thee.

Trinc. The poor Monster is loving in his drink.

Calib. I prithee let me bring thee where Crabs grow,
And with my long nails will dig thee Pig-nuts,
Shew thee a Jays-nest, and instruct thee how to snare
The Marmazete; I'll bring thee to cluster'd Filberds;
Wilt thou go with me?

Trinc. This Monster comes of a good natur'd race;
Is there no more of thy Kin in this Island?

Calib. Divine, here is but one besides my self;
My lovely Sister, beautiful and bright as the Full Moon.

Trinc. Where is she?

Calib. I left her clambring up a hollow Oak,
And plucking thence the dropping Honey-combs.
Say, my King, shall I call her to thee?

Trinc. She shall swear upon the Bottle too.
If she proves handsome she is mine: Here, Monster,
Drink agen for thy good news; thou shalt speak
A good word for me. [*Gives him the Bottle.*

Calib. Farewel, old Master farewel, farewel.
Sing *No more Dams I'll make for fish,*
Nor fetch in firing at requiring,
Nor scrape Trencher, nor wash Dish,
Ban, Ban, Cackaliban
Has a new Master, get a new Man.
Heigh-day! Freedom, freedom!

Trinc. Here's two Subjects got already, the Monster,
And his Sister: well, Duke *Stephano,* I say, and say agen,
Wars will ensue, and so I drink. [*drinks.*
From this Worshipful Monster, and Mistriss
Monster his Sister,
I'll lay claim to this Island by alliance:
Monster, I say thy Sister shall be my Spouse:
Come away, Brother Monster, I'll lead thee to my Butt.
And drink her health. [*Exeunt.*

Scene Cypress Tree and Cave.

Enter Prospero *alone.*

Prosp. 'Tis not fit to let my Daughters know I kept
The Infant Duke of *Mantua* so near them in this Isle.
Whose Father dying, bequeath'd him to my care:
Till my false Brother (when he design'd t' usurp
My Dukedom from me) expos'd him to that fate
He meant for me. By calculation of his birth
I saw death threat'ning him, if, till some time were
Past, he should behold the face of any Woman:
And now the danger's nigh: *Hippolito!*

Enter Hippolito.

Hip. Sir, I attend your pleasure.

Prosp. How I have lov'd thee from thy infancy,

Heav'n knows, and thou thy self canst bear me witness,
Therefore accuse not me for thy restraint.

Hip. Since I knew life, you've kept me in a Rock,
And you this day have hurri'd me from thence,
Only to change my Prison, not to free me.
I murmur not, but I may wonder at it.

Prosp. O gentle Youth, Fate waits for thee abroad,
A black Star threatens thee, and death unseen
Stands ready to devour thee.

Hip. You taught me not to fear him in any of his shapes:
Let me meet death rather than be a Prisoner.

Prosp. 'Tis pity he should seize thy tender youth.

Hip. Sir, I have often heard you say, no Creature liv'd
Within this Isle, but those which Man was Lord of?
Why then should I fear?

Prosp. But here are creatures which I nam'd not to thee,
Who share Man's Sovereignty by Nature's Laws,
And oft depose him from it.

Hip. What are those Creatures, Sir?

Prosp. Those dangerous Enemies of Men call'd Women.

Hip. Women! I never heard of them before.
What are Women like?

Prosp. Imagine something between young Men and Angels:
Fatally beauteous, and having killing Eyes,
Their Voices charm beyond the Nightingales,
They are all enchantment, those who once behold 'em,
Are made their slaves for ever.

Hip. Then I will wink and fight with 'em.

Prosp. 'Tis but in vain,
They'l haunt you in your very sleep.

Hip. Then I'll revenge it on 'em when I wake.

Prosp. You are without all possibility of revenge,
They are so beautiful, that you can ne'r attempt,
Nor wish to hurt them.

Hip. Are they so beautiful?

Prosp. Calm sleep is not so soft, nor Winter Suns,
Nor Summer shades so pleasant.

Hip. Can they be fairer than the Plumes of Swans?
Or more delightful than the Peacocks Feathers?
Or than the gloss upon the necks of Doves?
Or have more various beauty than the Rainbow?
These I have seen, and without danger wondred at.

Prosp. All these are far below 'em: Nature made
Nothing but Woman dangerous and fair:
Therefore if you should chance to see 'em,
Avoid 'em streight I charge you.

Hip. Well since you say they are so dangerous,
I'll so far shun 'em as I may with safety of the
Unblemish'd honour which you taught me.

But let 'em not provoke me, for I'm sure I shall
Not then forbear them.
Prosp. Go in and read the Book I gave you last.
To morrow I may bring you better news.
Hip. I shall obey you, Sir. [*Exit* Hippolito.
Prosp. So, so; I hope this Lessen has secur'd him,
For I have been constrain'd to change his lodging
From yonder Rock where first I bred him up,
And here have brought him home to my own Cell,
Because the shipwrack happen'd near his Mansion.
I hope he will not stir beyond his limits,
For hitherto he hath been all obedience:
The Planets seem to smile on my designs,
And yet there is one sullen Cloud behind,
I would it were disperst. [*Enter* Miranda *and* Dorinda.
How! my Daughters! I thought I had instructed
them enough: Children! retire;
Why do you walk this way?
Mir. It is within our bounds, Sir.
Prosp. But both take heed, that path is very dangerous.
Remember what I told you.
Dor. Is the Man that way, Sir?
Prosp. All that you can imagine ill is there,
The Curled Lion, and the rugged Bear,
Are not so dreadful as that Man.
Mir. Oh me, why stay we here then?
Dor. I'll keep far enough from his Den, I warrant him.
Mir. But you have told me, Sir, you are a Man;
And yet you are not dreadful.
Prosp. I Child! but I am a tame Man; old Men are tame
By Nature, but all the danger lies in a wild
Young Man.
Dor. Do they run wild about the Woods?
Prosp. No, they are wild within doors, in Chambers,
And in Closets.
Dor. But, Father, I would stroak 'em, and make 'em gentle,
Then sure they would not hurt me.
Prosp. You must not trust them, Child:
Well, I must in; for new affairs requires my
Presence: be you *Miranda*, your Sisters Guardian. [*Exit* Prospero.
Dor. Come, Sister, shall we walk the other way?
The Man will catch us else: we have but two legs,
And he perhaps has four.
Mir. Well, Sister, though he have; yet look about you,
And we shall spy him ere he comes too near us.
Dor. Come back, that way is towards his Den.
Mir. Let me alone; I'll venture first, for sure he can
Devour but one of us at once.
Dor. How dare you venture?

Mir. We'll find him sitting like a Hare in's Form
And he shall not see us.

Dor. I but you know my Father charg'd us both.

Mir. But who shall tell him on't? we'l keep each
Others Counsel.

Dor. I dare not for the World.

Mir. But how shall we hereafter shun him, if we do not
Know him first?

Dor. Nay, I confess I would fain see him too. I find it in my
Nature, because my Father has forbidden me.

Mir. I, there's it, Sister, if he had said nothing, I had been quiet. Go softly, and if you see him first, be quick, and becken me away.

Dor. Well, if he does catch me, I'll humble my self to him,
And ask him pardon, as I do my Father,
When I have done a fault. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene continues. Enter Hippolito.

Hip. *Prospero* has often said, that Nature makes
Nothing in vain: why then are Women made?
Are they to suck the poison of the Earth
As gaudy colour'd Serpents are? I'll ask that
Question, when next I see him here.

Enter Miranda *and* Dorinda *peeping.*

Dor. O Sister, there it is, it walks about like one of us.

Mir. I, just so, and has Legs as we have too.

Hip. It strangely puzzles me: yet 'tis most likely
Women are somewhat between Men and Spirits.

Dor. Heark! it talks, sure this is not it my Father meant,
For this is just like one of us: methinks I am not half
So much afraid on't as I was; see now it turns this way.

Mir. Heaven! what a goodly thing it is?

Dor. I'll go nearer it.

Mir. O no, 'tis dangerous, Sister! I'll go to it.
I would not for the World that you should venture.
My Father charg'd me to secure you from it.

Dor. I warrant you this is a tame Man, dear Sister,
He'll not hurt me, I see it by his looks.

Mir. Indeed he will! but go back, and he shall eat me first:
Fie, are you not asham'd to be so much inquisitive?

Dor. You chide me for't, and wou'd give your self.

Mir. Come back, or I will tell my Father.
Observe how he begins to stare already.
I'll meet the danger first, and then call you.

Dor. Nay, Sister, you shall never vanquish me in kindness.
I'll venture you no more than you will me.

Prosp. within Miranda, Child, where are you?

Mir. Do you not hear my Father call? go in.

Dor. 'Twas you he nam'd, not me; I will but say my Prayers,
And follow you immediately.

Mir. Well, Sister, you'l repent it. [*Exit* Miranda.

Dor. Though I die for't, I must have the other peep.

Hip. seeing her. What thing is that? sure 'tis some Infant of the Sun, dress'd in his Fathers gayest Beams, and comes to play with Birds: my sight is dazl'd, and yet I find I'm loth to shut my Eyes.

I must go nearer it——but stay awhile;
May it not be that beauteous Murderer, Woman,
Which I was charg'd to shun? Speak, what art thou?
Thou shining Vision!

Dor. Alas, I know not; but I'm told I am a Woman;
Do not hurt me, pray, fair thing.

Hip. I'd sooner tear my Eyes out, than consent to do you any harm; though I was told a Woman was my Enemy.

Dor. I never knew what 'twas to be an Enemy, nor can I e'r prove so to that which looks like you: for though I have been charg'd by him (whom yet I never disobey'd) to shun your presence, yet I'd rather die than lose it; therefore I hope you will not have the heart to hurt me: though I fear you are a Man, that dangerous thing, of which I have been warn'd. Pray tell me what you are?

Hip. I must confess, I was inform'd I am a Man,
But if I fright you, I shall wish I were some other Creature.
I was bid to fear you too.

Dor. Ay me! Heav'n grant we be not poison to each other!
Alas, can we not meet but we must die?

Hip. I hope not so! for when two prisonous Creatures,
Both of the same kind, meet, yet neither dies.
I've seen two Serpents harmless to each other,
Though they have twin'd into a mutual knot:
If we have any venome in us, sure, we cannot be more
Poisonous, when we meet, than Serpents are.
You have a hand like mine, may I not gently touch it? [*Takes her hand.*

Dor. I've touch'd my Father's and my Sister's hands,
And felt no pain; but now, alas! there's something,
When I touch yours; which makes me sigh: just so
I've seen two Turtles mourning when they met;
Yet mine's a pleasing grief; and so me thought was theirs:
For still they mourn'd: and still they seem'd to murmur too,
And yet they often met.

Hip. Oh Heavens! I have the same sense too: your hand
Methinks goes through me; I feel it at my heart,
And find it pleases, though it pains me.

Prosp. Within. Dorinda!

Dor. My Father calls again; ah, I must leave you.

Hip. Alas, I'm subject to the same command.

Dor. This is my first offence against my Father,
Which he, by severing us, too cruelly does punish.

Hip. And this is my first trespass too: but he hath more
Offended truth than we have him:
He said our meeting would destructive be,
But I no death but in our parting see. [*Exeunt several ways.*

SCENE III. *A wild Island.*

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.

Gonz. 'Beseech your Grace be merry: you have cause, so have we all, of joy, for our strange 'scape; then wisely, good Sir, weigh our sorrow with our comfort.

Alonz. Prithee peace, you cram these words into my Ears, against my stomach; how can I rejoice, when my dear Son, perhaps this very moment, is made a meal to some strange Fish.

Anto. Sir, he may live, I saw him beat the Billows under him, and ride upon their backs; I do not doubt he came alive to Land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone; and you and I, *Antonio*, were those who caus'd his death.

Anto. How could we help it?

Alonz. Then, then we should have help'd it, when thou betrai'dst thy Brother *Prospero*, and *Mantua's* Infant Sovereign, to my power; and when I, too ambitious, took by force another's right: Then lost we *Ferdinand;* Then forfeited our Navy to this Tempest.

Ant. Indeed we first broke Truce with Heaven; you to the waves an Infant Prince expos'd, and on the waves have lost an only Son. I did usurp my Brother's fertile Lands, and now am cast upon this Desart-Isle.

Gonz. These, Sirs, 'tis true were crimes of a black dye; but both of you have made amends to Heav'n by your late Voyage into *Portugal;* where in defence of Christianity, your valour has repuls'd the Moors of *Spain.*

Alon. O name it not, *Gonzalo;*
No act but penitence can expiate guilt!
Must we teach Heav'n what price to set on Murder! what rate on lawless Power and wild Ambition! or dare we traffick with the Powers above, and sell by weight a good deed for a bad? [*A flourish of Musick.*

Gonz. Musick! and in the air; sure we are Shipwrack'd on the Dominions of some merry Devil!

Ant. This Isle's Inchanted ground; for I have heard swift Voices flying by my Ear, and groans of lamenting Ghosts.

Alon. I pull'd a Tree, and bloud pursu'd my hand.
Heav'n deliver me from this dire place, and all the after-actions of my life shall mark my penitence and my bounty. [*Musick agen louder.*
Hark, the sounds approach us! [*The Stage opens in several places.*

Ant. Lo the Earth opens to devour us quick.
These dreadful horrors, and the guilty sense of my foul Treason, have unmann'd me quite.

Alon. We on the brink of swift destruction stand;
No means of our escape is left. [*Another flourish of Voices under the Stage.*

Ant. Ah! what amazing sounds are these we hear!

Gonz. What horrid Masque will the dire Fiend present?

Sung under the Stage.

1. Dev. *Where does the black Fiend Ambition reside,*
With the mischievous Devil of Pride?
2. Dev. *In the lonest and darkest Caverns of Hell*
Both Pride and Ambition does dwell.
1. Dev. *Who are the chief Leaders of the damned Host?*
3. Dev. *Proud Monarchs, who tyrannize most.*

1. Dev. *Damned Princes there*
The worst of torments bear.
2. Dev. *Who in Earth all other in pleasures excell,*
Must feel the worst torments of Hell. [*They rise singing this Chorus.*

Ant. Oh Heav'ns! what horrid Vision's this?
How they upbraid us with our crimes!

Alon. What fearful vengeance is in store for us!

1. Dev. *Tyrants by whom their Subjects bleed,*
Should in pains all others exceed;
2. Dev. *And barb'rous Monarchs who their Neighbours invade,*
And their Crowns unjustly get;
And such who their Brothers to death have betray'd,
In Hell upon burning Thrones shall be set.
3. Dev. } ——*In Hell, in Hell with flames they shall reign,*
Chor. } *And for ever, for ever shall suffer the pain.*

Ant. Oh my Soul; for ever, for ever shall suffer the pain.

Alon. Has Heav'n in all its infinite stock of mercy
No overflowings for us? poor, miserable guilty Men!

Gonz. Nothing but horrors do encompass us!
For ever, for ever must we suffer!

Alon. For ever we shall perish! O dismal words, for ever!

1. Dev. *Who are the Pillars of the Tyrants Court?*
2. Dev. *Rapine and Murder his Crown must support!*
3. Dev. ——*His cruelty does tread*
On Orphans tender breasts, and Brothers dead!
2. Dev. *Can Heav'n permit such crimes should be*
Attended with felicity?
3. Dev. *No, Tyrants their Scepters uneasily bear,*
In the midst of their Guards they their Consciences fear.
2. Dev. } *Care their minds when they wake unquiet will keep,*
Chor. } *And we with dire visions disturb all their sleep.*

Ant. Oh horrid sight! how they stare upon us!
The Fiends will hurry us to the dark Mansion.
Sweet Heav'n, have mercy on us!

1. Dev. *Say, Say, shall we bear these bold Mortals from hence?*
2. Dev. *No, no, let us show their degrees of offence.*
3. Dev. *Let's muster their crimes upon every side,*
And first let's discover their pride.

Enter *Pride.*

Pride. *Lo here is Pride, who first led them astray,*
And did to Ambition their minds then betray.

Enter *Fraud.*

Fraud. *And Fraud does next appear,*
Their wandring steps who led,
When they from vertue fled,
They in my crooked paths their course did steer.

Enter *Rapine.*

Rapine. *From Fraud to Force they soon arrive,*
Where Rapine did their actions drive.

Enter *Murder.*

Murder. *There long they could not stay;*
Down the steep Hill they run,
And to perfect the mischief which they had begun,
To Murder they bent all their way.
Around, around we pace,
Chorus of all. *About this cursed place;*
While thus we compass in
These Mortals and their sin. [*Devils vanish.*

Ant. Heav'n has heard me, they are vanish'd!

Alon. But they have left me all unmann'd?
I feel my sinews slacken with the fright;
And a cold sweat trills down o'r all my Limbs,
As if I were dissolving into water.
Oh *Prospero*, my crimes 'gainst thee sit heavy on my heart!

Ant. And mine 'gainst him and young *Hippolito.*

Gonz. Heav'n have mercy on the penitent.

Alon. Lead from this cursed ground;
The Seas in all their rage are not so dreadful.
This is the Region of despair and death.

Ant. Shall we not seek some Fruit?

Alonz. Beware all fruit, but what the Birds have peck'd.
The shadows of the Trees are pois'nous too: a secret venom slides from every branch! my Conscience does distract me! O my Son! why do I speak of eating or repose, before I know thy fortune?

[*As they are going out, a Devil rises just before them, at which they start, and are frighted.*

Alonz. O Heavens! yet more Apparitions!

Devil sings. *Arise, arise! ye subterranean winds,*
More to disturb their guilty minds.
And all ye filthy damps and vapours rise,
Which use t' infect the Earth, and trouble all the Skies;
Rise you, from whom devouring plagues have birth:
You that i' th' vast and hollow womb of Earth,
Engender Earthquakes, make whole Countreys shake,
And stately Cities into Desarts turn;
And you who feed the flames by which Earths entrails burn.
Ye raging winds, whose rapid force can make
All but the fix'd and solid Centre shake:
Come drive these Wretches to that part o' th' Isle,
Where Nature never yet did smile:
Cause Fogs, and Storms, Whirlwinds and Earthquakes there:
There let 'em howl and languish in despair.
Rise and obey the pow'rful Prince o' th' Air.

Two Winds rise, Ten more enter and dance.

At the end of the Dance, Three winds sink, the rest drive *Alon. Ant. Gonz.* off.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A wild Island.*

Enter Ferdinand, *and* Ariel *and* Milcha *invisible.*

Ariel. *COme unto these yellow sands,*
And then take hands,
Curtsi'd when you have, and kiss'd
The wild waves whist.
Foot it featly here and there,
And sweet sprights the burthen bear.
Hark! hark!
Bow waugh, the Watch-dogs bark.
Bow waugh. Hark! hark! I hear
The strain of strutting Chanticleer,
Cry, Cock a doodle do.

Ferd. Where should this Musick be? i' th' air, or earth? it sounds no more, and sure it waits upon some God i' th' Island: sitting on a Bank, weeping against the Duke; my Father's wrack'd; This Musick hover'd on the waters, allaying both their fury and my passion with charming Airs. Thence I have follow'd it, (or it has drawn me rather) but 'tis gone; No it begins again.

Milcha sings.

Full fathom five thy Father lies,
Of his bones is Coral made:
Those are Pearls that were his Eyes,
Nothing of him that does fade.
But does suffer a Sea-change
Into something rich and strange:
Sea Nymphs hourly ring his knell;
Hark! now I hear 'em, ding dong Bell.

Ferd. This mournful Ditty mentions my drown'd Father.
This is no mortal business, nor a sound which the Earth owns——
I hear it now before me; however I will on and follow it.

[*Exit* Ferd. *following* Ariel.

SCENE II. *The Cypress-Trees and Cave.*

Enter Prospero *and* Miranda.

Prosp. Excuse it not, *Miranda*, for to you (the elder, and I thought the more discreet) I gave the conduct of your Sisters actions.

Mir. Sir, when you call'd me thence, I did not fail to mind her of her duty to depart.

Prosp. How can I think you did remember hers, when you forgot your own? did you not see the Man whom I commanded you to shun?

Mir. I must confess I saw him at a distance.

Prosp. Did not his Eyes infect and poison you?
What alteration found you in your self?

Mir. I only wondred at a sight so new.

Prosp. But have you no desire once more to see him?
Come, tell me truly what you think of him?

Mir. As of the gayest thing I ever saw, so fine, that it appear'd more fit to be

belov'd than fear'd, and seem'd so near my kind, that I did think I might have call'd it Sister.

Prosp. You do not love it?

Mir. How is it likely that I should, except the thing had first lov'd me?

Prosp. Cherish those thoughts: you have a gen'rous Soul;
And since I see your mind not apt to take the light
Impressions of a sudden love, I will unfold
A secret to your knowledge.
That Creature which you saw, is of a kind
Nature made a prop and guide to yours.

Mir. Why did you then propose him as an object of terrour to my mind?
You never us'd to teach me any thing but God-like truths, and what you said,
I did believe as sacred.

Prosp. I fear'd the pleasing form of this young Man
Might unawares possess your tender Breast,
Which for a nobler Guest I had design'd;
For shortly, my *Miranda*, you shall see another of this kind,
The full-blown Flower, of which this Youth was but the
Op'ning Bud. Go in, and send your Sister to me.

Mir. Heav'n still preserve you, Sir.

Prosp. And make thee fortunate. [*Exit* Miranda.

Enter Dorinda.

O, Come hither, you have seen a Man to day,
Against my strict command.

Dor. Who I? indeed I saw him but a little, Sir.

Prosp. Come, come, be clear. Your Sister told me all.

Dor. Did she? truly she would have seen him more than I,
But that I would not let her.

Prosp. Why so?

Dor. Because, methought, he would have hurt me less
Than he would her. But if I knew you'd not be angry
With me, I could tell you, Sir, that he was much to blame.

Prosp. Hah! was he to blame?
Tell me, with that sincerity I taught you,
How you became so bold to see the Man?

Dor. I hope you will forgive me, Sir, because I did not see him much till he saw me. Sir, he would needs come in my way, and star'd, and star'd upon my Face; and so I thought I would be reveng'd of him, and therefore I gaz'd on him as long; but if I e'r come near a Man again——

Prosp. I told you he was dangerous; but you would not be warn'd.

Dor. Pray be not angry, Sir, I tell you, you are mistaken in him; for he did me no great hurt.

Prosp. But he may do you more harm hereafter.

Dor. No, Sir, I'm as well as e'r I was in all my life,
But that I cannot eat nor drink for thought of him.
That dangerous Man runs ever in my mind.

Prosp. The way to cure you, is no more to see him.

Dor. Nay, pray, Sir, say not so; I promis'd him
To see him once agen; and you know, Sir,

You charg'd me I should never break my Promise.
Prosp. Wou'd you see him who did you so much mischief?
Dor. I warrant you I did him as much harm as he did me;
For when I left him, Sir, he sigh'd so, as it griev'd
My heart to hear him.
Prosp. Those sighs were pois'nous, they infected you:
You say, they griev'd you to the heart.
Dor. 'Tis true; but yet his looks and words were gentle.
Prosp. These are the Day-dreams of a Maid in Love.
But still I fear the worst.
Dor. O fear not him, Sir.
Prosp. You speak of him with too much Passion; tell me
(And on your duty tell me true, *Dorinda*)
What past betwixt you and that horrid Creature?
Dor. How, horrid, Sir? if any else but you should call it so, indeed I should be angry.
Prosp. Go too! you are a foolish Girl; but answer to what I ask, what thought you when you saw it?
Dor. At first it star'd upon me, and seem'd wild,
And then I trembled; yet it look'd so lovely, that when
I would have fled away, my feet seem'd fasten'd to the ground
Then it drew near, and with amazement ask'd
To touch my hand; which, as a ransome for my life,
I gave: but when he had it, with a furious gripe
He put it to his mouth so eagerly, I was afraid he
Would have swallow'd it.
Prosp. Well, what was his behaviour afterwards?
Dor. He on a sudden grew so tame and gentle,
That he became more kind to me than you are;
Then, Sir, I grew I know not how, and touching his hand
Agen, my heart did beat so strong, as I lack'd breath
To answer what he ask'd.
Prosp. You have been too fond, and I should chide you for it.
Dor. Then send me to that Creature to be punish'd.
Prosp. Poor Child! thy Passion, like a lazy Ague,
Has seiz'd thy bloud, instead of striving, thou humour'st
And feed'st thy languishing disease: thou fight'st
The Battels of thy Enemy, and 'tis one part of what
I threatn'd thee, not to perceive thy danger.
Dor. Danger, Sir?
If he would hurt me, yet he knows not how:
He hath no Claws, nor Teeth, nor Horns to hurt me,
But looks about him like a Callow-bird,
Just straggl'd from the Nest: pray trust me, Sir,
To go to him agen.
Prosp. Since you will venture,
I charge you bear your self reserv'dly to him,
Let him not dare to touch your naked hand,
But keep at distance from him.

Dor. This is hard.
Prosp. It is the way to make him love you more;
He will despise you if you grow too kind.
Dor. I'll struggle with my heart to follow this,
But if I lose him by it, will you promise
To bring him back agen?
Prosp. Fear not, *Dorinda;*
But use him ill, and he'll be yours for ever.
Dor. I hope you have not couzen'd me agen. [*Exit* Dor.
Prosp. Now my designs are gathering to a head.
My Spirits are obedient to my charms.
What, *Ariel!* my Servant *Ariel*, where art thou?
Enter Ariel.
Ariel. What wou'd my potent Master? Here I am.
Prosp. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform, and I must use you in such another
Work: how goes the day?
Ariel. On the fourth, my Lord; and on the sixth,
You said our work should cease.
Prosp. And so it shall;
And thou shalt have the open air at freedom.
Ariel. Thanks, my great Lord.
Prosp. But tell me first, my Spirit,
How fares the Duke, my Brother, and their Followers?
Ariel. Confin'd together, as you gave me order,
In the Lime-grove, which weather-fends your Cell;
Within that Circuit up and down they wander,
But cannot stir one step beyond their compass.
Prosp. How do they bear their sorrows?
Ariel. The two Dukes appear like men distracted, their
Attendants brim-full of sorrow mourning over 'em;
But chiefly, he you term'd the good *Gonzalo:*
His Tears run down his Beard, like Winter-drops
From Eaves of Reeds, your Vision did so work 'em,
That if you now beheld 'em, your affections
Would become tender.
Prosp. Do'st thou think so, Spirit?
Ariel. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.
Prosp. And mine shall:
Hast thou, who art but air, a touch, a feeling of their
Afflictions, and shall not I (a Man like them, one
Who as sharply relish passions as they) be kindlier
Mov'd then thou art? though they have pierc'd
Me to the quick with injuries, yet with my nobler
Reason 'gainst my fury I will take part;
The rarer action is in vertue than in vengeance.
Go, my *Ariel*, refresh with needful food their
Famish'd Bodies. With shows and cheerful
Musick comfort 'em.

Ariel. Presently, Master.
Prosp. With a twinkle, *Ariel.* But stay, my Spirit;
What is become of my Slave *Caliban*,
And *Sycorax* his Sister?
Ariel. Potent Sir!
They have cast off your Service, and revolted
To the wrack'd Mariners, who have already
Parcell'd your Island into Governments.
Prosp. No matter, I have now no need of 'em.
But, Spirit, now I stay thee on the Wing;
Haste to perform what I have given in charge:
But see they keep within the bounds I set 'em.
Ariel. I'll keep 'em in with walls of Adamant,
Invisible as air to mortal Eyes,
But yet unpassable.
Prosp. Make haste then. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III. *Wild Island.*

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.

Gonz. I am weary, and can go no further, Sir.
Alonz. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee, who am my self seiz'd
With a weariness, to the dulling of my Spirits: [*They sit.*
Even here I will put off my hope and keep it no longer
For my Flatterers: he is drown'd whom thus we stray to find.
I'm faint with hunger, and must despair of food. *Musick without.*
What! Harmony agen, my good Friends, heark!
Ant. I fear some other horrid Apparition.
Give us kind Keepers, Heaven, I beseech thee!
Gonz. 'Tis cheerful Musick this, unlike the first.

Ariel *and* Milcha *invisible, sing.*

Dry those Eyes which are o'rflowing,
All your storms are overblowing:
While you in this Isle are biding,
You shall Feast without providing:
Every dainty you can think of,
Ev'ry Wine which you can drink of,
Shall be yours; and want shall shun you,
Ceres' *blessing so is one you.*

Alonz. This voice speaks comfort to us.
Ant. Wou'd 'twere come; there is no Musick in a Song
To me, my stomach being empty.
Gonz. O for a Heavenly Vision of Boyl'd,
Bak'd and Roasted!

[*Dance of fantastick Spirits; after the Dance, a Table furnish'd with Meat and Fruit is brought in by two Spirits.*

Ant. My Lord, the Duke, see yonder.
A Table, as I live, set out and furnish'd
With all varieties of Meats and Fruits.
Alonz. 'Tis so indeed; but who dares taste this feast
Which Fiends provide, perhaps to poison us?

Gonz. Why that dare I; if the black Gentleman be so ill-natur'd, he may do his pleasure.

Ant. 'Tis certain we must eat or famish;
I will encounter it, and feed.

Alonz. If both resolve, I will adventure too.

Gonz. The Devil may fright me, yet he shall not starve me.
[*Two Spirits descend and flie away with the Table.*

Alonz. Heav'n! behold, it is as you suspected: 'tis vanish'd.
Shall we be always haunted with these Fiends?

Ant. Here we shall wander till we famish.

Gonz. Certainly one of you was so wicked as to say Grace: This comes on't, when Men will be Godly out of season.

Ant. Yonder's another Table, let's try that—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Trincalo *and* Caliban.

Trinc. Brother Monster, welcome to my private Palace.
But where's thy Sister, is she so brave a lass?

Calib. In all this Isle there are but two more, the Daughters of the Tyrant *Prospero;* and she is bigger than 'em both. O here she comes; now thou may'st judge thy self, my Lord.

Enter Sycorax.

Trinc. She's monstrous fair indeed. Is this to be my spouse? well, she's Heir of all this Isle (for I will geld Monster). The *Trincalo's*, like other wise Men, have antiently us'd to marry for Estate more than for Beauty.

Syc. I prethee let me have the gay thing about thy neck, and that which dangles at thy wrist. [Sycorax *points to his Bosens Whistle and his Bottle.*

Trinc. My dear Blobber-lips; this, observe my Chuck, is a badge of my Sea-office; my fair Fuss, thou dost not know it.

Syc. No, my dread Lord.

Trinc. It shall be a Whistle for our first Babe, and when the next Shipwrack puts me again to swimming, I'll dive to get a Coral to it.

Syc. I'll be thy pretty Child, and wear it first.

Trinc. I prethee, sweet Baby, do not Play the wanton, and cry for my goods e'r I'm dead. When thou art my Widow, thou shalt have the Devil and all.

Syc. May I not have the other fine thing?

Trinc. This is a Sucking-bottle for young *Trincalo.*

Calib. Shall she not taste of that immortal Liquor?

Trinc. Umph! that's another question: for if she be thus flipant in her Water, what will she be in her Wine?

[*Enter* Ariel (*invisible*) *and changes the Bottle which stands upon the ground.*

Ariel. There's Water for your Wine. [*Exit* Ariel.

Trinc. Well! since it must be so—— [*Gives her the Bottle.*
How do you like it now, my Queen that must be? [*She drinks.*

Syc. Is this your heavenly Liquor?
I'll bring you to a River of the same.

Trinc. Wilt thou so, Madam Monster? what a mighty Prince shall I be then? I would not change my Dukedom to be great Turk *Trincalo.*

Syc. This is the drink of Frogs.

Trinc. Nay, if the Frogs of this Island drink such, they are the merriest Frogs in Christendom.

Calib. She does not know the vertue of this Liquor:
I prethee let me drink for her.
Trinc. Well said, Subject Monster. [Caliban *drinks.*
Calib. My Lord, this is meer Water.
Trinc. 'Tis thou hast chang'd the Wine then, and drunk it up,
Like a debauch'd Fish as thou art. Let me see't.
I'll taste it my self. Element! meer Element! as I live.
It was a cold gulp, such as this, which kill'd my famous
Predecessor, old *Simon* the King.
Calib. How does thy honour? prethee be not angry, and I will lick thy shoe.
Trinc. I could find in my Heart to turn thee out of my Dominions for a Liquorish Monster.
Calib. O my Lord, I have found it out; this must be done by one of *Prospero's* Spirits.
Trinc. There's nothing but malice in these Devils, I would it had been Holy-water for their sakes.
Syc. 'Tis no matter, I will cleave to thee.
Trinc. Lovingly said, in troth; now cannot I hold out against her.
This Wife-like virtue of hers has overcome me.
Syc. Shall I have thee in my arms?
Trinc. Thou shalt have Duke *Trincalo* in thy arms:
But prithee be not too boistrous with me at first;
Do not discourage a young beginner. [*They embrace.*
Stand to your Arms, my Spouse,
And subject Monster; [*Enter* Steph. Must. Vent.
The Enemy is come to surprise us in our Quarters.
You shall know, Rebels, that I am marri'd to a Witch;
And we have a thousand Spirits of our Party.
Steph. Hold! I ask a Truce; I and my Vice-Roys
(Finding no food, and but a small remainder of Brandy)
Are come to treat a Peace betwixt us,
Which may be for the good of both Armies,
Therefore *Trincalo,* disband.
Trinc. Plain *Trincalo,* methinks I might have been a Duke in your mouth;
I'll not accept of your Embassie without my Title.
Steph. A Title shall break no squares betwixt us:
Vice-Roys, give him his style of Duke, and treat with him,
Whilst I walk by in state. [Ventoso *and* Mustacho *bow, whilst* Trincalo *puts on his Cap.*
Must. Our Lord and Master, Duke *Stephano,* has sent us
In the first place to demand of you, upon what
Ground you make War against him, having no right
To govern here, as being elected only by
Your own Voice.
Trinc. To this I answer, that having in the face of the World
Espous'd the lawful Inheritrix of this Island,
Queen *Blouze* the First, and having homage done me,
By this Hectoring Spark her Brother, from these two
I claim a lawful Title to this Island.
Must. Who that Monster? he a Hector?

Calib. Lo! how he mocks me, wilt thou let him, my Lord?
Trinc. Vice-Roys! keep good tongues in your heads,
I advise you, and proceed to your business.
Must. First and foremost, as to your claim that you have answer'd.
Vent. But second and foremost, we demand of you,
That if we make a Peace, the Butt also may be
Comprehended in the Treaty.
Trinc. I cannot treat with my honour without your submission.
Steph. I understand, being present, from my Embassadors, what your resolution is, and ask an hour's time of deliberation, and so I take our leave; but first I desire to be entertain'd at your Butt, as becomes a Prince and his Embassadors.
Trinc. That I refuse, till acts of hostility be ceas'd
These Rogues are rather Spies than Embassadors;
I must take heed of my Butt. They come to pry
Into the secrets of my Dukedom.
Vent. *Trincalo*, you are a barbarous Prince, and so farewel.
[*Exeunt* Steph. Must. Vent.
Trinc. Subject Monster! stand you Centry before my Cellar; my Queen and I will enter, and feast our selves within. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ferdinand, Ariel *and* Milcha (*invisible*).

Ferd. How far will this invisible Musician conduct
My steps? he hovers still about me, whether
For good or ill, I cannot tell, nor care I much;
For I have been so long a slave to chance, that
I'm as weary of her flatteries as her frowns.
But here I am——
Ariel. Here I am.
Ferd. Hah! art thou so? the Spirit's turn'd an Echo:
This might seem pleasant, could the burthen of my
Griefs accord with any thing but sighs,
And my last words, like those of dying men,
Need no reply. Fain I would go to shades, where
Few would wish to follow me.
Ariel. Follow me.
Ferd. This evil Spirit grows importunate,
But I'll not take his counsel.
Ariel. Take his counsel.
Ferd. It may be the Devil's counsel, I'll never take it.
Ariel. Take it.
Ferd. I will discourse no more with thee,
Nor follow one step further.
Ariel. One step further.
Ferd. This must have more importance than an Echo.
Some Spirit tempts to a precipice.
I'll try if it will answer when I sing
My sorrows to the murmur of this Brook.

He sings.

Go thy way.
Ariel. *Go thy way.*

Ferd. *Why shouldst thou stay?*
Ariel. *Why should thou stay?*
Ferd. *Where the winds whistle, and where the streams creep,*
Under yond Willow-tree, fain would I sleep.
Then let me alone,
For 'tis time to be gone.
Ariel. *For 'tis time to be gone.*
Ferd. *What cares or pleasures can be in this Isle?*
Within this desart place
There lives no humane race;
Fate cannot frown here, nor kind fortune smile.
Ariel. *Kind Fortune smiles, and she*
Has yet in store for thee
Some strange felicity.
Follow me, follow me,
And thou shalt see.
Ferd. I'll take thy word for once;
Lead on Musician. [*Exeunt and return.*

SCENE IV. *The Cypress-Trees and Caves.*

Scene changes, and discovers Prospero *and* Miranda.

Prosp. Advance the fringed Curtains of thine Eyes, and say what thou seest yonder.

Mir. Is it a Spirit?
Lord! how it looks about! Sir, I confess it carries a brave form.
But 'tis a Spirit.

Prosp. No Girl, it eats, and sleeps, and has such senses as we have. This young Gallant, whom thou seest, was in the wrack; were he not somewhat stain'd with grief (Beauty's worst canker) thou might'st call him a goodly Person; he has lost his Company, and strays about to find 'em.

Mir. I might call him a thing Divine, for nothing natural I ever saw so noble.

Prosp. It goes on as my Soul prompts it; Spirit, fine Spirit. I'll free thee within two days for this.

Ferd. She's sure the Mistriss on whom these Airs attend. Fair Excellence, if, as your form declares, you are Divine, be pleas'd to instruct me how you will be worship'd; so bright a beauty cannot sure belong to humane kind.

Mir. I am, like you, a Mortal, if such you are.

Ferd. My language too! O Heav'ns! I am the best of them who speak the Speech when I'm in my own Country.

Prosp. How, the best? What wert thou if the Duke of *Savoy* heard thee?

Ferd. As I am now, who wonders to hear thee speak of *Savoy*: he does hear me, and that he does I weep, my self am *Savoy*, whose fatal Eyes (e'r since at ebb) beheld the Duke my Father wrack'd.

Mir. Alack! for pity.

Prosp. At the first sight they have chang'd Eyes, dear *Ariel*,
I'll set thee free for this——young Sir, a word.
With hazard of your self you do me wrong.

Mir. Why speaks my Father so urgently?

This is the third Man that e'r I saw, the first whom
E'r I sigh'd for, sweet Heaven move my Father
To be inclin'd my way.
Ferd. O! if a Virgin! and your affections not gone forth,
I'll make you Mistriss of *Savoy*.
Prosp. Soft, Sir! one word more.
They are in each others power, but this swift
Bus'ness I must uneasie make, lest too light
Winning make the prize light——one word more.
Thou usurp'st the name not due to thee, and hast
Put thy self upon this Island as a Spy to get the
Government from me the Lord of it.
Ferd. No, as I'm a Man.
Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a Temple,
If th' evil Spirit hath so fair a House,
Good things will strive to dwell with it.
Prosp. No more, Speak not for him, he's a Traytor.
Come! thou art my Pris'ner, and shalt be in
Bonds. Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food
Shall be the fresh-Brook Muscles, wither'd Roots,
And Husks, wherein the Acorn crawl'd; follow.
Ferd. No, I will resist such entertainment,
Till my Enemy has more power. [*He draws, and is charm'd from moving.*
Mir. O dear Father! make not too rash a trial
Of him, for he's gentle, and not fearful.
Prosp. My Child, my Tutor! put thy Sword up, Traytor,
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike: thy
Conscience is possess'd with guilt. Come from
Thy Ward, for I can here disarm thee with
This Wand, and make thy Weapon drop.
Mir. 'Beseech you Father.
Prosp. Hence: hang not on my Garment.
Mir. Sir, have pity,
I'll be his Surety.
Prosp. Silence! one word more shall make me chide thee,
If not hate thee: what, an Advocate for an
Impostor? sure thou think'st there are no more
Such shapes as his?
To the most of Men this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are Angels.
Mir. My affections are then most humble,
I have no ambition to see a goodlier Man.
Prosp. Come on, obey:
Thy Nerves are in their infancy again, and have
No vigour in them.
Ferd. So they are:
My Spirits, as in a Dream, and all bound up:
My Father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wrack of all my Friends, and this Man's threats,

To whom I am subdu'd, would seem light to me,
Might I but once a day through my Prison behold this Maid:
All corners else o' th' Earth let liberty make use of:
I have space enough in such a Prison.
Prosp. It works: come on:
Thou hast done well, fine *Ariel:* follow me.
Heark what thou shalt more do for me. [*Whispers* Ariel.
Mir. Be of comfort!
My Father's of a better nature, Sir,
Than he appears by Speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.

Thou shalt be as free as Mountain Winds:
But then exactly do all points of my Command.
Ariel. To a syllable. [*Exit* Ariel.
Prosp. to Mir. Go in that way, speak not a word for him:
I'll separate you. [*Exit* Miranda.
Ferd. As soon thou may'st divide the Waters,
When thou strik'st 'em, which pursue thy bootless blow,
And meet when 'tis past.
Prosp. Go practise your Philosophy within,
And if you are the same you speak your self,
Bear your afflictions like a Prince——That door
Shews you your Lodging.
Ferd. 'Tis in vain to strive, I must obey. [*Exit* Ferd.
Prosp. This goes as would wish it.
Now for my second care *Hippolito.*
I shall not need to chide him for his fault,
His Passion is become his punishment.
Come forth, *Hippolito.*
Hip. Entring. 'Tis *Prospero's* Voice.
Prosp. Hippolito! I know you now expect I should severely chide you: you have seen a Woman in contempt of my commands.
Hip. But, Sir, you see I am come off unharm'd;
I told you, that you need not doubt my Courage.
Prosp. You think you have receiv'd no hurt?
Hip. No, none, Sir.
Try me agen, when e'r you please I'm ready:
I think I cannot fear an Army of 'em.
Prosp. How much in vain it is to bridle Nature! [*Aside.*
Well! what was the success of your encounter?
Hip. Sir, we had none, we yielded both at first,
For I took her to mercy, and she me.
Prosp. But are you not much chang'd from what you were?
Hip. Methinks I wish and wish! for what I know not,
But still I wish——yet if I had that Woman
She, I believe, could tell me what I wish for.
Prosp. What wou'd you do to make that Woman yours?
Hip. I'd quit the rest o' th' World that I might live alone with

Her, she never should be from me:
We two would sit and look till our Eyes ak'd.
Prosp. You'd soon be weary of her.
Hip. O, Sir, never.
Prosp. But you'll grow old and wrinkl'd, as you see me now,
And then you will not care for her.
Hip. You may do what you please, but, Sir, we two can never possibly grow old
Prosp. You must, *Hippolito.*
Hip. Whether we will or no, Sir, who shall make us?
Prosp. Nature, which made me so.
Hip. But you have told me her works are various;
She made you old, but she has made us young.
Prosp. Time will convince you.
Mean while be sure you tread in honours paths,
That you may merit her: And that you may not want
Fit occasions to employ your virtue, in this next
Cave there is a stranger lodg'd, one of your kind,
Young, of a noble presence, and, as he says himself,
Of Princely birth; he is my Pris'ner, and in deep
Affliction: visit, and comfort him; it will become you.
Hip. It is my duty, Sir. [*Exit* Hippolito.
Prosp. True, he has seen a Woman, yet he lives; perhaps I took the moment of his birth amiss, perhaps my Art it self is false: on what strange ground we build our hopes and fears, Man's Life is all a mist, and in the dark our Fortunes meet us.
If fate be not, then what can we foresee?
Or how can we avoid it, if it be?
If by free-will in our own paths we move,
How are we bounded by Decrees above?
Whether we drive, or whether we are driven,
If ill, 'tis ours; if good, the act of Heaven. [*Exit* Prospero.

Scene, a Cave.

Enter Hippolito *and* Ferdinand.

Ferd. Your pity, noble youth doth much oblige me,
Indeed 'twas sad to lose a Father so.
Hip. I, and an onely Father too, for sure you:
You had but one.
Ferd. But one Father, he's wondrous simple! [*Aside.*
Hip. Are such misfortunes frequent in your World,
Where many men live.
Ferd. Such are we born to.
But, gentle Youth, as you have question'd me,
So give me leave to ask you, what you are?
Hip. Do not you know?
Ferd. How should I?
Hip. I well hop'd I was a Man, but by your ignorance
Of what I am, I fear it is not so:
Well, *Prospero!* this is now the second time
You have deceiv'd me.
Ferd. Sir, there is no doubt you are a Man:

But I would know of whence?

Hip. Why, of this World, I never was in yours.

Ferd. Have you a Father?

Hip. I was told I had one, and that he was a Man, yet I have been so much deceived, I dare not tell't you for a truth; but I have still been kept a Prisoner for fear of Women.

Ferd. They indeed are dangerous, for since I came, I have beheld one here, whose Beauty pierc'd my heart.

Hip. How did she pierce, you seem not hurt.

Ferd. Alas! the wound was made by her bright Eyes,
And festers by her absence.
But, to speak plainer to you, Sir, I love her.

Hip. Now I suspect that love's the very thing, that I feel too! pray tell me truly,
Sir, are you not grown unquiet since you saw her?

Ferd. I take no rest.

Hip. Just, just my disease.
Do you not wish you do not know for what?

Ferd. O no! I know too well for what I wish.

Hip. There, I confess, I differ from you, Sir:
But you desire she may be always with you?

Ferd. I can have no felicity without her.

Hip. Just my condition! alas, gentle Sir,
I'll pity you, and you shall pity me.

Ferd. I love so much, that if I have her not,
I find I cannot live.

Hip. How! do you love her?
And would you have her too? that must not be:
For none but I must have her.

Ferd. But perhaps we do not love the same:
All Beauties are not pleasing alike to all.

Hip. Why are there more fair Women, Sir,
Besides that one I love?

Ferd. That's a strange question. There are many more besides that Beauty which you love.

Hip. I will have all of that kind, if there be a hundred of 'em.

Ferd. But, noble Youth, you know not what you say.

Hip. Sir, they are things I love, I cannot be without 'em:
O, how I rejoyce! more Women!

Ferd. Sir, if you love, you must be ty'd to one.

Hip. Ty'd! how ty'd to her?

Ferd. To love none but her.

Hip. But, Sir, I find it is against my nature.
I must love where I like, and I believe I may like all,
All that are fair: come! bring me to this Woman,
For I must have her.

Ferd. His simplicity [*Aside.*
Is such that I can scarce be angry with him.
Perhaps, sweet Youth, when you behold her,
You will find you do not love her.

Hip. I find already I love because she is another Woman.
Ferd. You cannot love two Women both at once.
Hip. Sure 'tis my duty to love all who do resemble
Her whom I've already seen. I'll have as many as I can,
That are so good, and Angel like, as she I love;
And will have yours.
Ferd. Pretty Youth, you cannot.
Hip. I can do any thing for that I love.
Ferd. I may, perhaps, by force, restrain you from it.
Hip. Why do so if you can. But either promise me
To love no Woman, or you must try your force.
Ferd. I cannot help it, I must love.
Hip. Well you may love, for *Prospero* taught me Friendship too: you shall love me and other Men if you can find 'em, but all the Angel-women shall be mine.
Ferd. I must break off this Conference, or he will
Urge me else beyond what I can bear.
Sweet Youth! some other time we will speak
Farther concerning both our loves; at present
I am indispos'd with weariness and grief,
And would, if you are pleas'd, retire a while.
Hip. Some other time be it? but, Sir, remember
That I both seek and much intreat your Friendship,
For next to Women, I find I can love you.
Ferd. I thank you, Sir, I will consider of it. [*Exit* Ferdinand.
Hip. This stranger does insult, and comes into my
World to take those heavenly beauties from me,
Which I believe I am inspir'd to love,
And yet he said he did desire but one.
He would be poor in love, but I'll be rich:
I now perceive that *Prospero* was cunning;
For when he frighted me from Woman-kind,
Those precious things he for himself design'd. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Cypress-Trees and Cave.

Enter Prospero *and* Miranda.

Prosp. YOur suit has pity in't, and has prevail'd.
Within this Cave he lies, and you may see him:
But yet take heed; let Prudence be your Guide;
You must not stay, your visit must be short. [*She's going.*
One thing I had forgot; insinuate into his mind,
A kindness to that Youth, whom first you saw
I would have Friendship grow betwixt 'em.
Mir. You shall be obey'd in all things.
Prosp. Be earnest to unite their very Souls.
Mir. I shall endeavour it.
Prosp. This may secure *Hippolito* from that dark danger which my Art forebodes; for Friendship does provide a double strength t' oppose the assaults of Fortune. [*Exit* Prospero.

Enter Ferdinand.

Ferd. To be Pris'ner where I dearly love, is but a double tye, a Link of Fortune join'd to the Chain of Love; but not to see her, and yet to be so near her, there's the hardship: I feel my self as on a Rack, stretch'd out, and nigh the ground, on which I might have ease, yet cannot reach it.

Mir. Sir! my Lord! where are you?

Ferd. Is it your Voice, my Love? or do I dream?

Mir. Speak softly, it is I.

Ferd. O Heavenly Creature! ten times more gentle than your Father's Cruel, how, on a sudden, all my griefs are vanish'd!

Mir. How do you bear your Prison?

Ferd. 'Tis my Palace while you are here, and love and silence wait upon our wishes; do but think we chuse it, and 'tis what we would chuse.

Mir. I'm sure what I would.
But how can I be certain that you love me?
Look to't; for I will die when you are false.
I've heard my Father tell of Maids, who dy'd
And haunted their false Lovers with their Ghosts.

Ferd. Your Ghosts must take another form to fright me,
This shape will be too pleasing: do I love you?
O Heaven! O Earth! bear witness to this sound,
If I prove false——

Mir. Oh hold, you shall not swear;
For Heav'n will hate you if you prove forsworn.

Ferd. Did I not love, I could no more endure this undeserv'd Captivity, than I could wish to gain my freedom with the loss of you.

Mir. I am a Fool to weep at what I'm glad of: but I have a suit to you, and that, Sir, shall be now the only trial of your love.

Ferd. Y'ave said enough, never to be deny'd, were it my life; for you have far o'rbid the price of all that humane life is worth.

Mir. Sir, 'tis to love one for my sake, who for his own deserves all the respect which you can ever pay him.

Ferd. You mean your Father: do not think his usage can make me hate him; when he gave you being, he then did that which cancell'd all these wrongs.

Mir. I meant not him, for that was a request, which if you love, I should not need to urge.

Ferd. Is there another whom I ought to love?
And love him for your sake?

Mir. Yes such a one, who, for his sweetness and his goodly shape (if I, who am unskill'd in forms, may judge), I think can scarce be equall'd:
'Tis a Youth, a Stranger too as you are.

Ferd. Of such a graceful feature, and must I for your sake love?

Mir. Yes, Sir, do you scruple to grant the first request I ever made? he's wholly unacquainted with the World, and wants your Conversation. You should have compassion on so meer a stranger.

Ferd. Those need compassion whom you discommend, not whom you praise.

Mir. Come you must love him for my sake: you shall.

Ferd. Must I for yours, and cannot for my own?
Either you do not love, or think that I do not:

But when you bid me love him, I must hate him.
Mir. Have I so far offended you already,
That he offends you only for my sake?
Yet sure you would not hate him, if you saw
Him as I have done, so full of youth and beauty.
Ferd. O poison to my hopes! [*Aside.*
When he did visit me, and I did mention this
Beauteous Creature to him, he did then tell me
He would have her.
Mir. Alas what mean you?
Ferd. It is too plain: like most of her frail Sex, she's false,
But has not learn'd the art to hide it;
Nature has done her part, she loves variety:
Why did I think that any Woman could be innocent,
Because she's young? No, no, their Nurses teach them
Change, when with two Nipples they divide their
Liking.
Mir. I fear I have offended you, and yet I meant no harm:
But if you please to hear me—— [*A noise within.*
Heark, Sir! now I am sure my Father's comes, I know
His steps; dear Love, retire a while, I fear
I've staid too long.
Ferd. Too long indeed, and yet not long enough: Oh Jealousie!
Oh Love! how you distract me? [*Exit* Ferdinand.
Mir. He appears displeas'd with that young man, I know
Not why: but, till I find from whence his hate proceeds,
I must conceal it from my Father's knowledge,
For he will think that guiltless I have caus'd it;
And suffer me no more to see my Love. [*Enter* Prospero.
Prosp. Now I have been indulgent to your wish,
You have seen the Prisoner.
Mir. Yes.
Prosp. And he spake to you?
Mir. He spoke; but he receiv'd short answers from me.
Prosp. How like you his converse?
Mir. At second sight
A Man does not appear so rare a Creature.
Prosp. Aside. I find she loves him much because she hides it.
Love teaches cunning even to innocence. Well go in.
Mir. Aside. Forgive me, truth, for thus disguising thee; if I can make him think
I do not Love the stranger much, he'l let me see him oftner. [*Exit* Miranda.
Prosp. Stay! stay——I had forgot to ask her what she had said
Of young *Hippolito!* Oh! here he comes! and with him
My *Dorinda.* I'll not be seen, let [*Enter* Hippolito *and* Dorinda.
Their loves grow in secret. [*Exit* Prospero.
Hip. But why are you so sad?
Dor. But why are you so joyful?
Hip. I have within me all the various Musick of
The Woods. Since last I saw you, I have heard brave news!

I'll tell you, and make you joyful for me.
Dor. Sir, when I saw you first, I, through my Eyes, drew
Something in, I know not what it is;
But still it entertains me with such thoughts,
As makes me doubtful whether joy becomes me.
Hip. Pray believe me;
As I'm a Man, I'll tell you blessed news,
I have heard there are more Women in the World,
As fair as you too.
Dor. Is this your news? you see it moves not me.
Hip. And I'll have 'em all.
Dor. What will become of me then?
Hip. I'll have you too.
But are not you acquainted with these Women?
Dor. I never saw but one.
Hip. Is there but one here?
This is a base poor World, I'll go to th' other;
I've heard Men have abundance of 'em there.
But pray where is that one Woman?
Dor. Who, my Sister?
Hip. Is she your Sister? I'm glad o' that: you shall help me to her, and I'll love you for't. [*Offers to take her hand.*
Dor. Away! I will not have you touch my hand.
My Father's counsel which enjoin'd reservedness, [*Aside.*
Was not in vain, I see.
Hip. What makes you shun me?
Dor. You need not care, you'll have my Sister's hand.
Hip. Why, must not he who touches hers, touch yours?
Dor. You mean to love her too.
Hip. Do not you love her?
Then why should not I do so?
Dor. She is my Sister, and therefore I must love her:
But you cannot love both of us.
Hip. I warrant you I can:
Oh that you had more Sisters!
Dor. You may love her, but then I'll not love you.
Hip. O but you must;
One is enough for you, but not for me.
Dor. My Sister told me she had seen another;
A Man like you, and she lik'd only him;
Therefore if one must be enough for her,
He is that one, and then you cannot have her.
Hip. If she like him, she may like both of us.
Dor. But how if I should change and like that Man?
Would you be willing to permit that change?
Hip. No, for you lik'd me first.
Dor. So you did me.
Hip. But I would never have you see that Man;
I cannot bear it.

Dor. I'll see neither of you.

Hip. Yes, me you may, for we are now acquainted;
But he's the Man of whom your Father warn'd you:
O! he's a terrible, huge, monstrous Creature,
I am but a Woman to him.

Dor. I will see him,
Except you'll promise not to see my Sister.

Hip. Yes, for your sake, I needs must see your Sister.

Dor. But she's a terrible, huge Creature too; if I were not
Her Sister, she would eat me; therefore take heed.

Hip. I heard that she was fair, and like you.

Dor. No, indeed, she's like my Father, with a great Beard,
'Twould fright you to look on her,
Therefore that Man and she may go together,
They are fit for no body, but one another.

Hip. looking in. Yonder he comes with glaring Eyes, fly! fly! before he sees you.

Dor. Must we part so soon?

Hip. Y' are a lost Woman if you see him.

Dor. I would not willingly be lost, for fear you
Should not find me, I'll avoid him. [*Exit* Dorinda.

Hip. She fain would have deceived me, but I know her
Sister must be fair, for she's a Woman;
All of a kind that I have seen are like to one
Another: all the Creatures of the Rivers and the Woods are so. [*Enter* Ferd.

Ferd. O! well encounter'd, you are the happy Man!
have got the hearts of both the beauteous Women.

Hip. How! Sir? pray are you sure on't?

Ferd. One of 'em charg'd me to love you for her sake.

Hip. Then I must have her.

Ferd. No, not till I am dead.

Hip. How dead? what's that? But whatsoe'r it be,
I long to have her.

Ferd. Time and my grief may make me die.

Hip. But for a Friend you should make haste; I ne'r ask'd
Any thing of you before.

Ferd. I see your Ignorance;
And therefore will instruct you in my meaning.
The Woman, whom I love, saw you, and lov'd you.
Now, Sir, if you love her, you'll cause my Death.

Hip. Be sure I'll do't then.

Ferd. But I am your Friend;
And I request you that you would not love her.

Hip. When Friends request unreasonable things,
Sure th' are to be deny'd: you say she's fair,
And I must love all who are fair; for, to tell
You a secret, Sir, which I have lately found
Within my self; they're all made for me.

Ferd. That's but a fond conceit: you are made for one, and one for you.

Hip. You cannot tell me, Sir,
I know I'm made for twenty hundred Women.
(I mean if there be so many i' th' World)
So that if once I see her, I shall love her.
Ferd. Then do not see her.
Hip. Yes, Sir, I must see her.
For I would fain have my heart beat again,
Just as it did when I first saw her Sister.
Ferd. I find I must not let you see her then.
Hip. How will you hinder me?
Ferd. By force of Arms.
Hip. By force of Arms?
My Arms perhaps may be as strong as yours.
Ferd. He's still so ignorant that I pity him, and fain
Would avoid Force: pray do not see her, she was
Mine first; you have no right to her.
Hip. I have not yet consider'd what is right, but, Sir,
I know my inclinations, are to love all Women:
And I have been taught, that to dissemble what I
Think, is base. In honour then of truth, I must
Declare that I do love, and I will see your Woman.
Ferd. Wou'd you be willing I should see and love your
Woman, and endeavour to seduce her from that
Affection which she vow'd to you?
Hip. I would not you should do it, but if she should
Love you best, I cannot hinder her.
But, Sir, for fear she shou'd, I will provide against
The worst, and try to get your Woman.
Ferd. But I pretend no claim at all to yours;
Besides you are more beautiful than I,
And fitter to allure unpractis'd hearts.
Therefore I once more beg you will not see her.
Hip. I'm glad you let me know I have such beauty.
If that will get me Women,
I'll never want 'em.
Ferd. Then since you have refus'd this act of Friendship,
Provide your self a Sword, for we must fight.
Hip. A Sword, what's that?
Ferd. Why such a thing as this.
Hip. What should I do with it.
Ferd. You must stand thus, and push against me,
While I push at you, till one of us fall dead.
Hip. This is brave sport;
But we have no Swords growing in our World.
Ferd. What shall we do then to decide our quarrel?
Hip. We'll take the Sword by turns, and fight with it.
Ferd. Strange Ignorance! you must defend your life,
And so must I: but since you have no Sword,
Take this; for in a corner of my Cave [*Gives him his Sword.*

I found a rusty one; perhaps 'twas his who keeps
Me Pris'ner here: that I will fit.
When next we meet, prepare your self to fight.
Hip. Make haste then, this shall ne'r be yours agen.
I mean to fight with all the Men I meet, and
When they are dead, their Women shall be mine.
Ferd. I see you are unskilful; I desire not to take
Your Life, but if you please, we'll fight on
These conditions; He who first draws bloud,
Or who can take the others Weapon from him,
Shall be acknowledg'd as the Conquerour,
And both the Women shall be his.
Hip. Agreed, and ev'ry day I'll fight for two more with you.
Ferd. But win these first.
Hip. I'll warrant you I'll push you. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II. *The wild Island.*

Enter Trincalo, Caliban, Sycorax.

Calib. My Lord, I see 'em coming yonder.
Trinc. Whom?
Calib. The starv'd Prince, and his two thirsty Subjects,
That would have our Liquor.
Trinc. If thou wert a Monster of parts, I would make thee
My Master of Ceremonies, to conduct 'em in.
The Devil take all Dunces, thou hast lost a brave
Employment by not being a Linguist, and for want
Of behaviour.
Syc. My Lord, shall I go meet 'em? I'll be kind to all of 'em,
Just as I am to thee.
Trinc. No, that's against the Fundamental Laws of my Dukedom: you are in a high place, Spouse, and must give good Example. Here they come, we'll put on the gravity of Statesmen, and be very dull, that we may be held wise.

Enter Stephano, Ventoso, Mustacho.

Vent. Duke *Trincalo*, we have consider'd.
Trinc. Peace, or War?
Must. Peace, and the Butt.
Steph. I come now as a private Person, and promise to live peaceably under your Government.
Trinc. You shall enjoy the benefits of Peace; and the first fruits of it, amongst all Civil Nations, is to be drunk for joy. *Caliban*, skink about.
Steph. I long to have a Rowse to her Graces Health, and to the *Haunse* in *Kelder*, or rather Haddock in *Kelder*, for I guess it will be half Fish. [*Aside.*
Trinc. Subject *Stephano*, here's to thee; and let old quarrels be drown'd in this draught. [*Drinks.*
Steph. Great Magistrate, here's thy Sister's health to thee. [*Drinks to* Caliban.
Syc. He shall not drink of that immortal Liquor:
My Lord, let him drink Water.
Trinc. O Sweet-heart, you must not shame your self to day.
Gentlemen Subjects, pray bear with her good Huswifry:

She wants a little breeding, but she's hearty.

Must. *Ventoso*, here's to thee. Is it not better to pierce the Butt, than to quarrel and pierce one another's Bellies?

Vent. Let it come, Boy.

Trinc. Now would I lay greatness aside, and shake my heels, if I had but Musick.

Calib. O my Lord! my Mother left us in her Will a hundred Spirits to attend us, Devils of all sorts, some great roaring Devils, and some little singing Sprights.

Syc. Shall we call? and thou shalt hear them in the air.

Trinc. I accept the motion: let us have our Mother-in-law's Legacy immediately.

Calib. sings. *We want Musick, we want Mirth,*
Up, Dam, and cleave the Earth:
We have now no Lords that wrong us,
Send thy merry Sprights among us.

Trinc. What a merry Tyrant am I, to have my
Musick, and pay nothing for't?

[*A Table rises, and four Spirits with Wine and Meat enter, placing it, as they dance, on the Table: The Dance ended, the Bottles vanish, and the Table sinks agen.*

Vent. The Bottle's drunk.

Must. Then the Bottle's a weak shallow Fellow, if it be drunk first.

Trinc. *Stephano*, give me thy hand:
Thou hast been a Rebel, but here's to thee: [*Drinks.*
Prithee why should we quarrel? shall I swear
Two Oaths? By Bottle, and by Butt I love thee:
In witness whereof I drink soundly.

Steph. Your Grace shall find there's no love lost,
For I will pledge you soundly.

Trinc. Thou hast been a false Rebel, but that's all one;
Pledge my Grace faithfully.

Trinc. *Caliban*,
Go to the Butt, and tell me how it sounds:
Peer *Stephano*, dost thou love me?

Steph. I love your Grace, and all your Princely Family.

Trinc. 'Tis no matter if thou lov'st me? hang my Family:
Thou art my Friend, prithee tell me what
Thou think'st of my Princess?

Steph. I look on her, as on a very noble Princess.

Trinc. Noble? Indeed she had a Witch to her Mother, and the Witches are of great Families in *Lapland*, but the Devil was her Father, and I have heard of the Mounsor *De-Viles* in *France;* but look on her Beauty, is she a fit Wife for Duke *Trincalo?* mark her Behaviour too, she's tipling yonder with the Serving men.

Steph. An't please your Grace, she's somewhat homely; but that's no blemish in a Princess. She is Virtuous.

Trinc. Umph! Virtuous! I am loath to disparage her.
To tell thee true, I marri'd her to be a great Man, and so forth: but make no words on't, for I care not who knows it, and so here's to thee agen: Give me the Bottle, *Caliban!* did you knock the Butt? how does it sound?

Calib. It sounds as though it had a noise within.

Trinc. I fear the Butt begins to rattle in the throat, and is departing: give me the Bottle. [*Drinks.*

Must. A short life and a merry, I say. [Steph. *whispers* Sycorax.

Syc. But did he tell you so?

Steph. He said you were as ugly as your Mother, and that he Marry'd you only to get possession of the Island.

Syc. My Mother's Devils fetch him for't.

Steph. And your Father's too: Hem! Skink about his Grace's health agen. O if you will but cast an Eye of pity upon me——

Syc. I will cast two Eyes of pity on thee: I love thee more than Haws, or Blackberries, I have a hoard of Wildings in the Moss, my Brother knows not of 'em; but I'll bring thee where they are.

Steph. *Trincalo* was but my Man when time was.

Syc. Wert thou his God, and didst thou give him Liquor?

Steph. I gave him Brandy, and drunk Sack my self: Wilt thou leave him, and thou shalt be my Princess?

Syc. If thou canst make me glad with this Liquor.

Steph. I'll warrant thee we'll ride into the Country where it grows.

Syc. How wilt thou carry me thither?

Steph. Upon a Hackney-Devil of thy Mothers.

Trinc. What's that you will do? hah! I hope you have not betray'd me? how does my Pigs-nye? [*To* Sycorax.

Syc. Be gone! thou shalt not be my Lord, thou say'st
I'm ugly.

Trinc. Did you tell her so——hah! he's a Rogue, do not believe him, Chuck.

Steph. The foul words were yours: I will not ear 'em for you.

Trinc. I see if once a Rebel, then ever a Rebel. Did I receive thee into Grace for this? I will correct thee with my Royal Hand. [*Strikes* Stephano.

Syc. Dost thou hurt my Love? [*Flies at* Trincalo.

Trinc. Where are our Guards? Treason! Treason!

[Vent, Must. Calib. *run betwixt.*

Vent. Who took up Arms first, the Prince or the People?

Trinc. This false Traitor has corrupted the Wife of my Bosom.

[*Whispers* Mustacho *hastily.*

Mustacho, strike on my side, and thou shalt be my Vice-Roy.

Must. I'm against Rebels! *Ventoso*, obey your Vice-Roy.

Vent. You a Vice-Roy? [*They two fight off from the rest.*

Steph. Hah! Hector Monster! do you stand neuter?

Calib. Thou would'st drink my Liquor, I will not help thee.

Syc. 'Twas his doing that I had such a husband, but I'll claw him.

[Syc. *and* Calib. *fight;* Syc. *beating him off the Stage.*

Trinc. The whole Nation is up in Arms, and shall I stand idle?

[Trincalo *beats off* Stephano *to the door.* *Exit* Stephano.

I'll not pursue too far, for fear the Enemy should rally agen, and surprise my Butt in the Citadel; well I must be rid of my Lady *Trincalo*, she will be in the Fashion else; first, Cuckold her Husband, and then sue for a Separation, to get Alimony.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The Cypress-trees and Cave.*

Enter Ferdinand, Hippolito, (*with their swords drawn*).

Ferd. Come, Sir, our Cave affords no choice of place,
But the ground's firm and even: are you ready?
Hip. As ready as your self, Sir.
Ferd. You remember on what conditions we must fight;
Who first receives a wound is to submit.
Hip. Come, come, this loses time; now for the
Women, Sir. [*They fight a little*, Ferdinand *hurts him.*
Ferd. Sir, you are wounded.
Hip. No.
Ferd. Believe your bloud.
Hip. I feel no hurt, no matter for my bloud.
Ferd. Remember our Conditions.
Hip. I'll not leave, till my Sword hits you too.
[Hip. *presses on:* Ferd. *retires and wards.*
Ferd. I'm loth to kill you; you are unskilful, Sir.
Hip. You beat aside my Sword, but let it come as near
As yours, and you shall see my skill.
Ferd. You faint for loss of bloud: I see you stagger:
Pray, Sir, retire.
Hip. No! I will ne'r go back——
Methinks the Cave turns round, I cannot find——
Ferd. Your Eyes begin to dazle.
Hip. Why do you swim so, and dance about me?
Stand but still till I have made one thrust. [Hippolito, *thrusts and falls.*
Ferd. O help, help, help!
Unhappy Man! what have I done?
Hip. I'm going to a cold sleep, but when I wake,
I'll fight agen. Pray stay for me. [*Swounds.*
Ferd. He's gone! he's gone! O stay, sweet lovely Youth!
Help! help! [*Enter* Prospero.
Prosp. What dismal noise is that?
Ferd. O see, Sir, see!
What mischief my unhappy hand has wrought.
Prosp. Alas! how much in vain doth feeble Art endeavour
To resist the will of Heaven? [*Rubs* Hippolito.
He's gone for ever. O thou cruel Son of an
Inhumane Father! all my designs are ruin'd
And unravell'd by this blow.
No pleasure now is left me but revenge.
Ferd. Sir, if you knew my innocence——
Prosp. Peace, peace,
Can thy excuses give me back his life?
What, *Ariel?* sluggish Spirit, where art thou? [*Enter* Ariel.
Ariel. Here, at thy beck, my Lord.
Prosp. I, now thou com'st, when Fate is past and not to be
Recall'd. Look there, and glut the malice of

Thy Nature. For as thou art thy self, thou
Canst not but be glad to see young Virtue
Nipt i' th' Blossom.

Ariel. My Lord, the *Being* high above can witness
I am not glad; we Airy Spirits are not of a temper
So malicious as the Earthy,
But of a Nature more approaching good.
For which we meet in swarms, and often combate
Betwixt the Confines of the Air and Earth.

Prosp. Why did'st thou not prevent, at least foretel,
This fatal action then?

Ariel. Pardon, great Sir,
I meant to do it, but I was forbidden
By the ill Genius of *Hippolito*,
Who came and threaten'd me, if I disclos'd it,
To bind me in the bottom of the Sea,
Far from the lightsome Regions of the Air,
(My Native Fields) above a hundred years.

Prosp. I'll Chain thee in the North for thy neglect,
Within the burning Bowels of Mount *Heila;*
I'll singe thy airy Wings with sulph'rous flames,
And choak thy tender nostrils with blew smoak,
At ev'ry Hickup of the belching Mountain,
Thou shalt be lifted up to taste fresh air,
And then fall down agen.

Ariel. Pardon, dread Lord.

Prosp. No more of pardon than just Heav'n intends thee
Shalt thou e'r find from me: hence! fly with speed,
Unbind the Charms which hold this Murtherer's
Father, and bring him, with my Brother, streight
Before me.

Ariel. Mercy, my potent Lord, and I'll outfly thy thought. [*Exit* Ariel.

Ferd. O Heavens! what words are those I heard?
Yet cannot see who spoak 'em: sure the Woman
Whom I lov'd was like this, some aiery Vision.

Prosp. No, Murd'rer, she's, like thee, of mortal mould,
But much too pure to mix with thy black Crimes;
Yet she had faults, and must be punish'd for 'em.
Miranda and *Dorinda!* where are ye?
The will of Heaven's accomplish'd: I have
Now no more to fear, and nothing left to hope,
Now you may enter. [*Enter* Miranda *and* Dorinda.

Mir. My Love! is it permitted me to see you once agen?

Prosp. You come to look your last; I will
For ever take him from your Eyes.
But, on my blessing, speak not, nor approach him.

Dor. Pray, Father, is not this my Sister's Man?
He has a noble form; but yet he's not so excellent
As my *Hippolito.*

Prosp. Alas, poor Girl, thou hast no Man: look yonder;
There's all of him that's left.
Dor. Why, was there ever any more of him?
He lies asleep, Sir, shall I waken him? [*She kneels by* Hippolito *and jogs him.*
Ferd. Alas! he's never to be wak'd agen.
Dor. My Love, my Love! will you not speak to me?
I fear you have displeas'd him, Sir, and now
He will not answer me, he's dumb and cold too;
But I'll run streight, and make a fire to warm him. [*Exit* Dorinda *running.*

Enter Alonzo, Gonzalo, Antonio. Ariel (*invisible*).

Alonz. Never were Beasts so hunted into Toils,
As we have been pursu'd by dreadful shapes.
But is not that my Son? O *Ferdinand!*
If thou art not a Ghost, let me embrace thee.
Ferd. My Father! O sinister happiness! Is it
Decreed I should recover you alive, just in that
Fatal hour when this brave Youth is lost in Death,
And by my hand?
Ant. Heaven! what new wonder's this?
Gonz. This Isle is full of nothing else.
Prosp. You stare upon me as
You ne'r had seen me: Have fifteen years
So lost me to your knowledge, that you retain
No memory of *Prospero?*
Gonz. The good old Duke of *Milain!*
Prosp. I wonder less, that thou, *Antonio*, know'st me not,
Because thou didst long since forget I was thy Brother,
Else I never had been here.
Ant. Shame choaks my words.
Alonz. And wonder mine.
Prosp. For you, usurping Prince, [*To* Alonzo.
Know, by my Art, you were Shipwrack'd on this Isle,
Where, after I a while had punish'd you, my vengeance
Wou'd have ended; I design'd to match that Son
Of yours, with this my Daughter.
Alonz. Pursue it still, I am most willing to't.
Prosp. So am not I. No Marriages can prosper
Which are with Murderers made; Look on that Corps:
This, whilst he liv'd, was young *Hippolito*, that
Infant Duke of *Mantua;* Sir, whom you, expos'd
With me; and here I bred him up, till that bloud-thirsty
Man, that *Ferdinand*——
But why do I exclaim on him, when Justice calls
To unsheath her Sword against his guilt?
Alonz. What do you mean?
Prosp. To execute Heav'ns Laws.
Here I am plac'd by Heav'n, here I am Prince,
Though you have dispossess'd me of my *Milain.*

Bloud calls for bloud; your *Ferdinand* shall die,
And I, in bitterness, have sent for you,
To have the sudden joy of seeing him alive,
And then the greater grief to see him die.
Alonz. And think'st thou I, or these, will tamely stand,
To view the Execution? [*Lays hand upon his Sword.*
Ferd. Hold, dear Father! I cannot suffer you
T' attempt against his life, who gave her being
Whom I love.
Prosp. Nay then appear my Guards——
I thought no more to use their aid;
(I'm curs'd because I us'd it) [*He stamps, and many Spirits appear.*
But they are now the Ministers of Heaven,
Whilst I revenge this Murder.
Alonz. Have I for this found thee, my Son so soon, agen,
To lose thee? *Antonio*, *Gonzalo*, speak for pity.
Ferd. to Mir. Adieu, my fairest Mistriss.
Mir. Now I can hold no longer; I must speak.
Though I am loth to disobey you, Sir,
Be not so cruel to the Man I love,
Or be so kind to let me suffer with him.
Ferd. Recal that Pray'r, or I shall wish to live,
Though death be all the mends that I can make.
Prosp. This night I will allow you, *Ferdinand*, to fit
You for your death, that Cave's your Prison.
Alonz. Ah, *Prospero!* hear me speak. You are a Father,
Look on my Age, and look upon his Youth.
Prosp. No more! all you can say is urg'd in vain:
I have no room for pity left with me.
Do you refuse? help *Ariel*, with your Fellows,
To drive 'em in. *Alonzo* and his Son bestow in
Yonder Cave; and here *Gonzalo* shall with
Antonio lodge. [*Spirits drive 'em in, as they are appointed.*

Enter Dorinda.

Dor. Sir, I have made a fire, shall he be warm'd?
Prosp. He's dead, and vital warmth will ne'er return.
Dor. Dead! Sir, what's that?
Prosp. His Soul has left his Body.
Dor. When will it come agen?
Prosp. O never, never!
He must be laid in Earth, and there consume.
Dor. He shall not lie in Earth, you do not know
How well he loves me: indeed he'll come agen;
He told me he would go a little while,
But promis'd me he would not tarry long.
Prosp. He's murder'd by the Man who lov'd your Sister.
Now both of you may see what 'tis to break
A Father's Precept; you would needs see Men, and by
That sight are made for ever wretched.

Hippolito is dead, and *Ferdinand* must die
For murd'ring him.
Mir. Have you no pity?
Prosp. Your disobedience has so much incens'd me, that
I this night can leave no blessing with you.
Help to convey the Body to my Couch,
Then leave me to mourn over it alone. [*They bear off the Body of* Hippolito.

Enter Miranda *and* Dorinda *again;* Ariel *behind 'em.*

Ariel. I've been so chid for my neglect, by *Prospero*,
That I must now watch all, and be unseen.
Mir. Sister, I say agen, 'twas long of you
That all this mischief happen'd.
Dor. Blame not me for your own fault, your
Curiosity brought me to see the Man.
Mir. You safely might have seen him, and retir'd; but
You wou'd needs go near him, and converse: you may
Remember my Father call'd me thence, and I call'd you.
Dor. That was your envy, Sister, not your love;
You call'd me thence, because you could not be
Alone with him your self; but I am sure my
Man had never gone to Heaven so soon, but
That yours made him go. [*Crying.*
Mir. Sister, I could not wish that either of 'em shou'd
Go to Heaven without us, but it was his Fortune,
And you must be satisfi'd.
Dor. I'll not be satisfi'd: my Father says he'll make
Your Man as cold as mine is now, and when he
Is made cold, my Father will not let you strive
To make him warm agen.
Mir. In spite of you mine never shall be cold.
Dor. I'm sure 'twas he that made me miserable,
And I will be reveng'd. Perhaps you think 'tis
Nothing to lose a Man.
Mir. Yes, but there is some difference betwixt
My *Ferdinand*, and your *Hippolito*.
Dor. I, there's your judgment. Your's is the oldest
Man I ever saw, except it were my Father.
Mir. Sister, no more. It is not comely in a Daughter,
When she says her Father's old.
Dor. But why do I stay here, whilst my cold Love
Perhaps may want me?
I'll pray my Father to make yours cold too.
Mir. Sister, I'll never sleep with you again.
Dor. I'll never more meet in a bed with you,
But lodge on the bare ground, and watch my Love.
Mir. And at the entrance of that Cave I'll lie,
And echo to each blast of wind a sigh.

[*Exeunt severally, looking discontentedly on one another.*

Ariel. Harsh discord reigns throughout this fatal Isle,

At which good Angels mourn, ill Spirits smile;
Old *Prospero* by his Daughters robb'd of rest,
Has in displeasure left 'em both unblest.
Unkindly they abjure each others Bed,
To save the living and revenge the dead.
Alonzo and his Son are Pris'ners made,
And good *Gonzalo* does their Crimes upbraid.
Antonio and *Gonzalo* disagree,
And wou'd, though in one Cave, at distance be.
The Seamen all that cursed Wine have spent,
Which still renew'd their thirst of Government;
And wanting Subjects for the food of Pow'r,
Each wou'd to rule alone the rest devour.
The Monsters *Sycorax* and *Caliban*,
More Monstrous grow by passions learn'd from Man.
Even I not fram'd of warring Elements,
Partake and suffer in these discontents.
Why shou'd a Mortal by Enchantments hold
In Chains a Spirit of Ætherial mold?
Accursed Magick we our selves have taught,
And our own pow'r has our subjection wrought! [*Exit.*

ACT V.

Enter Prospero *and* Miranda.

Prosp. YOu beg in vain; I cannot pardon him,
He has offended Heaven.

Mir. Then let Heaven punish him.

Prosp. It will by me.

Mir. Grant him at least some respite for my sake.

Prosp. I by deferring Justice should incense the Deity
Against my self and you.

Mir. Yet I have heard you say, The powers above are slow
In punishing, and shou'd not you resemble them?

Prosp. The Argument is weak; but I want time
To let you see your errours; retire, and, if you love him,
Pray for him. [*He's going.*

Mir. And can you be his Judge and Executioner?

Prosp. I cannot force *Gonzalo*, or my Brother, much
Less the Father to destroy the Son? it must
Be then the Monster *Caliban*, and he's not here;
But *Ariel* strait shall fetch him.

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. My Potent Lord, before thou call'st, I come,
To serve thy will.

Prosp. Then, Spirit, fetch me here my salvage slave.

Ariel. My Lord, it does not need.

Prosp. Art thou then prone to mischief,
Wilt thou be thy self the Executioner?

Ariel. Think better of thy Aiery Minister, who,

For thy sake, unbidden, this night has flown
O'r almost all the habitable World.
Prosp. But to what purpose was all thy diligence?
Ariel. When I was chidden by my mighty Lord, for my
Neglect of young *Hippolito*, I went to view
His Body, and soon found his Soul was but retir'd,
Not sally'd out: then I collected
The best of Simples underneath the Moon,
The best of Balms, and to the wound apply'd
The healing juice of vulnerary Herbs.
His only danger was his loss of bloud, but now
He's wak'd, my Lord, and just this hour
He must be dress'd again, as I have done it.
Anoint the Sword which pierc'd him, with this
Weapon-Salve, and wrap it close from Air till
I have time to visit him again.
Prosp. Thou art my faithful Servant:
It shall be done: Be it your task, *Miranda*, because your
Sister is not present here, while I go visit your
Dear *Ferdinand*, from whom I will a while conceal
This news, that it may be more welcome.
Mir. I obey you, and with a double duty, Sir, for now
You twice have given me Life.
Prosp. My *Ariel*, follow me. [*Exeunt severally.*

[Hippolito *discover'd on a Couch*, Dorinda *by him.*

Dor. How do you find your self?
Hip. I'm somewhat cold, can you not draw me nearer
To the Sun? I am too weak to walk.
Dor. My Love, I'll try. [*She draws the Chair nearer the Audience.*
I thought you never would have walk'd agen,
They told me you were gone away to Heaven;
Have you been there?
Hip. I know not where I was.
Dor. I will not leave you till you promise me you
Will not die agen.
Hip. Indeed I will not.
Dor. You must not go to Heav'n, unless we go together;
For I've heard my Father say, that we must strive
To be each others guide, the way to it will else
Be difficult, especially to those who are so young.
But I much wonder what it is to die.
Hip. Sure 'tis to dream, a kind of breathless sleep,
When once the Soul's gone out.
Dor. What is the Soul?
Hip. A small blue thing, that runs about within us.
Dor. Then I have seen it in a frosty Morning run
Smoaking from my mouth.
Hip. But, dear *Dorinda*,
What is become of him who fought with me?

Dor. O, I can tell you joyful news of him,
My Father means to make him die to day,
For what he did to you.

Hip. That must not be, my dear *Dorinda;* go and beg your Father, he may not die; it was my fault he hurt me,
I urg'd him to it first.

Dor. But if he live, he'll never leave killing you.

Hip. O no! I just remember when I fell asleep, I heard
Him calling me a great way off, and crying over me as
You wou'd do; besides we have no cause of quarrel now.

Dor. Pray how began your difference first?

Hip. I fought with him for all the Women in the World.

Dor. That hurt you had was justly sent from Heaven,
For wishing to have any more but me.

Hip. Indeed I think it was, but I repent it, the fault
Was only in my bloud; for now 'tis gone, I find
I do not love so many.

Dor. In confidence of this, I'll beg my Father, that he
May live; I'm glad the naughty bloud, that made
You love so many, is gone out.

Hip. My dear, go quickly, lest you come too late. [*Exit* Dor.

Enter Miranda *at the other door, with* Hippolito's *Sword wrapt up.*

Hip. Who's this who looks so fair and beautiful, as
Nothing but *Dorinda* can surpass her? O!
I believe it is that Angel Woman,
Whom she calls Sister.

Mir. Sir, I am sent hither to dress your wound;
How do you find your strength?

Hip. Fair Creature, I am faint with loss of bloud.

Mir. I'm sorry for't.

Hip. Indeed and so am I, for if I had that bloud, I then
Should find a great delight in loving you.

Mir. But, Sir, I am another's, and your love is given
Already to my Sister.

Hip. Yet I find that, if you please, I can love still a little.

Mir. I cannot be unconstant, nor shou'd you.

Hip. O my wound pains me.

Mir. I am come to ease you. [*She unwraps the Sword.*

Hip. Alas! I feel the cold Air come to me.
My wound shoots worse then ever. [*She wipes and anoints the Sword.*

Mir. Does it still grieve you?

Hip. Now methinks there's something laid just upon it.

Mir. Do you find no ease?

Hip. Yes, yes, upon the sudden all the pain
Is leaving me: Sweet Heaven, how I am eas'd!

Enter Ferdinand *and* Dorinda *to them.*

Ferd. (*to Dor.*) Madam, I must confess my life is yours,
I owe it to your generosity.

Dor. I am o're joy'd my Father lets you live; and proud
Of my good fortune, that he gave your life to me.
Mir. How? gave his life to her!
Hip. Alas I think she said so, and he said he ow'd it
To her generosity.
Ferd. But is not that your Sister with *Hippolito?*
Dor. So kind already?
Ferd. I came to welcome life, and I have met the
Cruellest of deaths.
Hip. My dear *Dorinda* with another Man?
Dor. Sister, what bus'ness have you here?
Mir. You see I dress *Hippolito.*
Dor. Y' are very charitable to a Stranger.
Mir. You are not much behind in charity, to beg a pardon
For a Man, whom you scarce ever saw before.
Dor. Henceforward let your Surgery alone, for I had
Rather he should die, then you should cure his wound.
Mir. And I wish *Ferdinand* had dy'd before
He ow'd his life to your entreaty.
Ferd. (*to Hip.*) Sir, I'm glad you are so well recover'd, you
Keep your humour still to have all Women.
Hip. Not all, Sir, you except one of the number,
Your new Love there, *Dorinda.*
Mir. Ah *Ferdinand!* can you become inconstant?
If I must lose you, I had rather death should take
You from me, than you take your self.
Ferd. And if I might have chosen, I would have wish'd
That death from *Prospero,* and not this from you.
Dor. I, now I find why I was sent away,
That you might have my Sister's Company.
Hip. *Dorinda,* kill me not with your unkindness,
This is too much, first to be false your self,
And then accuse me too.
Ferd. We all accuse each other, and each one denies their guilt,
I should be glad it were a mutual errour.
And therefore, first, to clear my self from fault,
Madam, I beg your pardon, while I say I only love
Your Sister. [*To* Dorinda.
Mtr. O blest word?
I'm sure I love no Man but *Ferdinand.*
Dor. Nor I, Heaven knows, but my *Hippolito.*
Hip. I never knew I lov'd so much; before I fear'd
Dorinda's constancy, but now I am convinc'd that
I lov'd none but her, because none else can
Recompense her loss.
Ferd. 'Twas happy then we had this little trial.
But how we all so much mistook, I know not.
Mir. I have only this to say in my defence, my Father sent

Me hither, to attend the wounded Stranger.
Dor. And *Hippolito* sent me to beg the life of *Ferdinand.*
Ferd. From such small errours left at first unheeded,
Have often sprung sad accidents in love:
But see, our Fathers and our Friends are come
To mix their joys with ours.
Enter Prospero, Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.
Alon. (*to Prosp.*) Let it no more be thought of; your purpose,
Though it was severe, was just. In losing *Ferdinand*
I should have mourn'd, but could not have complain'd.
Prosp. Sir, I am glad kind Heaven decreed it otherwise.
Dor. O wonder!
How many goodly Creatures are there here!
How beauteous Mankind is!
Hip. O brave new World, that has such People in't!
Alon. (*to Ferd.*) Now all the blessings of a glad Father
Compass thee about,
And make thee happy in thy beauteous choice.
Gonz. I've inward wept, or should have spoken e'r this.
Look down, sweet Heaven, and on this Couple drop
A blessed Crown. For it is you chalk'd out the
Way which brought us hither.
Ant. Though penitence forc'd by necessity can scarce
Seem real, yet, dearest Brother, I have hope
My bloud may plead for pardon with you; I resign
Dominion, which, 'tis true, I could not keep,
But Heaven knows too, I would not.
Prosp. All past crimes I bury in the joy of this
Blessed day.
Alonz. And that I may not be behind in Justice, to this
Young Prince, I render back his Dukedom,
And, as the Duke of *Mantua*, thus salute him.
Hip. What is it you render back? methinks
You give me nothing.
Prosp. You are to be Lord of a great People,
And o'r Towns and Cities.
Hip. And shall these People be all Men and Women?
Gonz. Yes, and shall call you Lord.
Hip. Why then I'll live no longer in a Prison, but
Have a whole Cave to my self hereafter.
Prosp. And that your happiness may be compleat,
I give you my *Dorinda* for your Wife; she shall
Be yours for ever, when the Priest has made you one.
Hip. How can he make us one? shall I grow to her?
Prosp. By saying holy words, you shall be joyn'd in Marriage
To each other.
Dor. I warrant you those holy words are charms.
My Father means to conjure us together.

Enter Ariel, *driving in* Stephano, Trincalo, Mustacho, Ventoso, Caliban, Sycorax.

Prosp. Why that's my dainty *Ariel.* I shall miss thee,
But yet thou shalt have freedom.

Gonz. O Look, Sir, look, the Master and the Saylors——
The Bosen too——my Prophecy is out, that if
A Gallows were on land, that Man could ne'r
Be drown'd.

Alonz. (*to Trinc.*) Now Blasphemy, what not one Oath ashore?
Hast thou no mouth by Land? why star'st thou so?

Trinc. What, more Dukes yet? I must resign my Dukedom;
But 'tis no matter, I was almost starv'd in't.

Must. Here's nothing but wild Sallads, without Oyl or Vinegar.

Steph. The Duke and Prince alive! would I had now our gallant Ship agen, and were her Master, I'd willingly give all my Island for her.

Vent. And I my Vice-Roy-ship.

Trinc. I shall need no Hangman, for I shall e'n hang
My self, now my Friend Butt has shed his
Last drop of life. Poor Butt is quite departed.

Ant. They talk like Mad-men.

Prosp. No matter, time will bring 'em to themselves, and
Now their Wine is gone, they will not quarrel.
Your Ship is safe and tight, and bravely rigg'd,
As when you first set Sail.

Alonz. This news is wonderful.

Ariel. Was it well done, my Lord?

Prosp. Rarely, my Diligence.

Gonz. But pray, Sir, what are those mis-shapen Creatures?

Prosp. Their Mother was a Witch, and one so strong,
She would controul the Moon, make Flows
And Ebbs, and deal in her Command without
Her Power.

Syc. O *Setebos!* these be brave Sprights indeed.

Prosp. (*to Calib.*) Go, Sirrah, to my Cell, and as you hope for Pardon, trim it up.

Calib. Most carefully. I will be wise hereafter.
What a dull Fool was I, to take those Drunkards
For Gods, when as such as these were in the World?

Prosp. Sir, I invite your Highness and your Train
To my Poor Cave this night; a part of which
I will employ, in telling you my story.

Alonz. No doubt it must be strangely taking, Sir.

Prosp. When the Morn draws, I'll bring you to your Ship,
And promise you calm Seas, and happy Gales.
My *Ariel*, that's thy charge: then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thee well.

Ariel. I'll do it, Master.

Prosp. Now to make amends
For the rough treatment you have found to day,

I'll entertain you with my Magick Art:
I'll, by my power, transform this place, and call
Up those that shall make good my promise to you.

[*Scene changes to the Rocks, with the Arch of Rocks, and calm Sea. Musick playing on the Rocks,*

Prosp. *Neptune*, and your fair *Amphitrite*, rise;
Oceanus, with your *Tethys* too, appear;
All ye Sea-Gods, and Goddesses, appear!
Come, all ye *Tritons;* all ye *Nereids*, come,
And teach your sawcy Element to obey:
For you have Princes now to entertain,
And unsoil'd Beauties, with fresh youthful Lovers.

[Neptune, Amphitrite, Oceanus *and* Tethys, *appear in a Chariot drawn with Sea-Horses; on each side of the Chariot, Sea-Gods and Goddesses,* Tritons *and* Nereids.

Alonz. This is prodigious.
Ant. Ah! what amazing Objects do we see?
Gonz. This Art doth much exceed all humane skill.

SONG.

Amph. *MY Lord: Great* Neptune, *for my sake,*
Of these bright Beauties pity take:
And to the rest allow
Your mercy too.
Let this inraged Element be still,
Let Æolus *obey my will:*
Let him his boystrous Prisoners safely keep
In their dark Caverns, and no more
Let 'em disturb the bosom of the deep,
Till these arrive upon their wish'd-for-Shore.
Neptune. *So much my* Amphitrite's *love I prize,*
That no commands of hers I can despise.
Tethys *no furrows now shall weare,*
Oceanus *no wrinkles on his brow,*
Let your serenest looks appear,
Be calm and gentle now.
Nep. & Amph. } *Be calm, ye great Parents of the Flouds and the Springs,*
While each Nereid *and* Triton *Plays, Revels, and Sings.*
Oceanus. *Confine the roaring Winds, and we*
Will soon obey you cheerfully.
Chorus of Tritons *and* Ner. } *Tie up the Winds, and we'll obey.*
Upon the Flouds we'll sing and play,
And celebrate a Halcyon *day.*
{ Here the Dancers mingle with the Singers.
Nept. *Great Nephew* Æolus *make no noise,*
Muzzle your roaring Boys.
[Dance.
[Æolus appears.
Amph. *Let 'em not bluster to disturb our ears,*
Or strike these Noble Passengers with fears.
Nept. *Afford 'em only such an easie Gale,*
As pleasantly may swell each Sail.

Amph. *While fell Sea-Monsters cause intestine jars,*
This Empire you invade with foreign Wars.
But you shall now be still,
And shall obey my Amphitrite's *will.*

Æolus descends. *You I'll obey, who at one stroke can make,*
With your dread Trident, the whole Earth to quake.
Come down, my Blusterers, swell no more,
Your stormy rage give o'r. { Winds from the four
Let all black Tempest cease—— { Corners appear.
And let the troubled Ocean rest:
Let all the Sea enjoy as calm a peace,
As where the Halcyon *builds her quiet Nest.*
To your Prisons below,
Down, down you must go:
You in the Earths Entrals your Revels may keep;
But no more till I call shall you trouble the Deep. [Winds fly down.
Now they are gone, all stormy Wars shall cease:
Then let your Trumpeters proclaim a Peace.

Amph. Tritons, *my Sons, your Trumpets sound,*
And let the noise from Neighbouring Shores rebound,

Chorus. { *Sound a Calm.*
{ *Sound a Calm.*
{ *Sound a Calm.*
{ *Sound a Calm.*
{ *Sound a Calm.*

[Here the *Tritons*, at every repeat of *Sound a Calm*, changing their Figure and Postures, seem to sound their wreathed Trumpets made of Shells.

A Symphony of Musick, like Trumpets, to which four *Tritons* Dance.

Nept. *See, see, the Heavens smile, all your troubles are past,*
Your joys by black Clouds shall no more be o'recast.
On this barren Isle ye shall lose all your fears,
Leave behind all your sorrows, and banish your cares.

Both. { *And your Loves and your Lives shall in safely enjoy;*
{ *No influence of Stars shall your quiet destroy.*

Chor. of all. { *And your Loves*, &c.
{ *No influence*, &c.

[Here the Dancers mingle with the Singers.

Oceanus. *We'll safely convey you to your own happy Shore,*
And yours and your Countrey's soft peace we'll restore.

Tethys *To treat you blest Lovers, as you sail on the Deep,*
The Tritons *and* Sea-Nymphs *their Revels keep.*

Both. { *On the swift Dolphins backs they shall sing and shall play;*
{ *They shall guard you by night, and delight you by day.*

Chor. of all. { *On the swift*, &c.
{ *And shall guard*, &c.

[Here the Dancers mingle with the Singers.

[A Dance of twelve *Tritons.*

Miran. What charming things are these?

Dor. What Heavenly Power is this?

Prosp. Now, my *Ariel*, be visible, and let the rest of your Aerial Train,
Appear, and entertain 'em with a Song;

[*Scene changes to the Rising Sun, and a number of Aerial Spirits in the Air*, Ariel *flying from the Sun, advances towards the Pit.*

And then farewel my long-lov'd *Ariel.*

Alon. Heaven! what are these we see?

Prosp. They are Spirits, with which the Air abounds in swarms, but that they are not subject to poor feeble mortal Eyes.

Ant. O wonderful skill!

Gonz. O Power Divine!

Ariel and the rest sing the following Song.

Ariel. *Where the Bee sucks, there suck I,*
In a Cowslip's Bed I lie;
There I couch when Owls do cry.
On the Swallows wings I fly
After Summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the Blossom that hangs on the Bow.

[*Song ended*, Ariel *speaks, hovering in the Air.*

Ariel. My Noble Master!
May theirs and your blest Joys never impair.
And for the freedom I enjoy i' th' Air,
I will be still your *Ariel*, and wait
On Aiery accidents that work for Fate.
What ever shall your happiness concern,
From your still faithful *Ariel* you shall learn.

Prosp. Thou hast been always diligent and kind!
Farewel, my long-lov'd *Ariel*, thou shalt find,
I will preserve thee ever in my mind.
Henceforth this Isle to the afflicted be
A place of Refuge, as it was to me:
The promises of blooming Spring live here,
And all the blessings of the ripening Year.
On my retreat, let Heav'n and Nature smile,
And ever flourish the *Enchanted Isle.* [*Exeunt.*

Epilogue.

GAllants, by all good signs it does appear,
That Sixty seven's a very damning year,
For Knaves abroad, and for ill Poets here.
Among the Muses there's a gen'ral rot,
The Rhyming Monsieur, and the Spanish Plot:
Defie or Court, all's one, they go to Pot.
The Ghosts of Poets walk within this place,
And haunt us Actors wheresoe'r we pass,
In Visions bloudier than King *Richard's* was.
For this poor Wretch, he has not much to say,
But quietly brings in his part o' th' Play,
And begs the favour to be damn'd to day.

He sends me only like a Sh'riff's Man here,
To let you know the Malefactor's near,
And that he means to die, *en Cavalier*.
For if you shou'd be gracious to his Pen,
Th' Example, will prove ill to other Men,
And you'll be troubl'd with 'em all agen.

FINIS.

[No words which would not with justice be called idle can be expended on the foregoing *Version*. As a comprehensive commentary thereon it is interesting to note that the additions to the original, on which Dryden and Davenant plumed themselves, are wholesale plagiarisms from Calderon's play written twenty years earlier, so says HERMAN GRIMM (*Fünfzehn Essays*, 1875, p. 206), who also says, with humour, that such is the quality of these additions that the two poets laureate might well have contended for the honour of having contributed the smaller share. For the extracts themselves, which Grimm adduces in proof of his assertion, I must refer the student to the *Essay* just mentioned; the innocence or the guilt of Dryden does not here concern us. But Calderon's play does concern us as sharing (according to Grimm) with *The Tempest* and *Cymbeline* a common origin. Extracts from Grimm's *Essay* are given in the *Source of the Plot*, p. 346.]

THE VIRGIN QUEEN

In 1797, F. G. WALDRON, an actor, and editor of *The Literary Museum*, published *The Virgin Queen*, a drama in Five Acts, '*attempted*,' so it says on the title-page, '*as a Sequel to Shakespeare's Tempest*.' Prospero's haste in breaking his staff and drowning his book seems to have left a painful impression on Waldron's mind as a highly inconsiderate and premature act, and this 'Sequel' is apparently designed to emphasize the moral that it is not safe to holla until you are out of the woods.

Just before embarking for Milan, Caliban entreats Prospero not to leave him behind, —the prospect of future loneliness appalled him, ''custom'd to sort With monkies, 'apes, baboons, I felt not, ere My noble lord came here, its irksomeness.' Prospero accedes to Caliban's pleadings and gives him permission to accompany the party to Milan. Caliban's gratitude is boundless, and his offers profuse to dig for water in the new country whither they are going, to scoop out a trim cell, to lick Prospero's feet, &c. &c. This trust in Caliban's sincerity is Prospero's second fatal mistake; his first was the breaking of his staff and the drowning of his book, whereby he lost his supremacy and became an ordinary mortal. At the moment of leave-taking Ariel reveals to Prospero a secret, which he had just learned, to the effect that 'the spirit 'of that foul witch, Sycorax, Who died, thou know'st, upon this isle, great sir! From 'the blue lake of fire, wherein 'twas plung'd, Will soon be loos'd, till the dread day 'of doom!' but it appears that as 'she was native of dark Afric's clime, On earth, in 'Africk only, can she harm'; and Ariel, therefore, adjures Prospero not to touch that land on his homeward journey. Ariel then bids Prospero farewell with the wish that he were mortal for only one moment that he might 'distil a tender tear.'

Once at sea, and released from the influences of the magic isle and the terrors of Prospero's power, the conspirators, Antonio and Sebastian, return to their plottings, and Caliban's bestial nature reasserts itself, and he longs for vengeance on Prospero,

and, having been again supplied with liquor by Stephano and Trinculo, relieves his feelings, as the scene closes, with the following ditty:

'I gather'd ripe clusters of grapes from the vine,
Then champ'd 'em, and swill'd 'em, rejoiced so to dine;
Yet, like a dull ass, was raid, beaten, and jeer'd,
Of adder, ape, urchin, and goblin afear'd!
But, liquor celestial now, plenteous, I quaff,
At adder, ape, urchin, and goblin can laugh;
Ho, ho, ho; ho, ho, ho! I now should not fear,
Though Prosper and all his curst spirits were here.'

In the Third Act Sycorax descends on the vessel, brimming with love for her 'long-'lost boy,' and with vengeance on Prospero; she makes Caliban invulnerable, and instructs him that he must force the pilot to steer for Africa. Antonio and Sebastian introduce themselves to Sycorax and join the plot, which is ingeniously carried out by throwing overboard all the provisions, thus forcing upon Prospero the uncomfortable alternative of starving, or of making for the nearest shore, which is Africa. No sooner have they arrived on the shores of the latter, than they find Claribel and her husband in a plight almost as bad as their own. It appears that Claribel and her husband Abdallah are the victims of a witch named Hyrca, a friend of Sycorax, who has driven them from Tunis to this region of the coast. The whole family of Prospero and of Alonso being thus within the power of the two witches, Hyrca and Sycorax, the two latter prepare to make the best of their opportunity, after triumphantly announcing that—

'Love, Pity, Mercy, hence! Revenge now reigns!
Sycorax and Hyrca stalk the sanguine plains!'

Within sight of Prospero his ships are burnt, and Abdallah is told to prepare to be thrown into the raging flames; to Prospero, Sycorax expatiates on the multitude of choice tortures she has prepared for him, and winds up with saying that she intends Miranda for Caliban, for which Caliban has the civility to thank his 'gentle dam.' Circumstances are about as dark as can be well imagined for Prospero, whose repentance over his folly in prematurely dispensing with his power is abysmal, when grand harmonious music is heard. Ariel appears and presents to Prospero the precious book for which he had 'div'd i' th' oozy Neptune's bed,' and eke the broken staff for which he had 'into Tellus' bosom deeply pierced,' and, when found, had mended! The mere sight of these two treasures in Prospero's hands is quite enough for Sycorax, Hyrca, and Caliban, who, without waiting for the staff to be waved or the book opened, 'go off howling, amidst Thunder, &c.' (Please note the shuddering vagueness of the '&c.') Ariel, always considerate, had brought up the rest of the fleet, which replaced the burnt vessels, and Prospero and Alonso, with their respective families, set sail for Italy, leaving behind Antonio and Sebastian, who are destined for their crimes to 'echo with their groans on this strange shore, Hyrca's dire shrieks, 'curst Caliban's fell roar!' Ariel's feelings find expression in an outburst of song, which proclaims that 'From bondage free, Sweet liberty Shall Ariel hence enjoy! I' 'th' bee's quaint cell, Or musk-rose dwell; Upon the Goss'mer toy!' &c. Prospero then explains that 'Virtue's our magick-staff! our book Pure piety!—with faith who 'look Thereon may antres vast explore.' A hymn to the same effect is then sung 'by the attendant spirits,' and the curtain falls. Claribel, I believe, is 'The Virgin 'Queen.'

PLAN OF THE WORK, &c.

In this Edition the attempt is made, to give, in the shape of Textual Notes, on the same page with the Text, all the Various Readings of *The Tempest*, from the First Folio to the latest critical Edition of the play; then, as Commentary, follow the Notes which the Editor has thought worthy of insertion, not only for the purpose of elucidating the text, but at times as illustrations of the history of Shakespearian criticism. In the Appendix will be found discussions of subjects which on the score of length could not be conveniently included in the Commentary.

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LIST OF EDITIONS COLLATED IN THE TEXTUAL NOTES.

The First Folio	[F_1]	1623
The Second Folio	[F_2]	1632
The Third Folio	[F_3]	1664
The Fourth Folio	[F_4]	1685
Rowe (First Edition)	[Rowe i]	1709
Rowe (Second Edition)	[Rowe ii]	1714
Pope (First Edition)	[Pope i]	1723
Pope (Second Edition)	[Pope ii]	1728
Theobald (First Edition)	[Theob. i]	1733
Theobald (Second Edition)	[Theob. ii]	1740
Hanmer	[Han.]	1744
Warburton	[Warb.]	1747
Johnson	[Johns.]	1765
Capell	[Cap.]	(?) 1766
Johnson and Steevens	[Steev. '73]	1773
Johnson and Steevens	[Steev. '78]	1778
Johnson and Steevens	[Steev. '85]	1785
Rann	[Rann]	(?) 1786
Malone	[Mal.]	1790
Steevens	[Steev.]	1793
Reed's Steevens	[Var. '03]	1803
Reed's Steevens	[Var. '13]	1813
Boswell's Malone	[Var.]	1821
Knight	[Knt.]	1841
Collier (First Edition)	[Coll. i]	1842
Halliwell (Folio Edition)	[Hal.]	1853
Singer (Second Edition)	[Sing. ii]	1856
Dyce (First Edition)	[Dyce i]	1857
Collier (Second Edition)	[Coll. ii]	1858
R. Grant White (First Edition)	[Wh. i]	1858
Staunton	[Sta.]	(?) 1859
Cambridge (Clark and Glover)	[Cam.]	1863
Globe (Clark and Wright)	[Glo.]	1864

KEIGHTLEY	[Ktly]	1864
CHARLES and MARY COWDEN-CLARKE	[Clarke]	(?) 1864
DYCE (Second Edition)	[Dyce ii]	1866
WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT (*Clarendon Press Series*)	[Wrt]	1874
DYCE (Third Edition)	[Dyce iii]	1875
COLLIER (Third Edition)	[Coll. iii]	1877
HUDSON	[Huds.]	1879
R. GRANT WHITE (Second Edition)	[Wh. ii]	1883
CAMBRIDGE (Third Edition, W. A. WRIGHT)	[Cam. iii]	1891

REV. J. M. JEPHSON	1864
REV. JOHN HUNTER (*Longmans' Series*)	1870
W. J. ROLFE	1871
J. S. PHILLPOTTS (*The Rugby Edition*)	1876
J. M. D. MEIKLEJOHN	1889
K. DEIGHTON	1889
REV. D. MORRIS (*Collins' English Classics*)	n. d.

The last seven editions I have not collated beyond referring to them in disputed passages. The same is to a large extent true of the *Third Cambridge Edition;* my work of collation was finished when the volume containing this play was issued. The text of Shakespeare, especially in *The Tempest*, has become, within the last twenty-five years, so settled, that to collate editions which have appeared within these years is a work of supererogation. The case is different with the Second and Third Editions of editors like DYCE, COLLIER, GRANT WHITE, and W. ALDIS WRIGHT, wherein it will always prove interesting to note the effect of time in modifying their opinions.

In the TEXTUAL NOTES the symbol Ff indicates the agreement of the Second, Third, and Fouth Folios.

The omission of the apostrophe in the F_2, a peculiarity of that edition, is not generally noted.

Nor is notice taken of the first Editor who adopted the modern spelling, or who substituted commas for parentheses, or changed ? to !.

The sign + indicates the agreement of ROWE, POPE, THEOBALD, HANMER, WARBURTON, and JOHNSON.

When WARBURTON precedes HANMER in the Textual Notes, it indicates that HANMER has followed a suggestion of WARBURTON'S.

The words *et cet.* after any reading indicate that it is the reading of *all other* editions.

The words *et seq.* indicate the agreement of all subsequent editions.

The abbreviation (*subs.*) indicates that the reading is *substantially* given, and that immaterial variations in spelling, punctuation, or stage-directions are disregarded.

An Emendation or Conjecture which is given in the Commentary is not repeated in the Textual Notes unless it has been adopted by a subsequent editor; nor is *conj.* added to any name in the Textual Notes unless the name happens to be that of an editor, in which case its omission would be misleading.

COLL.(MS) refers to COLLIER'S annotated F_2.

QUINCY(MS) refers to an annotated F_4 in the possession of MR J. P. QUINCY.

In citations from plays, other than *The Tempest*, the Acts, Scenes, and Lines of *The Globe Edition* are followed.

Under PHILA. SH. SOC. reference is made to *Notes of Studies on the Tempest, Minutes of the Shakspere Society of Philadelphia*, 1864–5, whereof sixty copies were Privately Printed for the use of its twelve members. This Society, having had a continuous existence from its foundation in 1851–2, down to the present day, is now, I believe, the oldest Shakespeare Society in existence. ALLEN, whose name appears in connection with it, is the same learned critic whose notes are found in the Commentary in preceding volumes of this edition; SHARSWOOD, at that time Justice of the District Court, was afterwards Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania; KRAUTH was Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy in the University of Pennsylvania, and, later, a member of the American Board of Biblical Revision. All, together with The DEAN, A. I. FISH, are now among the 'precious friends, hid in death's dateless night.'

To economise space in the Commentary I have frequently cited, with the name of an author, an abbreviated title of his work, and sometimes not even as much as that. In the following LIST, arranged chronologically, enough of the full title is given merely to serve as a reference.

Be it understood that this List gives only those books wherefrom Notes have been taken at first hand; it does not include books which have been consulted in verifying quotations made by the contributors to the earlier *Variorums*, or by other critics. Were these included the List would be many times longer. Nor does it include the large number, especially in German, which I have examined, but from which, to my regret, lack of space has obliged me to forego making any extract.

Let it be borne in mind that this present edition aspires merely to be one *cum Notis* VARIORUM *Editorum*, and no one can be more conscious than its Editor that it is, at its very best, a necessary evil. Were it, however, to attempt to be an edition *cum Notis* OMNIUM *Editorum*, or *Criticorum*, it would be not only an unnecessary, but an unmitigated, evil, and all good men and true should unite in crushing it.

Reference to this restriction is perhaps necessary, because in the case of one of the recent volumes of this Edition, the Editor was reproached in public for not having included in his notes any reference to a certain work which treated at some length of the play then in hand, and the omission was, naturally perhaps, attributed to the Editor's insufficient knowledge. As it really happened, the omitted book had been for twenty years in the Editor's library, and belongs to that class of books—the disgrace of literature—whereof the mere possession can be excused only by the claims of a library devoted to one subject; wherein everything good, bad, and indifferent is gathered. The character of the book could not assuredly have been known to the critics. Any reference to it had been, by the Editor, sedulously excluded.

RICHARD EDEN: *The Decades of the newe worlde or west India, &c.* (ed. Arber) 1555
LYTE: *A Nievve Herball* 1578
R. SCOT: *The Discoverie of Witchcraft, &c.* (ed. Nicholson) 1584
HOLINSHED: *Chronicles* 1587
BARNABY GOOGE: *The Whole Art of Husbandry* 1596
SIDNEY: *Arcadia* 1598

TOPSELL: *The Historie of Foore Footed Beastes, &c.* 1608
Histoire de Avrelio, et Isabelle, Fille dv Roy d'Escoce, &c. 1608
R. RICH: *Nevves from Virginia, &c.* (ed. Quaritch) 1610
JACOB AYRER: *Opus Theatricum* 1618
PURCHAS *his Pilgrimes.* The Fourth Part 1625
CAPTAINE JOHN SMITH: *An Accidence or Path-way to Experience. Necessary for all Young Sea-men* (ed. Arber) 1626
HOLLAND: *Translation of Plinie's Natural History* 1635
DRYDEN: *Troilus and Cressida, or Truth Found too Late* 1679
ROWE: *Some Account of the Life, &c of Mr William Shakespear* (vol. i of *Works*) 1709
WINWOOD: *Memorials of Affaires of State, &c.* 1725
THEOBALD: *Shakespeare Restored, &c.* 1726
PECK: *New Memoirs of Milton* 1740
DRAYTON: *Works* 1740
UPTON: *Observations, &c.* 1746
WHALLEY: *Enquiry into the Learning of Shakespeare* 1748
HOLT: *An Attempte to Rescue that Aunciente English Poet, &c.* 1749
GREY: *Critical, Historical, and Explanatory Notes* 1754
EDWARDS: *Canons of Criticism* 1765
PERCY: *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* 1765
HEATH: *Revisal of Shakespeare's Text* 1765
KENRICK: *Review of Johnson* 1765
TYRWHITT: *Observations, &c.* 1766
FARMER: *Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare* 1767
CAPELL'S *Notes, &c.* 1779
JOSEPH WARTON: *The Adventurer* 1783
RITSON: *Remarks, &c.* 1783
J. MONCK MASON: *Comments, &c.* 1785
THOMAS WHITE: *More Notes on Shakespeare* (Fennell's Shakespeare Repository, 1853) 1793
WHITER: *Specimen of a Commentary, &c.* 1794
GEORGE CHALMERS: *Apology for the Believers in the Shakespeare Papers, &c.* 1797
CHARLES DIRRILL: *Remarks on Shakespeare's Tempest* 1797
J. MONCK MASON: *Comments on Beaumont and Fletcher* 1798
GEORGE CHALMERS: *Supplemental Apology* 1799
The Plays of William Shakspeare. Philadelphia 1805
DOUCE: *Illustrations of Shakespeare, &c.* 1807
MALONE: *An Account of the Incidents from which the Title and part of the Story of Shakespeare's Tempest were derived, &c.* ('Not published;—only eighty copies having been printed') 1808
STEPHEN WESTON: *Short Notes on Shakespeare, &c.* 1808
J. CROFT: *Annotations on Plays of Shakespeare.* York 1810
TIECK: *Alt-Englisches Theater, &c.* Berlin 1811
GEO. CHALMERS: *Another Account of The Incidents from which .... Shakespeare's Tempest was derived* ('Only 40 Copies printed') 1815
SCHLEGEL: *Lectures*, trans. by Black. London 1815
HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays, &c.* 1817
TIECK: *Deutsches Theater.* Berlin 1817

NICHOLS: *Literary Illustrations, &c.*, vol. ii 1817
ZACHARY JACKSON: *Shakespeare's Genius Justified* 1819
SKOTTOWE: *Life of Shakespeare, &c.* 1824
Alte und neue Anmerkungen zu Shakespeare's dramat. Werken. Greifswald .. 1825
BOADEN: *Life of J. P. Kemble* 1825
HARNESS: *Shakespeare's Dramatic Works* 1830
COLLIER: *Hist. of English Dramatic Poetry* (ed. ii, 1879) 1831
MRS JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women* 1832
OLIPHANT: *Musa Madrigalesca* 1837
GUEST: *Hist. of English Rhythms* 1838
CAMPBELL: *Dramatic Works of Shakespeare* 1838
COLLIER: *Farther Particulars regarding Shakespeare and his Works* .. 1839
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